PICTORIAL REVIEW

AUGUST 1922

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PICTORIAL REVIEW

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By Way of Appreciation

THE college students whose pictures appear on this page, and several hundred others, were so successful in their work for Pictorial Review last Summer that they are representing the magazine again this season.

Through the kindly co-operation of over 150,000 of Pictorial Review's 2,100,000 readers, these young men were enabled to earn enough money to continue their college courses and at the same time to make many business and personal friendships. To those of our readers who made this possible, these college boys wish to render thanks. You have enabled them to acquire a college education, a business training, and a rich experience which will be invaluable to them later.

We know that a hearty welcome awaits these boys in thousands of homes that have come to appreciate Pictorial Review as an interesting, entertaining, and important part of the household. For the good will toward the magazine which you have displayed and are displaying, and toward the college boys who represent us, we are grateful.

This is the form of credential carried by Pictorial Review representatives. Note the Pictorial Review official seal and the Pictorial Review Buildings in the background.

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WHO IS TO BLAME?

Is a Wife Ever Responsible for a Husband's Misconduct?

BY FLETCHER CHESTER

DRAWINGS BY CORNELIA BROWNLEE

EDITOR'S NOTE—What would you do, Mr. Man, if you had a wife like this? Which of this pair, do you think, is more to blame? And you, Madam—what think you? Views and inside facts and principles bearing on a case like this may be the means of averting trouble in other families. Write in full confidence that your name or identity will not be disclosed. Letters can not be returned. Address "Who Is to Blame?" in care of Pictorial Review, New York.

WELL, there's another matrimonial wreck in our community," was the bomb my wife hurled at me the other morning at breakfast.

"Yes, so I believe," I replied.

"Why, how did you know anything about it?" she asked.

"Oh, I heard something about it last night at the club."

"Then you know it's the Fraleys?" she said.

"Yes."

"Isn't it terrible? And after all she has done for him, too."

"Yes," I replied, "it's too bad."

My tone evidently did not imply sufficient condemnation of the erring one, for no sooner had I spoken than my wife burst out:

"You men make me sick. Here I am telling you that Dick and Helen Fraley have separated and you take it as quietly as if I were telling you that eggs have been reduced to forty cents a dozen. It's a perfect shame! The idea of him treating a splendid woman like Helen in that way! It's an outrage! Why, she's one of the finest women in the community, a devoted mother, a faithful wife, a wonderful housekeeper, and no one ever heard the slightest breath of scandal about her. And here, after having been married nearly eleven years, he goes out and does—"

"Well, from all I can hear," I interjected, "it isn't altogether a one-sided affair. I wouldn't like to prophesy what any man would have done if he had had to go through the same sort of ordeal Dick has been going through for months. Women don't seem to think that they are in any way responsible for a domestic break when it comes. It's so darned easy to blame the man for everything. If you knew the inside of this case as I do you would not be so ready to condemn Dick alone."

"Why, what do you mean?" my wife blazed forth. "It's a clear enough case, isn't it? Dick has been playing around with some other woman. How can there be any two sides to a thing like that?"

"How can there be two sides?" I retorted. "Because, my dear, there are two sides to almost everything if we only take the trouble to look."

"You men would stick together anyhow even if it was a case of murder," my wife replied, "but I don't care what you say, Dick Fraley has behaved like a brute."

Philosophers tell us that it's a rather fruitless procedure ever to pit reason against emotion, and as my wife was *feeling* much too deeply over the Fraley affair to be able to discuss calmly the pros and cons of the matter, I thought it wiser to postpone further argument for a more propitious moment.

But, just the same, I would like to record that my wife's view-point on this unfortunate business is by no means the same as my own. Hers seems much too sweeping. Needless to say, all the intimate friends of the Fraleys are worked up over their catastrophe, and there isn't a single person who knows them that isn't sorry for them. But not everybody condemns Dick in the wholesale way my wife does. Some take one side; some take another.

Nearly every man in town believes that Helen had a good deal to do with the unhappy affair, while most of the women are agreed in declaring that on Dick's shoulders the entire blame rests. For myself I find it hard to believe that in any domestic trouble either party to the disturbance can be one hundred per cent. right or one hundred per cent. wrong. You can nearly always divide the blame. Why not first let me put this case up to the readers of PICTORIAL REVIEW, and when all the facts are set down in as unprejudiced a manner as I can possibly present them, I will be content to let them decide who is responsible for the smash-up in the Fraley home.

"'IT'S SO DARNED EASY TO BLAME THE MAN FOR EVERYTHING'"

According to Dick, Helen Fraley has been getting on his nerves for a long time. He says that for months, hardly an evening has passed that he hasn't come home tired out after a hard day's work and instead of being received by a bright, smiling wife he always meets a doleful, sad-faced woman who tells him all about the troubles she has undergone during the day.

"'ALMOST AS SOON AS I PUT MY NOSE INSIDE THE DOOR YOU'VE COME ALONG WITH ONE OF YOUR SOB STORIES'"

Dick says that Helen always pours out a long and tearful tale of petty worries and annoyances that have pricked their way into her life during the day. If it isn't one thing it's another. Little Bobby has been fighting the Ellis boy. Ethel has lost a tooth. The laundress was two hours late. The grocer did not send the right kind of canned fruit. The iceman muddled the pantry. And so on and so on. You know *how* close these things are to a woman, and of course everything seems big when it is close to us. You can blot out the universe if you hold even a penny close enough to your eye.

For a long time Dick was as patient as patient could be. He sympathized with Helen's worries and told her how sorry he was that she had had such upsetting things to contend with, and he would finish up by kissing her and telling her she was a wonderful manager, that no woman was a better housekeeper, and a lot of other soothing remarks of a similar nature. He even went so far as to suppress the recital of his own worries, which must have been a pretty hard thing for him to do, as all men when talking to women like to tell how overworked, unappreciated, and abused they are.

However, instead of appreciating Dick's attitude and resolving to spare him in the future when anything upsetting happened, Helen just wallowed in his sympathy, and on the next occasion she put a lot of extra details into her hard-luck story and shed a few tears to show him how harassed she was.

This sort of thing went on for quite a while, when one evening about six months ago, as she started to tell her troubles, it happened to be on a day that Dick had had an exceedingly trying time himself down-town. A real-estate deal he was banking on had fallen through. One of his best salesmen had resigned, and a note which had come due from an old friend had not been paid. Well, when Helen began detailing her woes about the butcher, the grocer, and the servants Dick could stand it no longer. As she reached the sobbing part of her recitation Dick cried:

"Now listen to me for a minute, Helen, and quit that boohooing. Every night I come home you lay for me with a string of petty worries and troubles. You pour them out in one gush of words without a single item missing. It has become a habit with you, and you don't seem to realize that you do it every single night. I've tried my darnedest to be sympathetic about it, altho it's been on the tip of my tongue a hundred times to suggest that perhaps in some way you may be more responsible for what happens to you than you think.

"IT NEVER seems to dawn on you that I might be having troubles of my own in my business. It never seems to have occurred to you that when a man comes home at night he doesn't want to be regularly bombarded with a long list of picayune things that don't amount to a row of pins. How would you feel if I came home blue every night and told you every miserable little thing that happened in my office during the day? You'd soon grow tired of it, I'll bet. Of course, I like to know what's going on in the home, and if anything really important happens I want to be told, but— Oh! what's the use? It's this constant whining about unimportant details that gets on my nerves."

When Dick reached this point in his harangue Helen was almost in a state of collapse. She looked at him as only an angry wife can look at a man, and then she started:

"That's the most horribly unjust speech I've ever listened to in all my life, Dick Fraley. Here I am day after day trying to do my duty by you and the children and the home. I slave away all day to see that things are done right and you come home and sneer at my troubles and worries and call them picayune. Picayune, indeed! I wonder would you call it picayune if your dinner wasn't properly cooked and served? Would you call it picayune if the children weren't properly looked after? I wonder what you'd say if—"

"Don't think for a moment I don't appreciate all you do and have to contend with, but for Heaven's sake let me alone about it for once. Spare me the details, and when I come home forget it and be a little more entertaining—livelier. Why be gloomy at 7 o'clock because some domestic mishap worried you at 12.30?"

"You don't understand," she said. "My home is my job just as much as your office is

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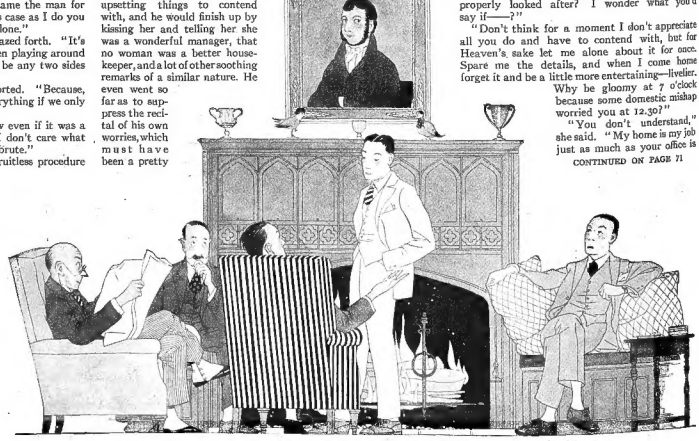

"BRUCE ROGERS ASKED HIM, 'WHY THE GLOOMY COUNTENANCE?' DICK HADN'T BEEN AWARE THAT HE WAS CARRYING HIS TROUBLES IN HIS FACE"

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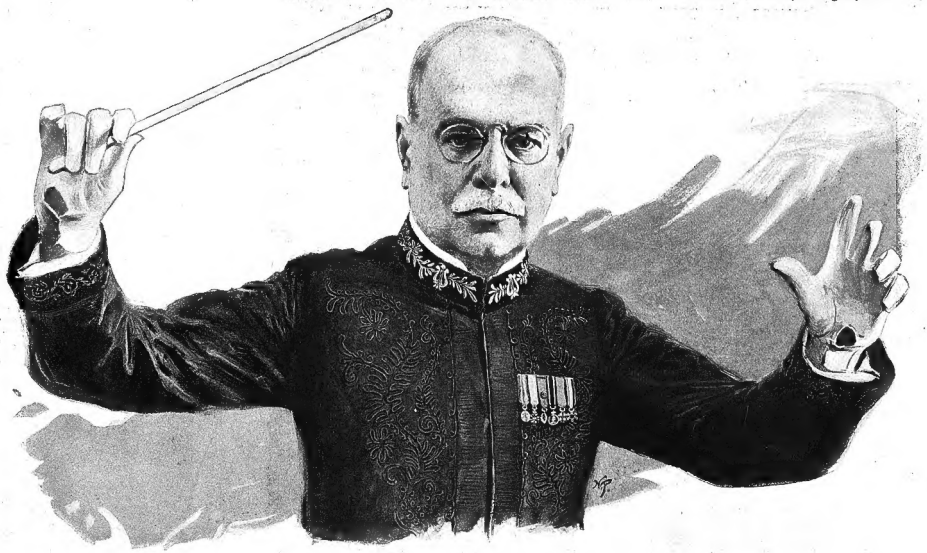

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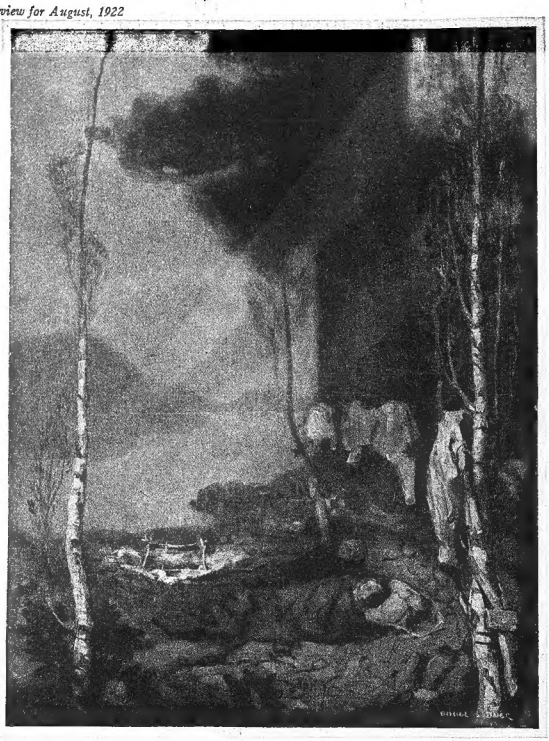

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Beginning a Fascinating Serial by the Author of "Mary Wollaston"

"SHE TOOK YOUNG CRAIG'S CHAIR. SHE KNEW HER BUSINESS; SO MUCH WAS EASY TO SEE"

THE GREERS

By

HENRY KITCHELL WEBSTER

Complete in Four Instalments—Part One

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

ON THE face of it, John Williamson's invitation to lunch was nothing that Henry Craven need especially wonder, let alone worry, about. It was unusual—Henry couldn't remember, indeed, that it had ever happened before in just these circumstances—but surely one needn't feel on that account that there was anything ominous about it. The manner of giving it had been a little overbearing, perhaps; high-handed, anyhow. But that was John Williamson's way, and no doubt his place in Chicago's financial world entitled him to it.

Henry had been dictating a letter—around eleven o'clock this was—when one of the bank's more important customers spoke to him from across the marble rail. Evidently the man didn't care to come inside, so Henry went to the rail to see what was wanted. His telephone rang while he stood talking with the customer and, of course, his stenographer answered it. He heard her say, "Yes, Mr. Williamson." And then, "He's right here. Sha'n't I call him?" But John, evidently, hadn't thought it necessary to wait, even a minute. There was another pause while she made a notation on a pad, and finally, "Very well, Mr. Williamson, I'll tell him."

What Henry's stenographer had written on her pad was: "Be at J. W.'s office at twelve-thirty. Lunch." No "ifs" at all. Not even an "if possible."

Well, of course there were no "ifs." John was one of two or three Olympians who, among their other cloudy vast affairs, directed the policies of this great bank, in which his cousin by marriage, Henry Craven, after sixteen years of faithful service, had recently been promoted to be one of the assistant cashiers. Naturally, then, if John wanted him for any reason, big or little, Henry would come.

It was unlikely, wasn't it, that the thing was of any serious importance? It mightn't be a business matter at all. Some little domestic problem or other. Violet (she was John's wife and Henry's cousin) had a birthday coming next week. It was possible that Henry's cultivated taste was going to be requisitioned to pick out a present for her. Only would John have wasted a priceless lunch-hour—the most important hour of his hard-driven day—upon a trifle like that? It was inconceivable. The lunch-table was just where men like John talked over and arrived at their major decisions.

Yet what major decision of John's could imaginably concern Henry? Unless—unless it was a question of Henry's own job in the bank. They weren't going to promote him again; they'd just done that. But suppose—suppose they felt he hadn't made good, and had decided to do the other thing. Wouldn't it be broken to him just like this, genially, over the lunch-table?

He pulled himself up with a jerk and shot a glance at his stenographer. Had his moment of panic been legible to her in his face? But she was gazing out nowhere in the sort of trance that is one of the accomplishments of her profession.

"What's the last thing I said?" he demanded. Then as the girl started to read, "No, give me the whole thing from the beginning."

He didn't need it, but he did need another minute or two in which to take possession of himself. That fear—that damnable black dog of a fear had slunk at his heels since his first day at the bank.

It had been natural enough at first, when he was bruised and bewildered by a sudden tragic change in the whole prospect of his life. John had given him this job out of charity, or, if you preferred putting it so, by way of meeting an obligation he had assumed on marrying into the Craven family. He'd come into the bank as a lame duck.

THERE was, tho, no reasonable doubt that he stayed and advanced on his merits. All the evidence leaned that way. But the fear persisted. Not, of course, as a constant companion. There were days, weeks of them together sometimes, when he never thought of it. But at some trifling enigma, fancied very likely, in the conduct of one of his superiors, some conversation unavoidably half overheard, some smile that he felt glanced his way, the thing would seize him like a spasm of pain from an injured nerve.

He knew it was a weakness. He made valiant attempts to conquer it. He grew ashamed of it. He developed the corollary fear that it would be discovered.

His latest promotion had, he'd supposed, worked a cure. An assistant cashier was one of the officers of the bank. "If ever they make me an officer," he'd said to himself a thousand times, "then I'll know I'm safe." And indeed, during the three months since it had occurred, he'd been breathing deeper, luxuriating in a new security.

But now, for no better reason than that his cousin John had invited him to lunch, he was quaking at the pit of his stomach like a schoolboy who's been told to report to the principal. It was absurd. He laughed at the absurdity, and then kicked the recurrent question—what, after all, *did* John want of him?—out of his mind and vigorously resumed the dictation of his letter.

At twelve-thirty precisely he opened the door to John Williamson's suite of offices. These occupied a corner of the top floor of the bank-building. The girl at the telephone-board greeted Henry politely and asked him to come in and sit down. Mr. Williamson was engaged just now, but, she thought, wouldn't keep him waiting long. So Henry sat down, in his overcoat, upon the chair she indicated to him.

A DESIRE came flooding over him as he sat upon that straight chair in the outer office, both feet square on the floor, his Derby hat balanced primly upon his knees, and, for something to do, breathed upon and polished his eyeglasses assiduously over and over again—a passionate desire to do something unexpected, wicked quite possibly, but successful, immense; to the effect that telephone girls should stand in awe of him and private secretaries treat him with respect.

"I'm sorry you should have to wait," the girl said when she came to the end of the letter she was typing. "Mr. Williamson's in an important conference, but I'm positive he thought he'd be through before this."

Henry said it didn't matter, and might have gone on to enlarge upon the immateriality of the delay but for the sound of voices that began coming, now the typewriter was stilled, through the partition. The "conference" was taking place in the secretary's office next door. Words weren't distinguishable, but inflections and intonations were. One man in there was telling a story and the others were being amused by it. There was a sudden laugh, checked because the narrator went straight on and overrode it in a voice curiously resonant.

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So that was what Henry was kept waiting for! He could see the picture in there, he was confident, as easily as if that mahogany partition had been glass instead. John, smoking a cigar, of course, sitting on the table clasping one stout knee in both hands, swinging the other leg. Young Roland Mills, John's secretary, tilted back in his swivel-chair, blowing smoke rings at the ceiling. And somebody—anybody of the sort who could walk past telephone girls and office boys as if they didn't exist, and open doors without knocking—held the stage, telling them a "good one" he had picked up in New York last week.

Henry took his hat in both hands and sat a little straighter in his chair. The girl, he noticed, had the grace to blush over the way the cashier she'd offered for her employer had been betrayed. But the next instant she snatched her handkerchief, pressed it to her face, and turned away. To suppress a sneeze? Or a laugh—at him? Probably he did look ridiculous, sitting there glaring. He was trembling. He must make up his mind what to do. Should he ask her sharply and authoritatively to telephone in to John the information that he was waiting? Or should he give him another five minutes?

But five minutes weren't needed. Almost at once, the door into Mills's office was brusklу opened. Henry heard young Mills, evidently at theother door, say, "You can get out this way, Mr. Greer."

The man addressed stood there in an attitude of arrested motion, grinning back into the room. And Henry, while he stared at the sight of him, held his breath. All his fidgety annoyances were forgotten, swallowed up in the sensation which the man's appearance produced.

His beard was the first thing you saw. It was cut round and short—not fashioned at all—and it was black, as black as if he had been dragged upon his face with India ink. His hair was just as black and thick, and it was cut not quite short enough to hide a tendency to curl. Against this blackness of jowl and brow the gleam of his teeth and the whites of his eyes made a dazzling contrast. But indeed, as you took him in, you saw that he was a bundle of contrasts: the lightness of his poise, as he stood there holding the door, against the burly breadth of those shoulders and the bull-neck; the look of geniality that you got from his smile, contradicted by his nose, which jutted out in so bluntly aggressive a manner as to be—piratical almost, Henry felt.

HE HAD answered Rollie Mills by saying in his peculiarly resonant voice that he always thought he was lucky, coming to a place like this, if he could get out the same door he'd come in by; and he continued for a minute rubbing this in. All these robber barons of finance had, he supposed, a chute down which the unwary visitor, having been shorn, was permitted to plunge.

Young Mills came smiling into the outer office at this, nodded politely to Henry, saying aside to him, "Mr. Williamson's just getting on his coat; he'll be right out," before he answered, more or less in kind, the departing guest. Henry thought he hesitated just momentarily whether to perform an introduction between the two and then decided against it.

When he came back from the corridor door, whither he had ceremoniously accompanied the pirate, the secretary let out a long breath.

"Well, if any one wants to know what *I* think," he began —only it wasn't a beginning, for he said no more; lapsed into a gloomy secretarial silence instead, and withdrew to his own office. Of course, it was obvious enough what Rollie would think of a cheeky outsider who had the effrontery to look like that and to make vulgar jokes at his chief's expense.

John looked absent-minded when he appeared a moment later. He said, "Hello, Henry. All ready?" just as if it had been Henry who had caused the delay. "I guess we'll run along then."

He did not come out of his abstraction until just as they were turning into the club; then he took Henry by the arm.

"Did you know that fellow?" he asked. "The man who was up in my office?"

"No," Henry said. "I don't believe I've ever seen him before. I'm sure he's not one of the customers over at the bank."

"His name's Greer," said John. "Joseph Greer. Have you ever heard of him?"

"The name's vaguely familiar, perhaps, but I can't place it. I'll be glad to look him up for you, if you like."

"We've looked him up," said John. "I guess we know pretty much all there is to know about him. He's got a proposition we're going to take up. Going into business with him. I'll tell you the whole thing at lunch. That's what I wanted to talk to you about."

They'd got rid of their coats by this time, and had gone into the lavatory to wash up. Henry took off his eyeglasses, laid them on the little shelf above the bowl, and pressed his palms against his eyes—a natural-looking gesture enough, he hoped. The sudden ending of the suspense of the last two hours had turned him giddy. His job was safe, after all.

"I'm one of the directors of this club," John remarked, when he'd eaten methodically through his lunch, "and I happen to know what we paid for this last lot of linen we had to buy. It was a frightful price." He was feeling his table-napkin between a moistened finger and thumb—studying its threads.

Henry nodded agreement. "I know. Margaret bought me some handkerchiefs the other day. And they say it's going to get worse rather than better. I suppose this Sinn Fein rumpus in Ireland is what's doing it."

"Linen doesn't come from Ireland," said John. "At least, the flax isn't grown there. Hardly any, only a few thousand tons. The world's commercial flax-supply comes from Russia. We can pretty well count on it that the linen famine will last for years."

"Count on it?" Henry repeated. Then, perceiving that this wasn't after all a digression, "Has Greer invented a substitute for linen?" he asked.

"Not a substitute," John corrected. "It's the real thing. There's an average of two million acres a year sown in flax right here in this country, up in the Northwest. The farmers grow it for seed—linseed-oil, you know. But do you know what they do with the straw? They burn it, close to two million tons of it a year, right in the fields where it grows."

Henry was properly amazed at this statement, and the financier went on to explain.

He said the linen industry was just about where the cotton industry would have been if the gin had never been invented. The fibers had still to be extracted from the straw by hand-labor—peasant labor, old people and children, who wouldn't have to be paid anything for their toil. The woody, gummy stuff in the straw had to be rotted away from the linen fibers. Sometimes they did it by tying the straw into bundles and sinking it in the bottom of streams or ponds; sometimes by spreading it out on the grass-land where the dew and the wind and the sun could get at it. Anyhow, it took an everlasting lot of work and watching, and weeks of time. When it got rotted—"retted," the technical word was—to the proper point, they beat it and combed it by hand.

Nothing like that would do for America, of course. There had been no end of attempts to devise a modern, labor-saving process that would do the work, but they'd all failed. Mechanical processes ruined the fibers, and the chemical processes were too expensive, besides being tricky and difficult. Well, Greer had got on to another way of doing it, and it worked.

It seemed it wasn't the river water nor the dew that rotted the woody fibers in the flax straw, but a germ of some sort—a microbe. That was all that rotted anything. There were hundreds of different kinds of rot; plants, they were—little microscopic plants—and some of them went after one thing and some after another. Greer had got hold of the special sort of bug that would eat the wood and gum in the flax straw and leave the linen fiber alone.

"You can't patent a microbe, can you?" Henry asked.

"NO," John admitted, "but you can patent pretty near everything else—method of inoculation, storage, all the machinery that goes into the process—and there's quite a bit of it. No, there'll be no trouble about that. What we'll do, eventually, will be to license the process and rent the machinery to local corporations. But in order to get the thing going we shall have to finance and operate several of those local companies ourselves. It's likely to spread out into an enormously big thing.

"Take the matter of getting raw material, for instance. Right now you could get it for nothing—or next to nothing. It's worthless to the farmers. They burn it. But give them the idea that it's valuable and they'll try to hold us up. We may have to buy the seed as well as the straw; finance the whole crop. That wants more thinking out than we've given it so far. And, on the other hand, there is the question of marketing the raw linen without breaking the price. The longer you look at it the bigger it gets."

Oh, yes, it was a big thing. Henry conceded that, and he listened attentively enough to the details which John now went on to talk about. So many shares of common, no par value; so many shares of seven per cent. cumulative preferred, convertible. Just the regular thing; a scheme of organization with which Henry's experience in the bank had made him thoroughly familiar.

At the back of his mind as he listened was the medievalist's faint, unavailing regret at the fall of another stronghold. The picture, so revolting to John, of children and old people spreading the bundles of straw upon the dew-wet grass for the sun and wind to work upon; the jolly labor of beating and combing it; the pleasant domestic hum of the little spinning-wheel in the corner of the cottage during the long Winter evenings; condemned, obliterated, by Joe Greer's scientific inoculations and the nasty clank of his machinery. Then, with a start, he came wide-awake. What was it John had said?

"You're the man we've picked for treasurer."

"I?" he exclaimed. "Oh, I don't think I could. I—it would——"

He was trembling again, and he hastily hid his hands beneath the table. "It would involve my leaving the bank, I suppose, and I know nothing about this new business, you see—manufacturing and so on. And my—my work at the bank has been satisfactory, hasn't it?"

He had to support for a moment a look from John's gray eyes as keen as the stroke of a surgeon's scalpel. Then, mercifully, it was withdrawn.

"There isn't the slightest question," John said, "of your value to the bank. But the bank's value to you, it strikes me, is pretty well played out. There's no likely chance of any promotion from the place you're holding now, for years. This new job outside is a promotion. We'll pay you ten thousand a year to begin with. That will make you and Margaret a lot more comfortable, and it will increase as the business warrants it. I'll carry a block of preferred stock for you. You can pay it off at your convenience. And the common that goes with it, if the thing does anything like what we think it will, ought to make you independent. That part of it is a gamble, of course, but it looks good to us. As for your being competent to fill the job, we all agreed upon that at once. You've got a thorough knowledge of accounts and credit. And that's all you need, except loyalty, which, of course, we've got absolute confidence in.

"You see how we stand? We believe in Greer's process. We believe in his technical ability. But we aren't sure of the man himself. He's to be president of the company, and he must be given, of course, a good deal of rope. We can't spend all our time holding directors' meetings on him, and it would hamper him unfairly if we did. Yet he's never had other people's money in large amounts to play with before, and we don't know how it will affect him. He may get Napoleonic ideas. He may be slightly crooked. He may have a fool notion that he can do us up. I'm not a bit sure he hasn't. Well, as treasurer, you'll be able to see what's going on. Keep us posted. You'll be our only representative there, day in, day out. He's got somebody—I don't know who—that he means to make secretary. And the whole staff will be his. You'll be our watch-dog. Of course, you won't bark at him all the time. It would be a great mistake to keep him rubbed the wrong way. There hasn't been a sociable kind of fellow like you will be especially valuable."

There was a little silence.

"Oh, there's no doubt in our minds," John concluded, "that you're the man for the job. You'll want a little time to think it over, I know. The meeting isn't until to-morrow, at three o'clock. Sleep on it to-night and call me up the first thing in the morning to let me know what you've decided."

THE catastrophe which years ago had changed the direction and the prospect of Henry Craven's life was a commonplace tragedy enough, the sudden death of his father at only three or four years past fifty and the ensuing discovery by the widow and the two just-grown children that there was nothing, or but very little more than nothing, for them to go on living upon.

Henry never really knew just how complete the smash had been. John Williamson had taken hold and recovered what salvage there was from the wreck. He sold the big house which Henry's father had built in the exuberance of a famous wheat corner (it was mortgaged to the eaves, of course) advantageously enough to wring a small equity out of it. Finally, with what was left, he bought, on behalf of the widow, standard securities. Henry had always suspected some benignant hocus-pocus on John's part about this, but he took pains not to mention it. Whether that little fund was something they were rightfully entitled to or not, they needed it; couldn't get on without it. The income wasn't sufficient as it was, with an invalid mother on their hands, not that they moved into a modest flat (in a good neighborhood, of course), not tho Margaret came home from her boarding-school to be constituted sole nurse, and Henry took the place John's interest made for him in the bank. One by one, those thousand-dollar bonds had been sold—secretly, so that mother shouldn't suspect—in the interest of one promising method of treatment after another. She outlasted them all—she didn't die until the Summer of nineteen-eighteen—but by that time Henry was earning enough to carry them along.

They'd been pretty hard years, those fifteen—quarter of a lifetime almost—between his father's death and his mother's; drudging, discouraging years. And, Henry reflected, harder for Margaret than for him. She had been people were always telling him—as if he didn't—a perfect brick about it. Faithful and tireless in her mother's service, endlessly self-sacrificing, so much, perhaps, one might take for granted. Margaret had done better than that. She'd kept herself from going slack. She'd managed, somehow, to dress well in circumstances and on an income that would have reduced a domitable spirit to acquiescence in frowzy hair and a soiled kimono. She'd gone out to dinner-parties when her bones must have ached for bed and when there were hours of drudging domestic toil waiting for her when she should come home. She'd carried Henry along with her, driven him, spurred him, made him keep up his interest in music—even practise on his violin. And this

What's Wrong with Our Schools?

A GOOD deal is wrong, say nearly all of the six thousand readers of Pictorial Review who have written their answers to the question asked in our March number. Parents, business men, teachers, leaders in education, hit hard at weak points, as they regard them, in our school policy. This great referendum is an event in the history of our public-school system. Some of the best letters, together with a résumé of the six thousand replies, will appear in our September issue.

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pride and resolution of hers had won a sort of victory. Shaken in the sieve of calamity all these years, the brother and sister had never fallen between the meshes. They had hung on, thanks to Margaret, in the social stratum they had been born into.

Henry came home early from the bank the day John offered him that new job, and was relieved when he let himself into the apartment to find that Margaret was not at home. He had, he supposed, already made up his mind to accept John's offer. It was a promotion, of course, which implied the solidest sort of compliment from John's associates in the new enterprise as well as from John himself. The feeling appropriate to the offer of a chance like that was one of exuberant happiness.

He wished he'd thought to stop at the florist's or the confectioner's and buy something a little extravagant that might stand as a token of the good news. Perhaps it wasn't yet too late.

No, confound it, there went the buzzer now. Probably Margaret herself, tho she usually had a key. He pressed the button to release the catch down-stairs and opened the door into the corridor.

IT WASN'T Margaret, tho. There were two people coming up, and they proved to be Violet Williamson and young Dorothy. The latter, when she saw who was waiting for them, left her mother behind, took the remaining flight of stairs two at a time, flung her arms around him, gave him a right hug, and kissed him soundly, just as she'd used to do when she was unequivocally a little girl. It was a heart-warming experience. The two foraged in the pantry and through the ice-box for materials for tea.

"I am practising on you," Dorothy admitted. "She wants me to."

"Your mother?"

The girl nodded. Henry was still speechless over this when he heard Margaret talking to Violet in the other room. It was only a moment later that his sister, without stopping to remove her wraps, swooped down upon them in the pantry. She kissed Dorothy enthusiastically and held her off in both hands.

"You're a delicious-looking young thing," she said.

"I wish I looked like you," the girl retorted, a little flushed but easily enough. "I always have, you know."

People had just one adjective for Margaret—good-looking. She fell short of beauty and there was nothing pretty about her. She had regular features, rather finely modeled, a good skin, and enough hair. Had her life run on in the channel that it had started in, she might have attained an effect of handsomeness anyhow. As it was, what she had achieved was a crispness of movement and inflection, an air of adequacy to any situation that might arise, which men, in the main, found a little formidable. The men who liked her best were older than she and married. But just this quality, it was easy to guess, was what young Dorothy admired. And you could not mistake the sincerity of what she had just said.

Margaret's smile, tho, had a quirk in it. "It's lucky for you there's no fairy godmother hanging about," she remarked, "to snap you up on a wish like that." Then, abruptly, she shooed them out into the sitting-room to keep Violet amused while she got the tea.

Just as Margaret was coming in with the tray (the teapot and the cups upon it were not, he noted, those that he and Dorothy had got out, and she had found a lemon) Violet said, "It must seem strange to be leaving the bank, doesn't it?"

He answered quickly, "Margaret doesn't know." Then to his sister he went on, "John offered me a new job at lunch to-day and I—I'm taking it."

Her eyebrows went up with an expression which betrayed nothing but good-humored surprize, and she threw Violet, in parenthesis, a question as to how she wanted her tea before she made any other comment. Then she said, "It must be pretty good if you could make up your mind as quickly as that to take it."

"Well, I'm sure it must look good to John," Violet observed. "The whole scheme, I mean. Because unless it had looked—well—marvelous, he'd never have gone in with that man."

"Greer, you mean," Henry said, and turned once more to Margaret with explanations. "He's an inventor and he's found a way to make linen out of American flax straw. They've never been able to do it before and the farmers have burned it—thousands, or maybe millions, of tons of it every year. I don't understand Greer's process in the least. I'm not even sure that John does. But he seems to have no doubt it works. John wants me to be treasurer of the new company," he concluded. "The inventor himself is to be president."

"Have you met him yet?" Violet asked.

"I just got a glimpse of him," Henry answered. "I hadn't time to see anything but his beard."

"That's the man, all right," Violet said, with a nod. And went on, since they were both visibly waiting for more: "Why, he sounds amusing to me; really attractive. Jimmie Wallace likes him quite a lot. He likes to play with theatrical people—that's how Jimmie knows him. But, of course, Jimmie himself isn't exactly what you'd call—austere. He's got an apartment—Greer, I mean—up on Sheridan Road, in the same building that Bella and Bill Forrester are in. Bella is quite an authority on him. Never met him, of course. But she meets *up* with him, accidentally, you know, every now and then, and they get very pally. She's hoping, she says, that he'll invite her to one of his parties. They must be pretty terrific from all accounts."

"I got the impression," Henry observed, "from John's biography of him that he's a bachelor."

"I don't know," said Violet. "It comes to that, anyhow. He lives in that big apartment all by himself. At least—" she qualified, and broke off with a glance toward her daughter.

"You needn't mind me," Dorothy said quietly. "I'm reading the *Literary News*. All the same," the girl went on, looking up at Henry from the magazine her glance had fallen upon, "I think that sort of inventor would be a wonderful person to have about. Mostly they're so awfully noble and innocent, aren't they, and about a hundred years old? Or is that just in the movies? Anyhow, I think you'll like it a lot. I wish father would give *me* a job in the new company."

She rose then, put down her cup, and, coming round behind her mother's chair, took her lightly by the shoulders. "I was to drag you away by force at a quarter to six," she said. (Henry noted how she had evaded using any term of address.) "It's nearly that now, and you haven't done your errand yet."

"I'm having a dinner to-morrow night," Violet explained to Margaret, "and as things have turned out, I'm simply gorged with men. Can I steal you away from Henry? It's going to be frightfully dull, I'm afraid."

Margaret thought she could come. She didn't mind being bored, she said, as she went over to her little writing-desk to consult her calendar. Violet's food was always so wonderful.

DOROTHY had come over to Henry and offered him her hand, "for luck." He retained it as he turned to her mother and asked, "How about an even exchange? Or wouldn't it be proper? Or are you going to commandeer Dorothy, too?"

"Yes, it's all right," Margaret said, from her desk in the corner. "Love to! Seven-thirty?"

"Oh, Dorothy's perfectly—unattainable," Violet told Henry. "She's dining and dancing *somewhere* to-morrow night. I don't in the least remember where. All I know is I accepted eleven invitations for her for Easter week."

"I'm *desolated* that I can't dine with *you*," Dorothy cried in the best accents of Vanity Fair. "It would be *much* more amusing."

"I call that," Henry grumbled, after he had closed the door behind them, "an infernal outrage. Oh, not your going out to dinner!" he added, for he had caught a look in his sister's face that startled him. "I meant the way she's trying to spoil that lovely child. John said to-day that seventeen was a devilish age. He's wrong. It's thirty-eight that is."

"I didn't suppose you meant about the dinner," she said, her voice coming rather flat, "and I supposed you did mean Dorothy. But there was just a chance, I thought, that you resented the way John had treated you."

"John! In offering me the new job, you mean? That's because you don't know about it yet. Violet spoiled things, rather, making me tell it backward. It's ten thousand a year, Peg, to begin with—stock in the company—independence again, if the thing goes right—something like old times."

He tried to enlarge upon the theme, as in his thoughts he'd done earlier—a piano, opera seats, clothes, a good cook, taxicabs—but without getting any responsive enthusiasm from her to keep him afloat. He took the other tack, the fine reassuring compliment they had paid him—not only John, but the other associates, men like Crawford and Gregory Corbett—in picking him, as they'd unanimously done, for the responsible task of guarding their interests. They were putting a lot of money into it, half a million dollars for a start.

"It's not very much for them," Margaret demurred. "It wouldn't even have been very much for John, if he were paying it all himself."

IN a sense this was, of course, true. The outright loss of half a million dollars wouldn't—well, impose any economies on Violet. Yet it was Henry's experience with rich men on their pocketbook side—and this he tried to tell his sister—that they didn't take losses lightly, not even proportionately insignificant ones. In every transaction, big or little, they wanted full measure—good security; and they showed extraordinary skill in getting it. That probably was why they were rich.

She asked him abruptly, "When did you first hear about this?"

"Why—just to-day at lunch. You don't think I'd keep a thing like that from you. I'm sorry I told Violet first, but it came up naturally, somehow, and then I took it for granted that she'd know anyway."

"And you accepted it finally—right there at the luncheon-table?"

"No, of course not. As a matter of fact, John didn't ask me to. He knew I'd want to think it over—talk it over with you."

"How long did he give you to decide?" she asked.

"Well, the meeting is to-morrow afternoon," said Henry, and all the wind went out of his sails on the admission. "They'll want to know before then. I told John I'd call him up in the morning."

"That's what I thought you might resent." Her voice flattened down upon the words and, as she'd turned away from him, they were hardly audible.

"I don't feel I'm being unduly hurried," he assured her, "if that's what you mean. I've already decided, unless you've some serious objection to urge, that I'll take it."

"You haven't decided anything," she contradicted. "You haven't had any chance to decide. You don't know whether the process works or not. I don't believe you know whether it's ever been tried or is just a theory. John's decided it for you. He's going to take a flier. He can afford to lose as well as not. He's used you like a pawn in a game of chess—pushing you in. It won't matter to him whether you're taken or not."

He had no answer ready, and she went on a moment later to add the capstone to the fanciful edifice. "How do you know," she asked, "that there isn't some one else he wants your place in the bank for?"

"I haven't any proof that he doesn't," he said then, gently. "But that doesn't square with his history. He's shown us as much real kindness and good-will, during the last fifteen years, as we've found in anybody. If he treats me as a pawn it's because that's what I really am—on the business chess-board."

"You're three times as intelligent as he is," she protested.

"So was father," he reminded her. "Intelligence isn't the thing they play this game with. It wants a certain stupidity, really, to keep you munching away at it all day long like one of John's Holsteins. Father couldn't do that; couldn't keep his mind on it. He didn't hate it until those last years, because he began by getting the better of it. Well—of course, I didn't begin that way. And until John showed me this chance to-day at lunch, it looked as if I never would get the better of it, short of retiring on a wretched little pension when I was sixty-five or so, too old to have any life left. This thing, of course, may fail. I suppose you're right, that it's more than likely to. But, if it doesn't, it's a way out. It's a chance to live a little, while I've still got something——"

He pulled up short. He'd communed with himself in this strain often enough, but he'd never heard himself saying such things aloud.

The meeting the next afternoon was, so far as its actual proceedings went, a dull affair, the inevitable legal hocus-pocus occupying most of the time. Two lawyers were present: a man named Nathan, who seemed to be Greer's attorney, and, across the table, young Craig from Aldrich's office, who acted at first as secretary of the meeting. Sometimes they differed solemnly and, it seemed to Henry,

"'THEY'RE NOTHING COMPARED TO THESE SUNDAY MORNING CLAY PIGEONS. D'YOU SUPPOSE I COULD HIT ONE?'"

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interminably, over a trivial matter of phrasing. Sometimes one of the principals took a hand. Once Henry heard Craig say to John Williamson: "Mr. Aldrich will accept this. He gave me a special memorandum on it." It might, from the solemnity with which he spoke, have been a special tablet from Mount Sinai, and John nodded with an air of complete satisfaction, his momentary uneasiness quite banished. To Henry, trying hard to keep awake, this seemed mildly ludicrous.

But Greer sprang a sensation along in the middle of the meeting. Of the permanent directors, three, by agreement, were to be elected at his nomination: himself, of course; his lawyer, Nathan, and J. MacArthur, who was, also by agreement, to be made secretary of the company. When the election had taken place and they were ready to go on as a director's meeting, John turned to Greer and asked:

"Where is MacArthur? If he's to be secretary he ought to be here to take charge of the minutes. Can you get hold of him?"

Joe's answer was to tilt back in his chair and, reaching around without rising, press a button on his desk. Henry guessed in that instant, from a gleam in his eye, that something was going to happen.

When an office boy answered the buzzer, Greer said, "Ask Miss MacArthur to come in."

Well, there was nothing unprecedented about it, of course. Plenty of women were directors of companies and officers, too. But that they should have been led into electing her in the dark like this gave them a sense of having been tricked. John and Gregory Corbett looked pretty blank. Greer glanced around from one set, serious face to the next with an open grin. He let the silence last a moment or two, then said:

"She was secretary of my old company—The Fiber Products—and I give you my word, gentlemen, she can't be beat."

The door opened just then, and she came in. They all got up, of course, and Greer, still wearing the remains of his grin, introduced them around.

Her manner, if not her appearance, was immediately reassuring. She acknowledged the introductions composedly enough, and then took young Craig's chair at Greer's right hand. Two or three cleanly directed questions and a cursory look through his notes put her abreast of the situation. The routine of the meeting could now proceed. She knew her business; so much was easy to see.

Yet she was not, Henry felt, quite the type of business woman he was acquainted with. Her dress had a somewhat mannish air which they, as a rule, are careful to avoid. It was a suit of light-colored homespun, quite new and rather smart in its severity. Certainly none of the women who worked in the bank wore clothes like that. And then it struck him that she was wearing a hat, a high-crowned, narrow-brimmed sailor of mahogany-colored straw, sensible and rather severe—tho it went well with her red hair. But why a hat at all if she belonged here—as Greer had just explicitly declared she did? For that matter, why the jacket, which she loosened and threw back when she took her place at the table? Why not the skirt and blouse which they'd all have taken for granted, without a thought, as the natural thing?

WASN'T this, Henry wondered, exactly the reason? Wasn't it her wish to avoid being taken for granted as a mere—stenographic convenience? Hadn't that hat a real social significance? Mightn't it be a delicate assertion of her equal voice and vote with the rest of them? She was a clever woman if she was capable of seizing a nuance like that. And unusually self-assured, too—unless Greer had put her up to it. But Greer wouldn't have thought of it.

The idea amused Henry. He settled back a little more contentedly in his chair, watchful to see what the others made of her; how, as time went on, they took her. He wasn't at all sure how he was going to take her, himself.

When the meeting broke up, Henry's delay, occupied by the meticulous adjustment of his muffler before putting on his overcoat, gave Miss MacArthur an opportunity, almost an invitation, perhaps, to come up and speak to him.

"Wouldn't you like to see your new office, Mr. Craven, before you go?" He followed her down the corridor with a curiously stimulating sense of adventure.

"This was Mr. Ferris's office," she said as she ushered him into a room that was just the conventional quartered-oak and ground-glass box-stall. "He was treasurer of the old company. At least," she added without a smile, "he was called treasurer."

He perceived plainly enough that she meant to tell him something, and waited, with a trepidation he was afraid wasn't quite concealed, for her to go on.

"I only meant," she explained, "that Mr. Greer is always so full of the one thing that happens to be on his mind that the rest of us have to catch hold just anywhere and fill in."

"I don't know how good I shall be at that," Henry said—for it broke over him that with this penetrating young woman no pretense to infallibility would carry him very far. "You see, I've always been at the bank where the work is very thoroughly routined. I'm afraid I'll have to rely on you to help me, anyhow at first."

"CALL on me any time for anything," she said, good-humoredly. "That seems to be the one thing I'm for. My office is right here next to yours." She added, after opening the communicating door: "Of course, now we're opening the new books, there will be a lot of things that you're the only one who will know anything about. I've always wished I was an accountant, but I've never had time to learn more than the beginnings of it. We'll see you Monday?"

He said he supposed so, and at that, with a nod, she went into her own office and closed the door behind her.

He dropped down into the swivel-chair—his swivel-chair now—feeling the imperative need of a few minutes in which to get himself together. But before the process of recollection had fairly found time to begin, he heard steps—Greer's, he was sure—come down the corridor and turn into the secretary's office.

"Oh, hello!" he heard her say. "I thought you'd gone." The other said—it was Greer—"Godfrey, what an afternoon!" and plumped down heavily on something—her desk, it sounded more like than a chair. They were as easily audible in there to Henry, through the Saturday afternoon stillness, as if they'd been in the same room with him.

"Well," Greer went on after striking a match, "I guess we're really started, at last. I don't believe there's any more damned fee-fo-fum that they can think of. What do you think of the new——"

She silenced him—somehow, and must have let him know, in pantomime, that the man he meant to ask about was in the next room. There was a moment of silence—an agonizing moment for Henry—then a grunt from Greer and the sound of his rising.

"See you to-morrow?" he asked, in a tone a little lower, but not much. "How about dinner up at the flat? My train doesn't go until midnight."

"I can't come to dinner. But lunch is all right, if you like, and the rest of the afternoon."

"Damn it, Jennie, can't you leave the one decent workday in the week alone?"

"You have too many workdays as it is. I'll be there at one, but I won't wait. So if you're at work and don't feel like stopping, you needn't."

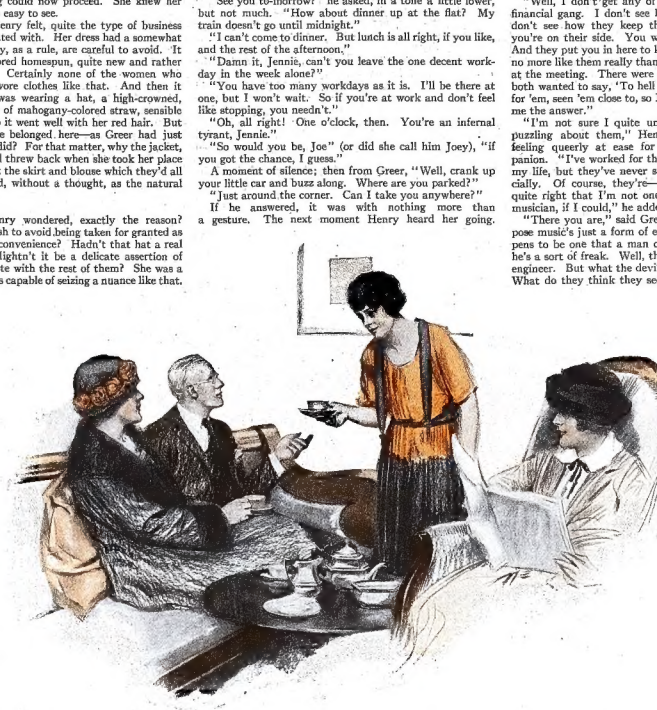
"Oh, all right! One o'clock, then. You're an infernal tyrant, Jennie."

"So would you be, Joe" (or did she call him Joey), "if you got the chance, I guess."

A moment of silence; then from Greer, "Well, crank up your little car and buzz along. Where are you parked?"

"Just around the corner. Can I take you anywhere?"

If he answered, it was with nothing more than a gesture. The next moment Henry heard her going.



"HE ANSWERED QUICKLY, 'MARGARET DOESN'T KNOW.' THEN TO HIS SISTER HE WENT ON, 'JOHN OFFERED ME A NEW JOB AT LUNCH TO-DAY AND I—I'M TAKING IT'"

Then, before he could move or think, the communicating door was thrown open, and Greer, at peace with the world and certainly unashamed, came in upon him. He gave Henry an amiable smile, pleased to find him there and not—thank Heaven—the least in the world surprized. Before speaking he devoted a moment to a prodigious yawn and stretch.

"Well," he said, as he squeezed the water out of his eyes, "that's over. We're through with that sort of hoakum for a while, anyway. You found it as dull as I did; I could see that. Let's go somewhere and have a chin—and a drink," he added. "I'm drier right now than this country will ever be."

The idea of assisting at Joe's drink didn't disturb Henry. He assumed a corner in some decorous club. But when he found his companion guiding him through the swing-doors of what was, in effect, nothing but a common saloon, altho it was run in connection with one of the boulevard hotels, he experienced a strong impulse to bolt. He hadn't been inside a place like this in years—the bank, of course, took a very high line in such matters. But he wasn't expected, he found, to stand up to the long bar and put his foot on a brass rail.

Greer piloted him back into a sort of grill where, apparently, food was to be had as well as liquor, and when Henry asked what he would have, opted indifferently for ginger ale, his host said, "You can have anything you like, of course—coffee, tea?"

"That's what I'd really like," said Henry, "a pot of orange pekoe, if I may."

Greer nodded confirmation of this to the waiter, ordered Bourbon for himself, and then told Henry that he liked tea, but found it too stimulating. He had tried, he guessed, everything to drink that there was in the world, and had come to the conclusion that the most innocent of all beverages was honest corn whisky. But he didn't go on from there, as Henry feared he would, to discuss the dark, incredible approach of prohibition. (This was in April, 1919.) There was something he really wanted to talk about.

"What do you make of Williamson?" he asked abruptly.

"Make of him?" Henry echoed. "Why, I don't know. I've known him, you see, for a great many years. He married a cousin of mine."

"Married, is he?" Greer reflected. "Then, "Living with his wife?"

Henry jumped. "Yes," he said. "Oh, yes, certainly."

APPARENTLY, from his host's point of view, it was by no means a corollary. But, having received Henry's assurance on the point, he was content to let it drop and go back to the main theme.

"Well, I don't get any of these fellows," he said; "the financial gang. I don't see how they get away with it. I don't see how they keep themselves alive. Oh, I know you're on their side. You were in the bank, weren't you? And they put you in here to keep an eye on me. But you're no more like them really than I am. I saw that well enough at the meeting. There were a dozen times to-day when we both wanted to say, 'To hell with it!' But you've worked for 'em, seen 'em close to, so I thought maybe you could tell me the answer."

"I'm not sure I quite understand what it is you find puzzling about them," Henry said, sipping his tea and feeling queerly at ease for the moment with his companion. "I've worked for them, as you say, a good part of my life, but they've never struck me as—enigmatic, especially. Of course, they're—my own people. But you're quite right that I'm not one of them— I'd have been a musician, if I could," he added.

"There you are," said Greer; "that's *something*. I suppose music's just a form of engineering, really, only it happens to be one that a man can't make a living by—unless he's a sort of freak. Well, then, you're a musician; I'm an engineer. But what the devil are they? What do they see? What do they think they see? Oh, money, of course, but money's nothing but a way of getting things done. What is it they're trying to get done? If I had Williamson's money I'd do something with it. So would you. I doubt if he even has fun with it. Not as much as I have—on perhaps a twentieth as much. Round and round he goes looking for safe investments for an income that's already five or six times what he can spend—making more work for himself all the time."

"I suppose," Henry put in, "that it's really power he wants rather than money."

The other man snatched the word away from him. "Power! I understand power, or I think I do. Power is what can be used to move something. Well, now, see here! Here's a man who's got a hobby for buying electric storage-cells and charging them, and he goes on collecting more and more of them and you go to him and say, 'What are you going to do with all this?' and he says, 'Oh, I'm going to run a motor-generator outfit to charge more cells.' Couldn't you take him before a judge and get a conservator appointed on the strength of that? Of course you could. Well, what's the difference? What does Williamson want

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to run? The city? He could, if he liked—Roger Sullivan did. A railroad? A steamship line? An opera company? A harem? I don't care what. But it ought to be something."

Henry said at this point that John did run, or had a voice in running, an immense number of things. There were a dozen directorates that Henry knew he served on, and there might be as many more he'd never heard about.

"Exactly," said Greer. "But his interest is financial in every case—isn't it?—not operative. He's guarding his dividends, or increasing 'em. Here's an example of it right here; this company of ours. It's three months since I went to him about it. I had a letter from Corbett; that's how I got to him. Well, he was interested, all right. There were three points to my proposition: the linen famine that was coming because of the state of things in Russia, the sixteen hundred thousand tons of flax straw that's grown every year in this country and burned by the farmers in the fields, and the fact that I had a process for making that flax straw into linen.

"WELL, the first two of those propositions really interested him, fastened themselves in his mind. The third simply was true, or it wasn't. He hires Fuller, Price & Co. to make him a report on the thing. They look me up along with the rest of it. They type-write it all out on sixteen-gage paper, bind it up in black morocco, and send it to him—charge him a couple of thousand dollars for it— Well, if they've got the whole story of my life in it, it's cheap at the price."

He illuminated this parenthesis with a dazzling grin, but went straight on: "Williamson reads it, or, for all I know, hires somebody else to read it for him, and sends me word he'll go in. But in all this time—three months, mind you—he's never come out to our laboratory on the West Side, where he could have seen the thing *done*, actually done under semicommercial conditions. He doesn't care about how it's done. Nor, for that matter, what we do. Any damn thing in the world that would show the same profit between raw material and finished product, and the same demand, would interest him just as much—it would *be the same thing to him*.

"Cellulose fiber is one of the most interesting things in the world. I've been thinking about it, off and on, ever since the first time I found myself in a tropical jungle. And the things you can do by dissolving it, or by matting and compressing it, or by using it as a binder in plastic substances—there's no end. And we're just at the beginning, back in the Old Testament. But it might be putty for all Williamson cares—or prunes."

He interrupted himself here to take another drink, and Henry said:

"You're partly right, of course, but he knows more about that process of yours than you think. And he knows he's not a technical man. It may be caution as much as lack of interest that's kept him away."

Greer caught that instantly over the edge of his upraised glass. Henry found that glance of his curiously stimulating.

"Anyhow," Henry went on, "he told me himself quite a little about it—about the—bug, he called it, that you'd discovered."

"Hell!" said Greer, putting down his glass, "I didn't discover any bug. I'm not a bacteriologist. I hired a fellow—a young professor of botany at one of the universities, and told him to discover it. It took him more than a year, and if I hadn't been there to speed him up it might have taken him twenty. They're queer birds, too, these pure scientists, when it comes to that. They don't care what anything's *for* any more than the bankers care how it works. It isn't till a man like me comes along and takes one in one hand and another in the other and cracks their heads together that anything really happens in the world."

The inward grimace Henry allowed himself at this must have shown some reflection in his face, perceptible to Greer, for almost instantly, with a shrug and a smile, he went on:

"That sounds like brag to you. Perhaps it is. But we're trying to get acquainted, aren't we? The sooner we do, the better all around; isn't that the idea? Well, then, you may as well know that I think I'm a better man than John Williamson or any of his crowd. I think you are, too, and that you know it. He inherited his money, didn't he?

"Wasn't old Nick Williamson his father? Well, the old man, I guess, had the goods. But his son—why, he's had everything done *for* him. Turn him out in the woods without a guide and a pack-train, and I don't believe he could keep alive a month. I don't believe he could have earned his living with his hands and educated himself for a profession at the same time. Well, I did that, and I've done the other. And I could do it again if I had to, tho I am fifty years old."

"Fifty!" Henry's surprize was genuine. He'd been thinking of the man as a contemporary.

Greer nodded. "Unless I've lost count," he said.

He paused reflectively over his drink, and gave Henry a chance he had uncomfortably been waiting for.

"Of course," he said, "I couldn't keep alive in the woods either, not even as long as John. I could hardly have kept alive, I'm afraid, even in the ordinary ways of civilization if I hadn't been helped. And the person who gave me that help, with a perfectly ungrudging kindness, was John Williamson."

"WELL, your game's a different game from his and from mine," Greer said. "You're like some other people I know, writers and painters and such. All you really ask for is a chance to look on. But you can see what I'm driving at, and these fat people couldn't— Oh, they have their good side, I know," he conceded. "That's more than I'd have admitted twenty years ago. I was a good deal of a scorehead at thirty. I had a grudge that used to keep me awake nights against the gang that has everything brought to them on a platter. I wanted them kicked out, to give better men a chance. But I've got over that. I'm willing they should play their game as long as they'll let me play mine. But——"

His look belied his words, Henry thought. His eyes, smoldering, gazed out across the room. There was food for thought, for John and his friends, perhaps, in the look of them.

"'LOOK HERE! ANNABEL AND I WERE REALLY MARRIED—LIVING TOGETHER, I MEAN—ABOUT SIX MONTHS. I HAVEN'T SEEN HER IN NINETEEN YEARS!'"

Many persons less given to analysis than Henry Craven had speculated during the past half-dozen years about the relation between Joe Greer and Jennie MacArthur. They saw, just as Henry did, that it differed somehow from the accepted standard for important, busy employers and their efficient, infallible secretaries.

Jennie was competent, and long ago she had made herself indispensable. But that was only the beginning of it. She took to Joe from the start. What appeared to others as his truly infernal temper never worried Jennie a bit. She perceived there was no malice in it.

He could think harder and faster than anybody else, and a long succession of contacts with muddled minds or irresolute wills drove him every now and then frantic. Her method with him was to let him rave until he got the worst of it out of his system, and then grin at him. She learned the trick of toning down his letters without making them sound tame and colorless, and before she'd worked for him a year, he'd given up dictating altogether.

"Tell So-and-so to keep his shirt on," he would say. "I know what he wants better than he does, and when I get around to it I'll tell him." Jennie would write an eight-line letter to that precise effect, but in a totally different vein, and Joe, with a ferocious smile, would sign it.

"You're the only stenographer in the world," he said to her, apropos of some such performance as this. "Go to the bookkeeper and tell him your salary is fifty dollars a week. Any time you think that isn't enough, say so, but don't you dare leave me on any account. You belong to me, see." He added, "You're not thinking of going off and getting married, are you?"

When she told him she wasn't, he gave a sort of satisfied grunt which carried with it the implication that she'd better not try.

He worked her mercilessly when the need was, and often unconsciously he imposed long hours upon her by keeping her idle in his more relaxed moods while he told her stories. When he found that she was investing her savings in various highly speculative and adventurous ways, he gave her tips, and sometimes took her in with him on fliers of his own.

WHEN he formed his company for the manufacture of aeroplane parts, he made her secretary of it and fixed her salary at six thousand a year. In every ramification of his business interests he gave her his whole confidence, which was something no one else, she was sure, shared with her, for he was naturally suspicious and secretive.

During the whole seven years, from the day when she'd first gone into his private office to the day of the directors' meeting that Henry Craven attended, she had never considered leaving Joe. She'd spoiled him. She'd endured much. She had occasionally flared up to match the red of her hair and driven some rebuking home truths into him. But, on the whole, she'd enjoyed herself enormously. There was a zest about the whole thing that made it more than a mere job, a sparkle of variety, and a spice, too, of danger.

It was facts, however, rather than appearances that she had to look out for. As regarded the latter, she could afford a superb indifference. She was a magnificently independent person in that there was no one in the world whose moral disapproval could affect adversely her economic status. She'd gone with Joe on many a business trip to Washington, New York, and elsewhere, and the Grundy aspect of such an adventure, or of her going to dine alone with him in his flat, never disturbed her in the least. A smile like the one which had so exercised the speculative faculties of Henry Craven at the board meeting was the only tribute that she ever paid to the Moloch of propriety.

Joe invited her to such a dinner one night in May about a month after the directors' meeting, and within a few days of his return from a trip to the Northwest where he'd been

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engaged in settling the last details and letting the contracts for the construction of their flax factories.

Invitations of this sort weren't so very frequent, and they generally had a real occasion. (The two of them dined together impromptu often at some down-town restaurant as a mere conclusion of or interruption in a long day's work.) She'd been aware of something on his mind ever since his return, and from her first assumption that it was something connected with company affairs she'd come to the conclusion that it was not, or, at least, not altogether. His invitation to dinner explicitly confirmed her guess. He had something he wanted to talk with her about, he said. "Oh, it's got nothing to do with any of this." He smiled as he added on leaving her, "I'm going to surprize you, Jennie."

Well, there was that about him. No one could ever know him well enough to exhaust that capacity for surprizes. In any close relation with Joe you did well to remember this and to steer your course so that surprizes needn't be calamitous. Jennie didn't worry, and she wasted no time trying to guess.

A dinner at Joe's flat, whatever its occasion, deserved to be treated as a party, so she went home a little early that night from the office—there wasn't so very much to do these days—and dressed in a leisurely and luxurious manner in a new satin frock which she had bought, luckily, only the week before. Jennie candidly enjoyed dressing up, and one of her few grievances against the sort of life she led was that it offered so few opportunities for this indulgence.

The dinner was at seven-thirty, and it was still broad daylight when she parked her little coupé in the side street nearest Joe's doorway. In the doorway she found Joe's chauffeur waiting under his employer's orders for her to drive up so that he might take her car into the garage and bring it around again whenever she wanted it.

He was a prepossessing youngster who had taken this job on getting demobilized from the army a few weeks previously. The irregular hours and the touch of variety about it made it, Jennie supposed, less unattractive to him than most of the berths open to a man in his position. But he was too good, she thought, for this sort of thing—taking Joe's actresses on joy-rides in the small hours of the morning, and so on; and she made a mental note, as she spoke to him, of a resolution to persuade Joe to find something better for him to do. His name was George Burns.

OUR FAVORITE SELVES

By HELEN UNDERWOOD HOYT

THERE'S many a you, and many an I;
We're half a hundred different selves,
And some of us are wise and old,
And some of us are singing elves.
Come, be the you you love the most—
Come out and play a while with me;
I call you with my favorite self,
A self I seldom dare to be.
The winds are singing for our joy,
The skies are infinitely wide,
And I would dance down their blue ways
And have you dancing at my side.
I own long hills and reedy lakes
And woods where slender shadows play.
I'm master of their dreams that dance;
I've taught the satyrs what to play.
The world is crimson if I wish;
The world is gold to dress my moods.
Swift, splashing waters clothe my thought;
My dreams are perfumed by dark woods.

Come out and play a while with me;
Be what you wish, I shall not care
While you are glad—come dance with me
And be yourself: be whom you dare.

SHE told him her car was all right where it was, and that when she was ready to go she wouldn't mind going out to it alone, so if this was to have been his only duty for the evening he might as well consider himself at liberty. He thanked her, but she guessed from his manner that he didn't intend to act upon her permission. In the same moment she realized, and she blushed a bright pink as it broke over her, that the boy was shocked. That he attributed—it must be that—a sinister interpretation to her visit. Once or twice he'd driven her home from the office when she'd worked late, and they'd got to be quite good friends. To-night he seemed to see her in a new and rather lurid light.

In the elevator she decided she'd say nothing about the encounter to Joe, at least until she'd cooled down enough to laugh over it. But he, meeting her in the hall as the butler opened the door for her, had it all out of her in two minutes.

"Good Lord, Jennie! What's the matter with you?" he asked at sight of her.

And to her "Well, what is?" he answered, "You look—as if you'd just been kissed by a traveling man."

At that, she laughed and told him.

"That's a nice mess," he commented with a grin. "Here, give me your keys. And go and take off your cloak. You know the room, don't you? I'll be back in a minute. No, I don't blame him a bit. It's all your fault."

He had, it struck her, a rather thoughtful air when he joined her a few minutes later in the drawing-room. He stood for a moment a little way off, candidly regarding her before he spoke.

"You wear better-looking clothes than most of the women who have nothing to do but buy them. How do you manage it, Jennie?"

She felt that her new frock was vindicated, for it wasn't often he showed the slightest consciousness of what she wore.

"I happen to be the right size to wear models," she said. "That's the answer. It saves a lot of trouble."

"The right size and the right shape," he amended. "It's more than your clothes that looks good to me."

There was the same quality, oddly reflective for him, about his gesture, for as he finished speaking he came up and took her by both bare arms just above the elbow, gently enough, as if he merely meant to hold her there until the end of his train of thought.

She was perfectly comfortable, in his hands like that, but it struck her—perhaps because of her recent encounter with George Burns—as rather funny that this should be true. They were great, powerful, hairy hands that held her, and the face, so near hers, could take on, easily enough, a feral look. She allowed herself to smile over her own complacence.

With a grunt, he released her and stepped away. "You don't mind me a bit, do you?" he remarked. "And you know me pretty well, too, wouldn't you say?"

"Pretty well—as far as I go," she qualified. "No, I didn't mind. I know you play fair."

"And it's—how many years?" he asked.

"That we've known each other? Seven, about." She laughed. "You sound as if you were going to ask me to give you a 'character' to somebody."

He shot a look at her so startled and penetrating that she wondered if, in some preposterous way, her joke had come near the mark. But he heard the butler coming in with cocktails just then, and broke off to ask her what wine she'd have with her dinner.

"Why, if it's anything hard you want me to do to-night, you'd better not give me any," she told him. Whereupon he swore and asked her what she meant; he'd asked her here for a party, hadn't he?

"For a surprize, I thought," she argued. "And I had a hunch it had probably been a surprize for you, too, and that you'd be wanting some good advice. If you do, and it's important, this cocktail will be plenty."

"Ice a pint of champagne for Miss MacArthur," Joe growled to the butler. "She'll never drink more than that, so there's no use wasting it. Bourbon for me.

"I went to dinner with the Cravens last night," Joe said, over his breast of guinea-fowl. "Henry and his sister, at their flat. So I suppose you've got a right to say that I'm turning respectable," he concluded.

Clearly, he was embarrassed about it, an amazing phenomenon to be seen in Joe. Jennie suppressed an impulse to laugh at him and asked him, with a good appearance of sobriety, if he'd had a good time.

He told her, a little dubiously, that he had; a first-rate time it would have been, except that he didn't quite—get them. She wanted to know what it was about them that he didn't get.

"Why, I'd supposed," he said, "that they were society people; 'way up in G. But instead of that they're very plain, almost shabby. At least their place is. They must have been starving Henry at the bank, and it seems he hasn't anything of his own. They've got a good piano, but it's new, I guess. Since the new job."

"Tell me about Henry's sister," Jennie commanded. "What's she like? Is she older than he is, or younger?"

"Oh, younger," said Joe. "At least I took her to be. Why, she's a higher-voltage proposition than Henry, a good deal. Knows what she's about, all right. Not what you'd expect, exactly. Dresses up to the nines, shows a good deal of leg, smokes cigarets. She seemed very good-natured and agreeable, except for one nasty look she gave Henry when he did something she didn't like.

"It was—friendly of her to ask me like that. And it was her own idea. Henry told me that in so many words. Didn't want me to think, I guess, that he was putting anything over on her. And they were all nice people. Nice, regular people." He gave an embarrassed little laugh. "It does look as if I was turning respectable, doesn't it?"

SHE managed some sort of reply that satisfied him. It didn't matter since he wasn't listening, anyway. A moment later he laughed again and sat back in his chair.

"Well, that's the funny way life works," he said. "Just as I'm getting ready to settle down and behave myself my wife's lawyer writes me to say she's going to get a divorce."

Jennie stared at him in clear incredulity. When she could think at all, she tried to warn herself that this was one of his jokes, but it wouldn't work. She knew him too well to be deceived. "Your—*wife!*" she echoed blankly.

"Didn't I tell you you were going to be surprized?" he said.

After a silence of a minute she asked, "How long have you been married, Joe?"

"Oh, twenty years, about. Bring your coffee along into the other room where we can be comfortable. That's what I wanted to talk over to-night. I'll tell you all about it."

He won a reluctant smile from her almost at once by an absurd solicitude over the perfectly irrelevant matter of her comfort. The chair she liked best, placed with reference to the breeze—cigarets, matches, ash-tray.

"I'm not ninety years old," she said, petulantly, to check his running about; "nor an invalid just up from an operation."

"You're pretty mad, tho," he guessed.

"I don't know whether I am or not," she told him truthfully. "I'm just wondering how well I know you, after all."

"You know me exactly as well as you think you do," he asserted. "Look here! Annabel and I were really married—living together, I mean—about six months. I haven't seen her in nineteen years. She lives out in Pasadena with her father; her mother died a couple of years ago. It wasn't up to me, was it, to tell you the day you came to work for me that I was a married man not living with my wife?

"Oh, it's been kind of a dirty deal all round. I guess that's why I've wanted to keep it dark. I've done a whole lot worse things," he went on, feeling his way, "and haven't cared a damn who knew 'em. And I never tried to make anybody think I was a plaster angel. But this proposition—well, I never knew my own mind about it. I've always thought I might clean it up some day. Only when I did, I wanted to be in position to do it brown, see, the handsome thing, so there wouldn't be anything left to be said.

"AND I give you my word, Jennie, I was getting ready to do it. I had it doped out that when this deal with Williamson got settled, I'd run out to the Coast and see 'em—see my wife, I mean—find out what she wanted, straighten everything out. And then, some days ago, a smart Aleck of a lawyer writes me that she's going to get a divorce. Of course, it's all right. I let her know, long ago, that she was entitled to get one if she wanted it—on any grounds she chose. As long as she didn't, I let it lay. Well, there it is— Damn it, Jennie, can't you see it at all? You sit there looking like——"

He broke off, perceiving that he'd aroused her.

"Yes, I understand," she said at last. "Go ahead and tell me the whole story. What was she like? Where did you meet her?"

Joe turned away thoughtfully to the smoking-table and relighted his cigar.

"Why, Annabel was a Chicago girl," he began presently. "Lived down in Woodlawn with her father and mother—Fanning, their name was. I boarded with them back in the Spring of ninety-nine, just twenty years ago now. I'd just passed my examination for a licensed structural engineer, got my seal and all, and I had my first white-collar job, down in South Chicago. But I had to come up to town a good deal, and Woodlawn was convenient—half-way between. They were the most respectable people in the world, those Fannings. Poor but genteel—good Lord—so you could hardly breathe! But somehow that sort of thing looked good to me just about then."

She left unbroken for a little while the reflective silence into which he'd fallen, before she prompted him. But presently she got him going again by suggesting that the reason gentility looked good to him just then was Annabel. "What was she like? How old was she? What color was her hair?"

"Lightish," Joe said; "not yellow; there wasn't much color in it. I was fooled on her age, all right. I took it for granted that she was just a kid, barely twenty, if as old as that. When she gave her age at the license bureau up in Milwaukee, where we'd run off to get married, I found she wasn't but five or six years younger than I was— It would have made quite a difference if I'd known that sooner," he added.

Jennie remarked that twenty-five wasn't too old for a girl to marry. But Joe said this wasn't what he meant. She was too old not to be more grown up than she was.

"You see, she'd been having a fight with her father and mother. I'd seen something of the sort going on from the first. It had struck me, every now and then, that I'd interrupted a scene of some sort when I came into a room where they all were. And Annabel would sit through a meal sometimes without saying a word, but meaning a devil of a lot. But one night, out on the front porch, she broke loose and told me her troubles.

"She wanted to be an artist, a sculptor, and they wouldn't let her. She'd been going down to the Art Institute for quite a while taking lessons in drawing and designing, china-painting, I don't know what—maybe a little modeling. But now it was a question of a life class, and they wouldn't hear of it. They were shocked that she wanted to, thought it was improper, and that if she was really a nice-minded girl as she'd been brought up to be she'd see it that way herself.

"Well, that interested me in her a whole lot more than I'd been before, and the line her father and mother had taken seemed so damned silly that the next chance I got I tried to put in a word for her. It was a fool thing to do, of course. It got Annabel in wrong, worse than ever, for discussing such a subject with a young man—she, herself, was furious with me at first for not having seen that—and they were already suspicious that I wasn't quite as good as I looked.

"Now, here's a damn funny thing, Jennie. Here's a question I've asked myself a thousand times: Will you tell me why I didn't just pack my trunk at that point and clear out? I was tired of the old people and I wasn't in love with Annabel, not one little bit. I didn't even want her in a temporary sort of way. There were girls growing on every bush that were more attractive, that way, than she was. But I didn't get out. I went on butting myself farther and farther in. We had a hell of a time. The old folks would hardly speak to me. They sat around and kept watch so that I shouldn't be alone with Annabel. I think the only reason they didn't turn me out of the house was because they figured it was easier to keep us apart as things were, having a line on me, than if they hadn't any idea where I was.

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"Well, the upshot of it was that one day, along that Summer, we took the day-boat—the old whaleback, it was—to Milwaukee, got a license and a minister to marry us, and spent the night at the Plankington Hotel. Came home on the train the next morning.

"The old folks wouldn't take us in—and it wasn't a bluff either. But I found a furnished flat over in Hyde Park—it was easy enough to do in those days—and we set up housekeeping. I'd suggested a couple of rooms in some family hotel so that she could have more time to herself. But she didn't want that. I was beginning to wonder about that famous career of hers that the whole row had been about. Finally I asked her one day why she didn't go over to the Art Institute and register in the life class. I remember how she looked at that and just what she said. She gave me a stare and then a sort of laugh, doubtful whether I wasn't joking, and she said, "Why, *you* silly old thing, what do I want to go there for, now?"

"She hadn't any idea what marriage was about, Jennie. Apparently supposed there was nothing to it beyond housekeeping and a little familiarity. And she couldn't stand me—that's the long and the short of it. Lord! but she was conscientious—all three of them were that. And she must have had a talk with her mother that straightened things out a little. The one thing that reconciled her to the relation at all was that it was legal and binding—going to last forever.

"I can't think of a worse mix-up than that. Because with me, well, it had been like this. I'd never had anything to do with a woman before—I never have since, for that matter—who wasn't in love with me, crazy about me, for the time being anyhow. So this was wrong all round. Yet she might have made some other sort of man a good wife and been happy with him. But she didn't like me, even in other ways. I think I frightened her without meaning to. The way I talked shocked her. I tried to reform for a while. Good God! I've seen her turn white over a plain 'hell' or a 'damn' or two that I'd used without thinking. I never swore *at* her— Never swore at you, either, did I?

"It looked for a while—oh, at the end of three months or so—as if we might make a go of it. She liked our little flat, dusting and sticking the furniture around in new ways, and making fancy desserts and things that she got out of magazines. And, in a way, I liked it, too. I liked the feeling of being anchored to something, having a real address in the telephone-book. I liked feeling respectable—and I was, too. Didn't do any bumming around outside.

"And then all of a sudden she got to hating me a whole lot worse. Took to spending most of the time at home with her folks. I tried to put my foot down on that, as long as they wouldn't let me in the house. But it didn't do any good. She went more and more and tried to keep it dark. Well, at last I got the offer of that big job down in Lima. I didn't really need it, because I was getting on first-rate in Chicago, but it looked to me like a good chance for a showdown. So I accepted it, and then I put it up to her. She could come with me or she could quit me, just as she liked. Well, she quit, and I don't know as I blame her. I certainly didn't try to make it look good to her. I'd told her some of my jungle stories, and I guess she thought Peru was like that. She may have thought that the climate went on getting hotter the further south you went. I didn't explain any. I wanted to get loose; that's the gospel truth. She went back to her folks, and I cleared out without saying good-by to her."

"AND you've never seen her since?" Jennie asked, after a few moments of musing silence, "nor heard from her?"

"Oh, I've heard from her or about her, off and on. I wrote to her from down in South America, asking her if she didn't want to change her mind and come down and join me. As things were, it was natural enough she didn't.

"I didn't come back to the States until nineteen-nine, and when I started I went as far as Panama with the idea that I'd go on up the west coast, drop off at San Pedro, and go on up and see her. If I'd made the big strike I'd been playing for down in Chile, and just missed, I would have gone to see her; no doubt about it. I'd have been rich then. Able to make a proposition that I needn't be ashamed of, however she took it—if you see what I mean. But I wasn't rich by a devil of a way. I had just about enough to start myself again decently in Chicago, to come back looking like a successful man. It's always been that way with me, pretty much. I'm always either just broke or just on the point of making a hell of a big thing. Anyhow, I came up to Chicago by a fruit-boat to New Orleans instead of going around the long way. And, what with the War and one thing and another, I haven't been in shape to fix things up with her until now. And now, just as I am ready, I find out that she's tying a can to me."

It was funny, Jennie tacitly agreed; funnier than he knew, to see him still nursing a grouch over the inconstancy his wife had shown in not waiting another year on the end of twenty. She asked him if he had any idea why Mrs. Greer was doing it.

"Oh, another man, I suppose," he said.

WHEN she cried out incredulously at that he wanted to know why not. Wasn't it likely enough? "She's only forty-five or thereabouts. Probably doesn't look any older to speak of than she did at thirty. She wouldn't—a woman like Annabel—unless she's got fat. Some well-preserved widower of sixty-odd—there's enough of them like that out in Pasadena, Heaven knows—has been making up to her. Bungalow stuff; roses and orange-blossoms; warm nights! Lord, yes!"

He turned upon her with an impish gleam in his eye.

"Want to bet me a hundred dollars I haven't got it doped out right?" he asked.

"No," she said thoughtfully, "I don't believe I do."

She often made bets with Joe, and not infrequently collected them, too; but never when that gleam in his eye warned her that he was proposing a sure thing. Those hadn't been blind speculations of his about Annabel and her well-preserved widower. Somehow or other he'd managed to inform himself of the facts.

"When was it you got her lawyer's letter?" she asked.

"Oh, quite a while ago," he admitted. "Just before I started North."

"You aren't going to contest the divorce, are you?"

"Of course not," he grumbled. "What would I contest it for?— Oh, I haven't been putting detectives on her, if that's what you are getting at. Only, if you don't want to be walked on in a case like that, it's just as well to have something to bargain with. I had Nathan get in touch with a lawyer, a perfectly respectable chap, out in Pasadena, and asked him to look up the main facts, just so I'd know where I stood. There is a widower, all right, a retired Chautauqua lecturer with a weak throat. He's got a little lemon-grove just outside Pasadena."

He got up with a spring, chucked the butt of his cigar into the fireplace, and flexed his arms. "Well, he's welcome to Annabel. And she's welcome to him, as long as she doesn't try to get rough with me."

"You mean if Annabel doesn't try to gouge you for too much alimony?" Jennie asked.

"No," she said, "I wasn't thinking of that. I was thinking of the grounds for divorce she puts in her bill. I'll look bad enough at the best, but I won't be made to look any worse than necessary."

Why in the world, Jennie wondered, should he care how he looked. It was plain that he did care tremendously. Not on his own account. It couldn't possibly be that. But who else was there to consider? For a moment a wild notion of Henry Craven's sister flashed through her mind, to be dismissed as preposterous. Then came the real idea, the luminous surmise.

"Joe," she asked him suddenly, "did Annabel have a baby?"

She saw before he could answer that her shot had hit the mark. There was something likably boyish in the way it took him aback that she should guess, and in his transparent attempt to hide his dismay by minimizing her discovery.

"I should think you might have seen that long ago," he grumbled.

Well, she supposed she might have guessed. The existence of a child was the one answer to the enigma which had been puzzling her during the whole of his recital. This was the one way by which a colorless, inconsiderable person like Annabel could leave her mark upon him. It was the simplest, most natural thing in the world.

"A boy or a girl?" she asked, when her mind had got into its stride again.

"Say! If it had been a boy," said Joe, "I'd have gone back. I'd never have left a son of mine to be brought up by—Fannings. Being a girl, it seemed to belong to them more. But at that I almost went back, as I told you."

Jennie roused herself at the end of a long reflective silence to remark that the child must, by now, be pretty near grown up.

"She's nineteen," he answered. "I've never known her exact birthday. I've always known about how old she was, tho," he added. "Her name's Beatrice."

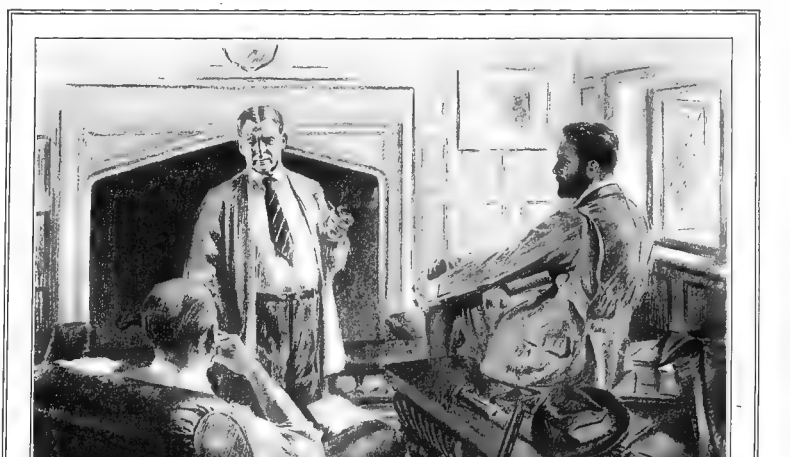
"Don't you know at all what she's like? Haven't you any sort of picture of her?"

"Picture! Lord, no! I told that Pasadena lawyer to try to get me one. But he hasn't succeeded; at least it hasn't turned up yet. Why, I suppose she must be a good deal like Annabel. She's sure to have been brought up like that. Innocent. Well, that's the way to bring up a girl, all right. Do you know those old-fashioned bouquets that are coming in style again, with a paper frill around them? I expect she's a good deal like that."

LOOKING up at him, near to tears with a sudden sympathy, she saw his face darken. It was so startling a change that she cried out, "Joe! What is it?"

"Can you see," he asked, "how that child has been brought up to think about me? They will have used me as the bad man to frighten her with. Your father will get you, if you're a naughty girl, Beatrice!— I can hear old Ma Fanning say it. And now she's old enough to think for herself, a nice little girl like that, she probably turns cold all over when she thinks of me, afraid I may crop up and disgrace them all. Goes and gets into bed with her mother to be comforted. That may be the reason Annabel's given her for getting a divorce. Well, I suppose it's what I deserve, all right.

"But where I stick is at that damned widower, googling at the kid, pawing her, telling her he's her daddy now, holding her on his knee. Not if I know myself!



"JOE BEGAN TO PERCEIVE THAT WILLIAMSON, HERE IN HIS PLACE—HIS FORTRESS—WAS A DIFFERENT MAN; FRIENDLIER, PERHAPS; AND PERHAPS MORE FORMIDABLE"

"There you are, Jennie! Now we're down to brass tacks. If anybody's going to be that child's father, I am. That's what I wanted to put up to you to-night."

"You mean," she asked, after she had lighted a cigaret to give herself the appearance, at least, of calm reflection, "that you want to take her away from her mother altogether and bring her out here to live with you?"

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FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SOUTH

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. SOULEN

IT IS only fair to "tip off" the reader to be on the watch for a surprize in this brilliant story—a real novelty. Pictorial Review alone, among periodicals, enjoys the distinction of publishing Wilbur Daniel Steele's stories. This is the second in a series of six of his best. "The Mad" appeared in our July number.

THE day had been dead hot. Under the weight of the afternoon one would have thought it could never be cool again in the Mzab. But immediately the sun had dipped behind the cliff that guards the western rim of the oasis the thin air emptied itself, and the night-chill, penetrating and treacherous, flowed over the dry bottom of the *oued*.

The town stirred. Under my gallery there came and went a word-fight between Berber muleteers from the north. After that I heard the evening call of the muezzin dropping down from the mosque-tower on the crowded hill, arid, sinuous, like the note of another wooden well-wheel shrilling above the desert floor. Then somewhere under a house arose the hollow voice of a tambour struck with a thumb, and a man sang. In a rift of silence a wandering breeze threshed all the date-fronds in the *oued*-bottom with a fantom of distant applause. Nearer at hand a foot-scuffle in the dusk. A choked laugh. And all around in the heavy shadows of that quarter the subdued giggling, the rustling, and jewel-clanking of the women of dark delight.

"What's wrong with the Ouled Naïl girls to-night?" I asked along the gallery. Abd, son of Abdallah the Mozabite, rose to his feet on the tiles near the stair, a white wraith.

"*Kain kairouan ja, sidi.*" (There is a caravan come.)

Drums banged; women scurried. The momentous night was established and stars sprinkled the sky, large and restless stars, always flickering a little to the eye in that air without body.

I sat at an island crossroads of the western Sahara, where the pale, blurred sand-courses, like the wakes of ships, come up the bald skin of the globe from the green mysteries that lie months away on the other side of the south.

"Abd!" I called, "where does the caravan come from, east or west?"

Abd was gone. On the tiles I heard the fall of a Christian boot. Borak, the Englishman, came toward me in the shadows.

"I wonder you're not out," he said. "The caravan comes from the south."

"Not——!"

"Rather! This is a real one—like the old days again. Right away up from under. You'd better have a look at the beggars; you're romantic, you know. Might not have another chance in a year."

I put on my coat and went with him. Borak has been too long in Africa, one part and another. He has forgotten that it is the Dark Continent. As we walked he went on in his habitual vein of banter.

"It's a tidy lot of heroes for you. You may imagine. Seven 'moonlights' on the trek, and I lay a pound sterling not a man in the crowd has washed in the thirty weeks."

"Thirty weeks!" I couldn't help echoing it. "Lord!"

"There ought to be a story there, eh? As a matter of fact there isn't. I insist again that there's more story, more poetry and romance in the life of a Whitechapel coster than you'll hear in a year listening to these people. They lack imagination. They want the mental whip of civilization; that's it in a nutshell."

I felt like saying "Bosh!" Borak is too dogmatic.

We were passing into the thick of the "low town," and on our right loomed the ugly oblong of the douane, the French custom-house that stands at the converging of the deep-Sahara routes. Borak looked at it and chuckled.

"Old Arnauld" (the customs official) "is in a fair pother. There's a frightful mixture in the trek, blacks and browns from a dozen different basins down below, and you may imagine there's a lack of passports. So that's Arnauld's job; to divine. Or rather it's Bou Dik's job, for the orderly has all the work. When I passed the market coming to you Bou Dik was tackling an old chap who claims to be Senegal but looks away east of that, a pot-bellied old swine, black as a chimney-pot, solemn as an archbishop, and blind as a bat. I gather all he wants is to be let pass quietly on his way to Holy Mekka, where he hopes to die. Bou Dik, tho, is full of wild and horrid notions. He has crossed the trail lately of a dervish man who has the word that Mouley Saa* is now booked to descend in the guise of a blackamoor, and naturally, having a fat berth with the Infidel, Bou Dik isn't going to let the Deliverer into *his* department—not if he can help it. So just now Bou Dik is death and leprosy on niggers. I wish you could have heard the row."

I was to hear it presently. We had arrived at a chain swung across the black street and, ducking under it, we came into the open market square. I had seen the place a hundred times, by sun and moon and stars, and still familiarity had not quite worn off my first sense of it as a haven between the winds, the anchorage of a remote white port of call lost in the ocean of stone. To-night that illusion was deepened a dozenfold. There is no other metaphor in speech so true as "ships of the desert." They were here. To-night I knew that I had known before only the small fry of that dry sea world, only the shore-huggers, the humble brotherhood of the coastwise trade. Here to-night was the creature of the main, the deep-sea squadron, the tall fleet.

From where we stood, clear to the further shore of dim arcades, the ground was hidden under the mass of kneeling beasts and heaped bales, a tumbled thing, monstrous in sleep. We picked our way through the ruck, lighting matches from time to time when we found ourselves trapped in blind alleys between bales and humps, or felt our way barred by the hairy neck of a camel curving waist-high across the night. Mountains whisked fat tails at us; sleeping legs sprawled from beneath hills of cargo like dead men pinned under wreckage. Borak took hold of my elbow.

"This way," he said. "I hear the voice of Bou Dik."

I HEARD it too, impassive, obstinate. There was a small fire of brush-roots throwing a glow around a ring of spectators in the center of the field of ruin. The burnooses, all the same color of desert dust, might indeed have been winding-sheets; the hooded faces, gaunt, bone-built, played upon by the weak and tricky illumination from beneath, might have been skulls. And in the midst of the communing dead, Bou Dik, enveloped in his red robe of authority, was the devil himself presiding.

His voice had ceased. As we settled behind him a man got to his feet on the side beyond the fire. With a gesture which had in it something of the trained orator he put back the hood of his burnoose, baring his strong neck and his round, blue-black, kinky-polled negroid head.

"Thou hast demanded, sidi, who is this man who is the father of my father. Thou hast demanded whence he comes, whither he goes, what he desires. Now I will tell thee all these things, I, Belkano, who am not without power in the country which is under Kalgou."

He spoke a quaint Arabic in which all the throat-sounds were brought forward and softened—such a tongue, Borak told me, as black boys pick up in the Mohammedan *zaouias* at Sikasso and Timbuktu—quaint, and yet more easily understood in the Mzab than dialects not so far away, in Tunis, say, or the Moroccan uplands.

"The father of my father," he said, "is a very great and holy man."

In the pause that followed all the eyes turned upon the object deposited at the speaker's feet. It was discerned to be human.

"BLACK as a chimney-pot, solemn as an archbishop, blind as a bat." Like many of Borak's observations, that one had everything in it but the essential. The essential thing was the man's enormous separation. Whether it was the infirmity of his great age or whether it was his "holiness" (which may account for many things), he was removed to a distance which could not be measured. He lived on another planet. He lived within another sky, the sky of his own skin.

There was something majestic in the completeness of his immobility. Save for a faint, slow, rhythmical pulse of his swollen lower lip there was nothing visibly alive in him. Not once did the dead eyeballs, sustained in little cups of rheum, shift from the line of dead ahead. From the first to the last of that audience he remained in the attitude in which I imagine he must have been deposited, a sphinx

"BOU DIK, IN HIS RED ROBE OF AUTHORITY,

*The Napoleonic Messiah of Mohammedan prophecy.

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thing in ebony, content with memories. Memories gorgeous or infernal. His lip fascinated me. I could not get my eyes away from that pendulous and extraordinary tissue, throbbing with faint, ordered convulsions in the orange light. It was as if the creature's heart, appalled by something under the black sky of skin, had broken prison and escaped so far, only to be caught on the threshold and hang there eternally, beating.

I had to shake myself. In a whisper, to Borak: "What's that he was saying? The tall one."

"He says that his grandfather is bound on the pilgrimage to Mekka because he is tremendously holy, and he is tremendously holy because he has a huge sin on his soul. Not bad, eh? It has happened before."

Bou Dik's voice was heard. "What then is that sin?"

The dark orator looked around the circle beneath him.

"IT IS known in Andiorou and Adar. It is known in Damagarin country and even in Manga country in the east." He looked at Bou Dik. "Now I will recount thee that history, sidi."

His gaze returned to the fire. I shall not soon forget him as he stood there against the stars of the desert night, tall, glossy, vibrant, speaking out in a strong voice the story of the moribund flesh beside him.

"Know thou then that it was in the years before the missionaries of God (to whom be the prayer) and of his Prophet (be his bliss eternal by the streams that never cease!) had brought to my tribe the Word and the Flame of Islam. Glory to the One God!"

"Glory to the One God!" the echo rustled around the ring.

"In those days then the men of my people lived in darkness. They performed no ablutions. Their prayers were to images made with their hands. The strongest and bravest of the young men of that tribe was Djeba, who was later called Djim, as I will recount to thee, sidi, and who was to become the father of my father, and who is this man. The young man who was next to Djeba in strength and courage was Moa. These two were brothers of the milk. Of these two, each was the other's breath. When these two went into the bush to hunt, the animals said to one another, 'Strike if thou wilt amongst seven men, but avoid the Brothers of the Milk!' So lived Djeba and Moa in those days. Djeba was the spear of Moa; Moa was Djeba's shield.

"In those days then came a war-party from the south, from the country of Gando under Sokoto, the country of braggarts and thieves. They came out of the bush in the morning and moved toward the village, casting their spears aloft and beating their drums. The warriors of my people did not fail to answer them. They advanced out of the stockade. Nikato, the Headman, was in the forefront, and at his two shoulders went Djeba and Moa. That sunrise Djeba slew five of the sons of Gandoland. Moa slew five. Neither cut nor bruise was on their bodies. *Sing the Valor of the Brothers of the Milk!*"

The apostrophe rang out, absorbed, deep-throated, across the sleeping caravan. My eyes went to the flesh on the ground. Into that dark house had those words been able to penetrate? Had their ringing set some hidden echo ringing? How could one say? The lip that was like the man's drawn heart pulsed in the same laggard, imperturbable count; the dead eyeballs did not shift. But perhaps they were dead only that they might see the better the sunlight of that vanished and heroic myth.

"*Sing the Valor and the Victory of the Brothers of the Milk!*

"That war-party was beaten; its dead soiled the ground; its living fled into the bush. That day the drums were beaten in the village and muttons were killed; that night a feast was made. The young men danced and the old men made sacrifice to their images.

"But the images of those days were idolatrous and had no power over good and ill. *La ilaha il allah!** Accordingly then it was written that the survivors of that war-party, gathering again in the bush and being drunk with the desire of revenge, fell once more upon the village in the hour when the young men were full-fed and their weapons away. So in that night many of my tribe were slain. The stockades were thrown down; the houses were given to the flame. In the light of that flame many virgins were desecrated, many old men disemboweled, many children spun on spears. But those of good growth and being were taken away. Djeba and Moa were taken away.

"How can I recount to thee, sidi, the days of that march? Am I then another Errendi, that the words of my lamentation should fall like burning oil on a new wound? But the history is well known in all the country above the River, for my father's brother, Ahmed ben Djeba, he who had it out of the mouth of Djeba, has made it a chant at a hundred feasts and sung it under a hundred council-trees. He has sung the days of that going, the weeks, each week after the other through the hotness of that bush-trail. He has told the tale of the moons. In the roof of his mouth he has recalled the song of the lash that fell on those men's shoulders and made of their flesh the flesh of goats that is hung on the stockade to cure. He has stirred the dung-heaps to bring in memory the meat that was given them at evening before they fell down to sleep. With his tongue he has made the clank of the chain that bound them together, the heavy chain of iron that bound together even those two who were bound by the strong bond of the breast that gave them suck!

"THEY FELL DOWN IN THE DARK ON THE GROUND AND THERE THEY FOUGHT"

"Many among them died. When they died their bodies were cut from the chain with swords. Djeba and Moa grew thin. When Djeba looked at Moa he saw a skeleton that he did not know. When Moa looked at Djeba he saw a thing which filled him with terror. At night each bade the other farewell, saying, 'In the morning I shall be dead.' But they were strong and they did not die. Only their minds became empty.

"Then they came at last to the banks of a great lake. This lake was so great that when they had been sold to a white boatman and when they had come out in the boat so far that they could no longer see the bank behind them, then they could yet see no bank before, and the water was all about them to the sky like the sand in the desert of Djouf. To my father's brother Djeba has recounted that they were more than the length of a moon in that going, but it must be recalled that his mind was empty, since no lake to be compared with that is in our knowledge. A wind arose on that lake and water came into the boat. They were athirst, but when they drank of that water it was sour and their thirst consumed them tenfold after. What man is there master of words sufficiently bitter to recount that going upon the lake of those men who were captive?

"Then they came at last to the other bank of that lake, and they were taken up swiftly into the bush of the country beyond, for there were war-boats of other white men on the water. And on another day they came to a great *ksar* of a hundred shelters, and in the market-place of that *ksar* they were exposed for sale. They were nine. Nine men left out of sevenscore strong men! What battle in the memory of the tribes so disastrous as that going! What ambush so bloody as that march of the companions of the Brothers of the Milk!"

For a moment after the outcry the orator's lips closed over the firelit sheen of his white teeth. I suppose that he (like his paternal uncle) had recited this tropic saga a hundred times in the villages of the black south. I doubt not that at this point he had been accustomed to pause, to receive for a moment the sweet applause of a groan.

"And so," he resumed, "they were sold that day into labor. And of the Brothers of the Milk, those whose eyes saw a single thing and whose lips spoke the same, Moa was taken one way and Djeba another, and their hearts died. Djeba, the blood-child of chieftains, was driven like a bullock up into the bush by a white driver, and when his weakness grew on him and he stumbled that driver struck him with a thong.

"That country beyond the great lake is a fat country, full of plantings of maize and cotton in the uplands where the bush is cleared. It is known by the name of Djoja, and in extent it lies from the banks of the lake into the interior many marches away. Djeba was taken to a certain planting and thrown into a *dar* in a stockade as great as a small *ksar*. There he had the company of other captives from the River, from the Camaroun, and from the River Gwester that is the River in the south. Some there were who had been there so great a time that they had forgotten their own tongues and knew only the Djoja speech, and some had been born in that stockade.

"Then they were driven into the fields to labor. In his weakness the sun beat upon the head of Djeba and made him forget. Then he was driven back to the stockade, and the rain came through the thatch of the *dar* and wet his body and fever consumed his heart. But already his heart was dead; only when he slept and saw Moa in a dream did he live.

"And that driver said to him, 'How art thou called?' And he said, 'Djeba.' And the driver laughed and cried, 'That is no name for a black boy; I christen thee Djim; and Djim thou art!' And he went away, still laughing as if he had turned a word of wit. So a hate of him came into Djeba, and Djeba would have killed him, only that he was a tall, great-bodied man, and Djeba, who had been worth five warriors in his strength, was like a child in weakness now.

"That fever burned his heart and his bowels. He was given to eat of a cous-cous made of sour maize and swine-flesh. Then his stomach turned over. He vomited. He said, 'Now at last I am to die.'

"BUT then a woman came into that *dar*. She laid a hand on his head and called him Djim, but the hand was cool, and the anger went from his heart. She gave him milk to drink, and his pain ceased. His sickness passed. In the darkness of that shelter that woman was like the healing benignity of the moon when it has come an hour high in the east. She spoke in tones of compassion, and he was made whole.

"'Who then is that woman?' he asked of the men, 'and how is she called?'

"'She is Mis'us, and she lives in the *dar kebir*' (the Big House).

"'Is she then the woman of that driver?' he asked.

"His companions laughed. 'Nay, she is the woman of Maas Djo.'

"'Who then is Maas Djo?'

"'Maas Djo is the Maasa, the Headman. It is his silver with which thou wert got.'

"'Why then have I not seen this Headman?'

"'For the reason that since thou hast come he has been gone with a war-party to fight the Yankis to the north.'

"'He has gone then to take other captives?'

"'Nay, he has gone to save those he has got.' And then they recounted to Djeba: 'The war-parties of the Yankis who come from behind the rivers of the north choke the trails. The bush never sleeps for the sound of their drums. Their torches are amongst the settlements. The long peace of the white men is broken; new confederations are formed; terror is loosed abroad. The lust of booty and of blood is aflame in the Yankis. It is said that they devour babes; it is known that when they make prayer in their holy places their ablutions are performed in the blood of a lamb. Such are they!'

"Then they recounted to Djeba how Maas Djo and the other Headmen, the holders of plantings, all the young men, how they had gathered to the war-drums in the trails, how they had chosen chiefs and gone away into the bush, and how the sky above them was that day the color of gore.

"And Djeba asked them, 'Which then is the stronger?' And they answered, 'The party of Maas Djo is the stronger. Mayhap even now it has driven the Yankis back across their rivers. Mayhap to-morrow he will return home!'

"But one amongst them who had been born into labor in that stockade in Djoja and who was now an old man said, 'Mayhap not.' That same man, who was called by the name of Moz, came into the *dar* at night and said in a low voice to Djeba, 'The Yankis are like the leaves of the pepper-tree; they are small, but their number is beyond

WAS THE DEVIL HIMSELF PRESIDING. A MAN GOT TO HIS FEET ON THE SIDE BEYOND THE FIRE"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 48

*There is no god but God.

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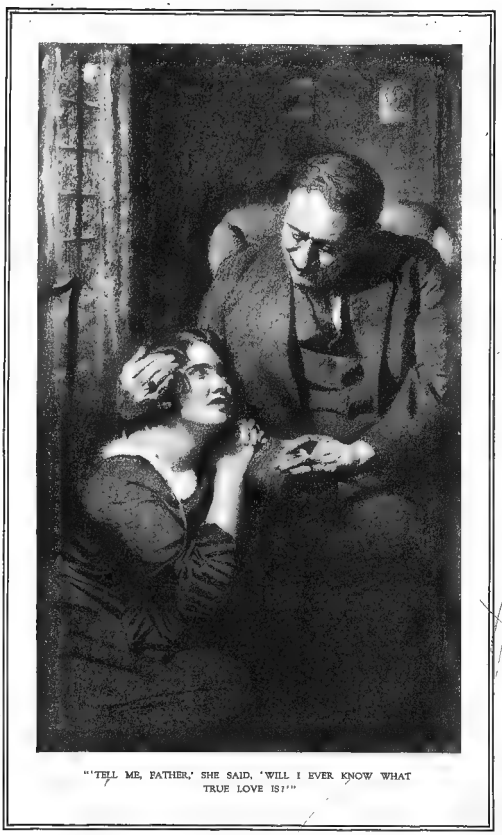
THE QUEST OF SARAH

The Third of the Immensely Clever "Mendel Marantz" Stories

BY DAVID FREEDMAN



"'TELL ME, FATHER,' SHE SAID, 'WILL I EVER KNOW WHAT TRUE LOVE IS?'"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. LEONE BRACKER

'MENDEL, YOU KNOW MAYBE HOW TO INVENT MACHINERY, BUT BY MATCH-MAKING I'M THE INVENTOR!'"

ZELDE, what is true love? A horse-car. It's out of date. What is modern love? An aeroplane. It don't always land right. The girl from to-day wants romance, not love. And what is romance? A balloon. The bigger it gets the bigger it busts! Zelde, you're taking a healthy girl like Sarah and making her sick with visions. Let her love beneath her rather than marry above her. Oscar Gassenheim is a high-class name, but she's got to marry the man to it! What is marriage? A knot. It's easy to tangle but hard to untangle. What is romance? Opium. It puts you to sleep with a smile and you wake up with a headache!"

Zelde, Mendel's wife, waved her hand at him with a gesture of disdain.

"Eh! Sarah don't want romance and she don't want opium and she don't want love! She wants plain talk—a husband! And we can buy her a nice one!" Zelde added proudly. "I wish my mother would have got for me such a nice young man like I'm getting for her! Look, Golde Weiss paid five times more dowry from Sarah's and what did she get? A husband with two eyes which don't match!"

"But his name is worth the money, isn't it?" said Mendel banteringly. "What is dowry? Bait. All you catch with it is fish! What is love? The sun. You can get it for nothing, but you can't buy it!"

"Whenever she loves, let her marry."

"My genius!" Zelde sneered, resting her hands on her hips. "She loves for a long time already. But she ain't got *who* to love!"

"Then let her love herself and not marry," Mendel replied. "It's better to love and not marry than to marry and not love."

Zelde's temper mounted to her cheeks.

"And for you it's better to talk and not do than to do and not talk! She's your daughter just like mine, ain't she? Maybe you want to wait till we look like sisters? Years she's got plenty—next month she gets another one—but husbands she ain't got even one! Let's see, you make such a speeches on love, why don't you make her a lover?"

"Because you can't make lovers to order. They come ready-made."

Once more Zelde folded her arms—this time to bridge the gap of her silence. Mendel could talk, all right, she felt, but what would come of it?

"What's the matter?" she began, peeved into sarcasm. "It ain't good enough for you the match? Mendel Marantz, the plumber from Pitt Street, is ashamed with Solomon Gassenheim, the banker!"

"The bankrupt, you mean," Mendel corrected.

"It's not true," Zelde retorted. "He's short a little money. So what of it? That's just our luck! If he wouldn't fail, the rich woman had staggered him. But as he peered

"Sarah ain't got time for love any more," Zelde muttered. "She's twenty-seven!"

"That's nothing," Mendel reassured her. "What is old age? A warning. A woman denies it and a man defies it. Like the Masora says, 'A woman is never too old to love and a man is never too old to marry!' Besides, the later she'll marry the less time she'll have to regret it!"

"Go on, sit and laugh from your own jokes," said Zelde harshly. "You'll sit and talk and she'll sit and wait and what'll be in the finish? You'll get fat and she'll get gray, and between you I'll get crazy!" But she folded her arms to inform him that if that was his object he had better "knock it out of his head." And furthermore, she desired to know definitely, "Either do you want Sarah should marry or shouldn't she?"

"Both," said Mendel, and scratched his chin.

Zelde sat down to keep calm. Mendel proceeded.

be short we could never reach up to him! Like that we push him a little in the bank, he pushes us in society, and together we push through the match! That's how it is—one hand pushes the other," and with a shrewd shrug she added, "Never mind! Don't think Sarah is such a bargain! I'll tell you the truth, if I was Oscar Gassenheim—but never mind!"

Mendel shook his head drearily.

"Ah! Zelde, you know maybe about cooking, but not about love! Still, I'm surprized, it's the same thing. What is love? A cook. She must know what to mix together and how to make the flame. If not, she makes such a hash like you want to make with Sarah and Oscar Gassenheim! You mixed in a lot things in the soup—society, banks, bargains, but one thing you forgot—love!"

"A new cook on my head!" Zelde sneered to conceal her bewilderment. "I got troubles enough with the cook without you! Since we got rich she don't let me near the kitchen. She makes me faces and picks up the pressing-iron! But what do you mix in all of a sudden the cook in the middle?"

"Because here is a question of cooking," Mendel said sternly, and Zelde sat breathless as he continued impressively. "It's as many kinds of love as courses on a bill of fare. But it's only one principle—fire! You can't cook and you can't love without fire. And what is the ideal love? The ideal cook! She must see the flame shouldn't be too small or burn too fast, but just a slow, steady fire to leave a good taste! Now maybe you understand it? Ah?"

"POOH! A whole lecture he gives me!" Zelde gasped and rose, offended. "He thinks I don't know his tricks, he thinks! He frightens me with the cook I should forget about the match! But never mind, Mister Mendel, you can't fool me. It didn't passed yet a day since we're married we shouldn't have an argument—"

"—and I shouldn't win it!" Mendel appended.

"Is that so?" Zelde scoffed. "Maybe you win the argument—but I win the point!"

"What is a wife? A diamond pin. It's always a catch to it. But don't worry, Zelde. If Sarah marries as good as you did, I'm satisfied."

"Don't worry, Mendel," Zelde retaliated, "she'll marry better. She learned from my mistakes."

Mendel chuckled.

"What is a marriage without mistakes? A mouth without teeth. It don't give you pain, but it don't give you pleasure, neither. After all, Zelde, it's twenty-nine years that we drag each other along. And look! We often quarreled, but once in a while we didn't; we suffered, but sometimes we laughed; we had children and troubles together; we made plenty mistakes and fought over nothing, but sometimes we forgave each other; we had pleasure, we didn't; we got sick, we got well; we had money and clothing and bread, and sometimes we didn't; but never were we really sorry that we ran away together—tho we often said it! I could have married a girl with a fortune and you a man with fame. But I made a mistake and you made a mistake, and we married each other. What is love? A blind man. He has a way of blundering in the right direction!"

But Zelde was wary.

"So you want maybe Sarah should starve like we did?" she said with a stubborn defiance, as if in Sarah's social rise she saw the only compensation for all her former years of privation and struggle.

"No. But it don't mean because she got rich she lost all her rights. What is riches? A habit. First you try to get it and then it gets you! If you're poor you can marry who you like; if you're rich you can't afford to do that. You got to marry the best that money can buy! What is marriage? A Paris gown. The more you pay for it the less there's to it. What is society? A subway rush. The more you squeeze in the more they squeeze you out! Zelde, don't rush. Let Sarah marry whom she likes and you like whom she marries!"

"Well, Sarah likes whom I like," said Zelde triumphantly, "and if you don't like it I'm sorry. But if you really want to know," she added with sudden and impressive calm, "she loves him!"

Mendel took the cigaret out of his mouth. For once, he

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anxiously into her small, gray eyes a vague suspicion gathered in his mind.

"Maybe Sarah thinks she loves him," he said slowly, his eyes searching hers, "but when a person can still think, he isn't loving very hard. What is a young girl? A heart. It beats, but it don't know for whom."

But Zelde's air was baffling. She jerked her shoulders in a spirit of indifference.

"If you want to believe, believe; if not, not!"

And she walked out of the room, slamming the door behind her before Mendel could say, "What is a wife?" And he completed the query to himself, "A brick. It hits you and leaves you flat."

And Mendel sat in a heap, gazing vacantly into the street, his cigaret hanging limply from his fingers. An occasional shadow flitted across his face. At moments sharp lines ruffled over his brow and as suddenly disappeared, like flying sparks escaped from the heat of a grinding brain. He was thinking, planning, inventing. He was seeking to embody in some concrete form the abstract principle which he had tried to impart to Zelde and which she could not understand. He was an inventor—a clothier of ideas—who gave to the little souls of thought their bodies of reality. And what was vague and formless to others, became through the mechanism of his mind something definite, concrete, and even simple.

WHEN Zelde had compelled him to stay home and do housework in spite of his arguments and protests that he was unfit for domestic drudgery, he invented a Combination Housecleaner which washed dishes, cleaned clothes, and scrubbed floors, in order to prove to her in some concrete form what he had been unable to do by abstract reasoning. And altho Zelde had always refused to be convinced, the machine was very convincing. Through that machine he acquired his fortune, and with his fortune came new problems. Zelde wanted to move out of the fish-market into society, and Mendel didn't. And again he invented something concrete to convince her of his position. He transformed their dingy, old tenement on the East Side into the Pitt Street Studio Apartments de Luxe, to which former East Siders, weary of empty grandeur and elevated isolation in faraway places, flocked to revive old memories and frequent old haunts they had known in humbler and happier days. And Zelde, who had urged Mendel to move into society, found that society was moving to him.

Now Mendel was seeking a new plan. Something concrete like the other two, but more subtle and delicate; for the first plan had dealt with machinery, the second with men, and now, in the third, he was dealing with women! No matter how skilfully he might reason with Sarah, the more he would oppose her marriage the more she would be tempted to try it. He would need something concrete yet unobtrusive, a little device to aid Sarah in her quest of love. To dispel for her the vapors of romance and reveal the residue, if any remained. For he felt that too many married in the heat of romance who later lost their fervor in the chill of disillusionment. She would always have time to make the blunder, but the time to prevent it was now.

"What is marriage? A river. It's easier to fall in than out!"

Bernard Shnaps was Zelde's secret choice as special emissary to the Gassenheims. He was her brother, and a real-estate broker of long experience, and therefore able in her opinion to cope with Gassenheim, the wily little banker, and his huge, round wife. And Bernard, conscious of the weighty mission entrusted to him, had assumed the air and clothing of a diplomat, and sat opposite the Gassenheim family in the Louis XIV. salon of their Fifth Avenue home, bubbling over with persuasive eloquence and subtle strategy. But old Solomon Gassenheim coughed and sputtered whenever Bernard undertook to say something, until Bernard, completely routed, forgot what he had in mind and left the field to Deborah, the banker's wife, who in a thundering, male voice carried all before her.

They spoke of every one but the Marantzes and of everything but the match, until Bernard's bottled eloquence broke out in a fine dew over his whole body and gave a prickly sensation to his scalp. Deborah had just completed her sermon on the superiority of social position over mere money; the dried little banker suffered from another severe spasm, and Oscar, who was lounging nonchalantly on a gilt chaise-longue, hinted that it was time for dinner. Bernard saw himself being politely driven out of the house after two hours of exasperating conversation in which he had not been able to speak one coherent sentence in behalf of his client, Sarah; and the prospect of facing Zelde that same evening, together with his personal loss if the negotiations passed out of his hands, spurred him to a final, desperate effort.

"I'm a man like this," he began; "I like straight up and down. Yes, yes; no, no! If I see a property and I don't like it—good-by! If I like it—how much?"

Deborah stated.

"What do you mean, 'how much'?"

"Eh—eh—eh!" old Gassenheim coughed complacently. "Don't you understand, dearie? He means Oscar!"

"That's right," said Bernard, snatching quickly at the opportunity. "I mean Oscar and I mean Sarah and I mean the two of them together! I'm a man like this—I like short and sweet. You like me—I like you—finished!" And he rose in the heat of his enthusiasm, large beads standing out on his forehead and his fingers playing triumphantly with his watch-chain.

"'OH! OSCAR!' WAS ALL SHE COULD MURMUR. COMPLETELY OVERCOME BY HIS SUBTLETIES OF SPEECH

"One minute, Mr. Shnaps," said Mrs. Gassenheim in her least mannish tone. "What's your hurry? Sit down. You'll have with us some tea, maybe."

"I'm a man like this—I don't like tea! I like to get through," Bernard replied, careful of any new distraction. "Such a year on me what a girl he's getting! Sarah comes from one of the best families on Pitt Street—I mean—on what-do-you-call-it? And she's got a education! H'm! It's better yet than mine! But she's modest, just like me. That's the way I am—I don't like to praise myself. I like others should praise me——"

A violent attack of coughing seized old Gassenheim, but Bernard raised his voice defiantly above it.

"She's got such a face," he continued grandiloquently, "that when the young men see it they can't eat and they can't sleep for days! Such a face she's got! And the way she can sew—I mean—sing! She's got a voice which you couldn't beat it, Mrs. Gassenheim! Ah! Such a modern girl! She jumps and dances and shines her nails and cooks—I mean—shops, and plays the victrola—I mean—the piano, and you ought to hear how she speaks Polish!"

"Polish!" cried Mrs. Gassenheim.

"Ha—ha—ha!" Bernard laughed uneasily. "I mean French! She talks such a lot languages, she don't know one from the other—I mean—I don't. But what's the difference?" he added hastily to divert their thoughts. "She's got a nice red complexion, and that's the main thing!"

"And her figure?" inquired Mrs. Gassenheim with a peculiar glance of encouragement at Oscar, who was fast losing interest. "Tell us about her figure."

"Oh, the figure," said Bernard persuasively. "We'll agree on that later. First see what you're getting. I'm a man like this—I don't like to bargain. When it comes to dowry I like to be sporty. A dollar up, a dollar down! That's nothing to me! The main thing is you should be satisfied."

The old banker cleared his throat.

"Eh—eh—eh!" he coughed and blinked at Bernard. "We're satisfied because we think she's a whole lot better than you made her out to be! Eh—Oscar?"

Bernard was taken aback, but smiled.

"Oh, I see what you mean," he said. "I'm a man like this—I don't like to boost her. By me is a motto, 'Take it or leave it!' I never talk into you. If you want it, have it; if not, you'll be sorry! That's all!"

The banker and his wife had already risen, and Bernard, understanding, rose too.

"Well, it looks like we agreed on everything," he said heartily. "Only my nature is this way—I'm never too sure. I would like it should be after the wedding already."

"Call again," said the banker, extending a little white hand.

Bernard took it mechanically.

"Well, maybe I should call a meeting;" he mused while holding old Gassenheim's hand firmly, "between you and Sarah's father? Ah! It wouldn't hurt. He's a big depositor. What do you say? Ha?"

THIS time Mrs. Gassenheim coughed, and turned to Oscar to relieve the old banker's embarrassment.

"Oscar, my dear," she said in a tone of mild thunder, "Mr. Shnaps asks would you like to meet Mr. Marantz, Sarah's daddy, dontcheknow?"

Oscar, long, lank, bashful, looked up from the couch at his mother to read his answer in her eyes.

"Sure he'll like to," she said for him, turning to Bernard with a sidelong glance at her husband. "Make the appointment, Mr. Shnaps, and let us know."

"Sure, sure," Bernard assented politely. "And now when it's settled about Sarah everything, I want you to know, Mr. Gassenheim, I don't make from match-making a living. I'm a man like this—I don't like to push myself. But if you need sometimes a nice piece of property to buy, sell, rent, or mortgage, leave it to me!"

"If you got some good proposition," said Mr. Gassenheim, releasing his hand from Bernard's grasp, "come around. I like to hear you talk."

And Bernard departed, beaming at the compliment.

That night he related to Zelde the highly successful results of his mission, congratulated her upon her good fortune at selecting him as the go-between, and advised her to make everything in readiness for an early wedding.

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"OSCAR, CLAD IN THE MARTIAL HABITS OF HER FANCY, WAS TO SARAH THE FULFILMENT OF HER LIFELONG DREAM"

MENDEL MARANTZ WISDOM

"What is old age? A warning. A woman denies it and a man defies it."

"What is a young girl? A heart. It beats, but it don't know for whom."

"What is experience? A policeman. He comes when it is too late."

"What is a father? A preacher. You hear him, but you don't obey him."

"What is romance? Cauliflower. When you boil it down it smells like cabbage."

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HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

That's What Education Is For, Says This Third Article

BY ARNOLD BENNETT

"BOREDOM IN STUDY PROVES EITHER THAT THE SUBJECT IS DISTASTEFUL OR THAT THE METHOD OF STUDY IS WRONG"

THE object of education is to prepare us for complete living. Herbert Spencer said this, and as one of his most fervent admirers I agree with him, tho I doubt whether he himself knew what "complete living" is. Even assuming him to have been as ill as he thought he was, his own existence could not be described as a satisfactory illustration of the value of his own theories. Indeed a man who would stuff his ears up in order to escape the conversation of his friends was without doubt strongly desirous of living incompletely. Nevertheless the educational theories of Spencer, which are now at least seventy years old, still powerfully survive. I only mention his case as a warning to those, especially the young and cocksure, who assume that their practise is bound to accord with their theory. It is a fact that the people who are best satisfied with their own education are too often the very people who don't know how to live, either completely or incompletely.

Anyhow, here we all are, with a mechanism of body and mind, destined to spend a certain amount of time in the universe, of which each of us is the center. And the problem of complete living is the problem of getting the best and the fullest we can out of the strange adventure. Query: What should be the curriculum of our education? The query of course can not be adequately answered. The most we can do toward finding an answer is to enumerate certain branches of knowledge and discipline without which it is obvious that complete living can not possibly be achieved.

For instance, there is the aforesaid mechanism of body and mind. This is our instrument, machine, or apparatus for the earthly task. And we have nothing else. If our bodies are not efficiently working, our minds can not work efficiently (and probably vice versa), and complete living is at once scotched. Not one human machine in a million will keep itself in order. Human machines need constant attention, and they can not be attended to properly if they are not understood. Hence some knowledge of human physiology (the science of our body and its functions) and of psychology (the science of our mind and its functions) is an essential preliminary to complete living, and no branch of education can be regarded as more important than this.

Unless you have some sound information about and comprehension of your own organism you are in a situation similar to, but far worse than, that of the man who is given a beautiful car and starts to drive it away without ascertaining the principles of the engine and what the levers and other exterior gadgets really signify. He may go some distance and avoid trouble, but it is absolutely sure that he will not get the best out of the car, nearly sure that he will damage it, and fairly sure that he will have a breakdown. All which, again, is obvious, and I ought to apologize for stating it to an enlightened public.

AND yet who among us can put his hand on his liver and say with certainty, "My liver is exactly there"?—the liver being the largest organ in the human frame. Why, most people don't know where the stomach is until they get a pain therein; and they imagine that their lungs are a kind of twin-bags which they fill with fresh air when they breathe. They do not suspect that mental fatigue produces an actual physical poison, or that the skin itself is an excretory organ of high importance, or that a yawn is primarily a sign of defective aeration. They exist in a condition of dangerous ignorance. They are aware of this ignorance, and they rather like it, and the notion of curing it by a course of study is repugnant and even shocking to them. They consider that detailed information about their interiors is not quite nice, and indeed to be deprecated.

Such ignorance pervades every intellectual rank of society and it is noticeably rife among our educational mandarins, who habitually prescribe for certain large sections of young students a rule of life which is an outrage against common sense and common decency. In a word, the streets of the universe are packed with drivers of motor-cars who can't drive because they most comically and most tragically don't know at all what sort of a weird thing it is they are shoving along.

Again, just as we can not reasonably expect to attain to complete living unless we know *what* we are, we can not reasonably expect the same unless we know *where* we are, both in time and in space. We must, at any rate, have some general knowledge about the earth to which we are clinging as it whirls. After all, the earth is not so very big—and traveling makes it smaller every year! The sun is immensely larger than the earth, and there are stars so huge that if they were put where the sun is they would occupy the whole space of the earth's orbit—and a lot more besides. We need not be frightened of the earth as a subject. We ought to have some concise knowledge of universal geography and of universal history. The two go together and are properly inseparable, and the point of them is that they show us where we stand.

We shall learn from geography the importance of environment and from history the annoying but useful truth that all acts have consequences and that those consequences can not be escaped. Also that society is forever moving on, evolving out of something into something else; that there is nothing final or absolute, no goal, but a succession of goals; that everything is always in a state of flux or change, and that this is the very essence and meaning of life! Such knowledge will be reenforced by some study of science in its main principles. Through combining geography and history with some science, and in no other way, shall we become possessed of the supreme idea of evolution fortified by the full, conscious conviction that natural laws can not be circumvented. Without a realization of this supreme conception, and without this guiding conviction, complete living can be naught but a sentimental dream, for the reason that the material is lacking for sound judgment of aims, conduct, and life-values generally.

Thirdly, it is obvious that complete living can not be achieved unless our education enables us to develop our faculties in such a way as to earn a livelihood. The chief thing, after all, is to keep alive and to perform the feat with pleasure to ourselves. No use or sense in magnificently educating ourselves for complete living if in the end we have to depend on others for our bread and butter, or if we can only earn our bread and butter in ways that are repugnant to us! Before it is anything living is, and ought to be, a business proposition; and no human specimen is more absurd than he who can do everything except keep himself by his own exertions.

Further, as every human being is a citizen, every scheme of education should comprise the attainment of knowledge concerning the rights and duties of citizenship.

The welfare of the state depends upon every citizen individually exercising his rights and performing his duties in a sagacious manner. Every citizen should know the essentials about national and local government, and about the difficulties which beset governing bodies, from the highest to the lowest, under whose sway he is. It should be equally impossible for a windbag on the parish council or for a knave in parliament to dupe him by spouting theatricalities.

He can not be said to have reached complete living until he has opinions of his own, and informed opinions, which will enable him to be a citizen to his own advantage and to the advantage of the community.

And, then, no man can be sure of living completely unless he studies the principles and practises of education as a subject in itself. One's

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EDUCATION a bore? On the contrary, it is the livest and liveliest subject in the world, as this fascinating talk by a great novelist, the author of "Mental Efficiency," shows. A great series, this, with equally important articles yet to come.

By the way—those letters from readers telling "What's Wrong with Our Schools?" will appear in our next number. They will make a stir.

"IF EDUCATION DOES NOT TEACH YOU TO LIKE LIFE, VARIOUS SORTS OF LIFE, IT IS FUTILE"

DRAWINGS BY STUART HAY

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"'WHY WERE YOU OUT IN SUCH WEATHER WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA?' HE CONTINUED IRRITABLY, DRAWING HER UNDER THE SHELTER OF HIS"

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

BY EDITH WHARTON

THE FOURTH AND CONCLUDING INSTALMENT

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES H. CRANK

IN THE thin persistent drizzle of a Paris Winter morning Susy Lansing walked back alone from the *cours*, at which she had just deposited the four eldest Fulmers, to the little house in Passy where, for the last two months, she had been living with them.

She had on ready-made shoes, an old waterproof, and a last year's hat; but none of these facts disturbed her, tho she took no particular pride in them. The truth was that she was too busy to think much about them. Since she had assumed the charge of the Fulmer children, in the absence of both their parents in Sicily, she had had to pass through such an arduous apprenticeship of motherhood that every moment of her waking hours was packed with things to do at once and other things to remember to do later. There were only five Fulmers; but at times they were like an army with banners, and their power of self-multiplication was equaled only by the manner in which they could dwindle, vanish, grow mute, and become, as it were, a single tumbled brown head bent over a book in some corner of the house in which nobody would ever have thought of hunting for them—and which, of course, were it the *bonne's* room in the attic, or the subterranean closet where the trunks were kept, had been singled out by them for that very reason.

This alternating ubiquity and invisibility would have seemed to Susy, a few months earlier, one of the most maddening of many characteristics not calculated to promote repose. But now she felt differently. She had grown interested in her charges, and the search for a clue to their methods, whether tribal or individual, was as exciting to her as the development of a detective story.

What interested her most in the whole stirring business was the discovery that they *had* a method. These little creatures, pitched upward into experience on the tossing waves of their parents' agitated lives, had managed to establish a rough-and-ready system of self-government. Junie, the eldest (the one who already chose her mother's hats, and tried to put order in her wardrobe), was the recognized head of the state. At twelve she knew lots of things that her mother had never thoroughly mastered, and that Susy, her temporary mother, had never even guessed at: she spoke with authority on all vital subjects, from castor-oil to flannel underclothes, from the fair sharing of stamps or marbles to the number of helpings of rice pudding or jam that each child was entitled to. There was hardly any appeal from her verdict; yet each of her subjects revolved in his or her own orbit of independence, according to laws that Junie acknowledged and respected; and the interpreting of this mysterious charter of rights and privileges had not been without perplexity for Susy.

Besides this, there were material difficulties to deal with. The six of them, and the breathless *bonne* who cooked and slaved for them all, had but a slim budget to live on; and, as Junie remarked, you'd have thought the boys ate their shoes, the way they vanished. They ate, at any rate, a great deal else, mostly of a nourishing and expensive kind. They had definite views about the amount and quality of their food, and were capable of concerted rebellion when Susy's catering fell beneath their requirements. All this made her life a hurried and harassing business, but never—what she had most feared it would be—a dull or depressing one.

It was not, she owned to herself, that the society of the Fulmer children had roused in her any abstract passion for the human young. She knew—had known since Nick's first kiss—how she would love any child of his and hers; and she had cherished poor little Clarissa Vanderlyn with a shrinking and wistful solicitude. But in these rough young Fulmers she took a positive delight, and for reasons that were increasingly clear to her. It was because, in the first place, they were all intelligent; and because their intelligence had been fed only on things worth caring for. However confused and inadequate Grace Fulmer's bringing up of her interesting tribe had been, they had heard in her company nothing trivial, base, or dull: good music, good books, and good talk had been their daily food, and if at times they stamped and roared and crashed about like children unblessed by such privileges, at others they shone with the light of poetry and spoke with the voice of wisdom.

That had been Susy's great discovery: for the first time she was among awakening minds which had been wakened only to beauty. From their cramped and uncomfortable household Grace and Nat Fulmer had managed to keep out mean envies, vulgar admirations, shabby discontents; the great images of beauty had brooded steadily above the domestic din, like those revered ancestral figures that stood on their quiet shelf in the humblest Roman households.

No, the task she had undertaken for want of a better gave her no sense of a missed vocation: mothering on a large scale would never, she perceived, be her job. Rather it gave her, in odd ways, the sense of being herself mothered, of taking her first steps in the life of immaterial values which had begun to seem so much more substantial than any she had known.

ON THE day when she had gone to Grace Fulmer for counsel and comfort she had little guessed that they would come to her in this form. She had found her friend, more than ever distracted and yet buoyant, riding the large untidy waves of her life with the splashed ease of an amphibian. Grace was probably the only person in Susy's group who could have understood why she could not make up her mind to marry Altringham; but at the moment Grace was too much absorbed in her own problems to pay much attention to any one else's, and, according to her wont, she immediately "unpacked" her difficulties.

Nat was not getting what she had hoped out of his European opportunity. Oh, she was enough of an artist herself to know that there must be fallow periods—that the impact of new impressions seldom produced immediate results. She had allowed for all that. But her past experience of Nat's moods had taught her to know just when he was assimilating, when impressions were fructifying in him. And now they were not, and he knew it as well as she did. There had been too much rushing about, too much excitement and sterile flattery— Mrs. Melrose? Well, yes, for a while—the trip to Spain had been a love-journey, no doubt.

Grace spoke calmly, but the lines of her face sharpened; she had suffered, oh, horribly, at his going to Spain without her. But she couldn't, for the children's sake, afford to miss the big sum that Ursula Gillow had given her for her fortnight at Ruan. And her playing had struck people, and led to two or three profitable engagements in private houses in London, on the way back. Fashionable society had made

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"a little fuss" about her, and it had surprized and pleased Nat, and given her a new importance in his eyes. "He was beginning to forget that I wasn't only a nurse-maid, and it's been a good thing for him to be reminded—but the great thing is that, with what I've earned, we can go off to southern Italy and Sicily for three months. You know I know how to manage—and, alone with me, Nat will settle down to work: to observing, feeling, soaking things in. It's the only way. Mrs. Melrose wants to take him, to pay all the expenses again—well, she sha'n't. I'll pay them." Her worn cheek flushed with the triumph of it. "And you'll see what wonders will come of it. Only there's the problem of the children. Junie quite agrees with me that we can't take them——"

THEREUPON she had unfolded her idea. If Susy was at a loose end, and hard up, why shouldn't she take charge of the children while their parents were in Italy? For three months at most—Grace could promise it shouldn't be longer. They couldn't pay her much, of course, but at least she would be lodged and fed. "And, you know, it will end by interesting you—I'm sure it will," the mother concluded, her irrepressible hopefulness rising even to this height, while Susy stood before her with a hesitating smile.

Take care of the five Fulmers for three months! No doubt she would have refused on the spot, as she had refused once before, if the alternatives she had once preferred had not come to seem so much less bearable; and if Junie, called in for advice, and standing there, small, plain, and competent, had not said in her quiet, grown-up voice, "Oh, yes, I'm sure Mrs. Lansing and I can manage—especially if she reads aloud well."

Reads aloud well! The stipulation had enchanted Susy. She had never before known children who cared to be read aloud to; she remembered with a shiver her attempts to interest the lovely little Clarissa in anything but gossip and the fashions, and the tone in which the child had said, showing Strefford's trinket to her father, "Because I said I'd rather have it than a book."

And here were children who consented to be left for three months by their parents, but on condition that a good reader was provided for them!

"Very well—I will; but what shall I be expected to read to you?" she had gaily questioned; and Junie had answered, after one of her sober pauses of reflection, "The little ones like nearly everything; but we want poetry particularly, because if we read it to ourselves we so often pronounce the puzzling words wrong, and then it sounds so horrid."

"Oh, I hope I shall pronounce them right," Susy murmured, stricken with self-distrust and humility.

Apparently she did; for her reading was a success, and even the little ones, once they had grown used to her, seemed to prefer a ringing page of "Henry V.," or the fairy scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," to their own more specialized literature, tho that also had at times to be provided.

There were, in fact, no lulls in her life with the young Fulmers; but its commotions seemed to Susy less meaningless, and therefore less fatiguing, than those of the existence of people like Altringham, Ursula Gillow, Ellie Vanderlyn, and their train; and the noisy, uncomfortable little house at Passy was beginning to greet her with the eyes of home when she returned there after her tramps to and from the children's classes. At any rate, she had the exhilarating sense of doing something useful and even necessary, and of earning her own keep, tho on so modest a scale; and when the children were in their quiet mood, and demanded books or music (or, even, on one occasion, at the surprizing Junie's instigation, a collective visit to the Louvre, where they recognized the most unlikely pictures, and the elders emitted startling technical judgments, and called their companion's attention to details she had not observed); on these occasions Susy had a surprized sense of being drawn back into her brief life with Nick, or even still farther and deeper, into those visions of his own childhood on which the trivial later years had heaped their dust.

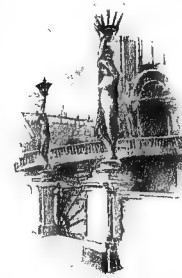
It was curious to think that if she and he had remained together, and she had had a child—the vision used to come to her in her sleepless hours, when she looked at the three-year-old Geordie, in his cot by her bed—their life together might have been very much like the life she was now leading, a small, obscure business to the outer world, but to themselves how alive and absorbing!

SHE could not bear, at that moment, the thought of giving up this mystic relation to the life she had missed. In spite of the hurry and fatigue of her days, the shabbiness and discomfort of everything, and the hours when the children were as "horrid" as any other children, and turned a conspiracy of hostile faces to all her appeals: in spite of all this she did not want to give them up, and had decided, when their parents returned, to ask to go back to America with them. Perhaps, if Nat's success continued, and Grace was able to work at her music, they would need a kind of governess-companion. At any rate, she could picture no future less distasteful.

She had not sent to Mr. Spearman Nick's answer to her letter. In the interval between writing to him and receiving his reply she had broken with Strefford; she had therefore no object in seeking her freedom. If Nick wanted his, he knew he had only to ask for it; and his silence, as the weeks passed, took a faint hope in her bosom. The hope flamed high when she read one day in the newspapers a vague but evidently "inspired" allusion to the possibility of an alliance between his Serene Highness the reigning Prince of Teutoburg-Waldhain and Miss Coral Hicks of Apex City; it sank to ashes when, a few days later, her eye lit on a paragraph wherein Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Hicks "requested to state" that there was no truth whatever in the rumors of the said alliance.

On the foundation of these two statements she raised one watch-tower of hope after another, feverish edifices demolished or rebuilt by every chance hint from the outer world wherein Nick's name figured with the Hickses'. And still, as the days passed and she heard nothing, either from him or from her lawyer, her flag continued to fly from the quaking structures.

Apart from the absorbing custody of the children there was indeed little to distract her mind from these broodings. She winced sometimes at the thought of the ease with which her fashionable friends had let her drop out of their lives. In the perpetual purposeless rush of their days, the feverish making of Winter plans, hurrying off to the Riviera or St. Moritz, Egypt or New York, there was no time to hunt up the vanished or wait for the laggard. Had they learned that she had broken her "engagement" (how she hated the word!) to Strefford, and had the *mot d'ordre* gone about that she was once more only a poor hanger-on, to be taken up when it was convenient, and ignored in the intervals? Even that she did not know; tho she fancied Strefford's newly developed pride would prevent his revealing to any one what had passed between them.



For several days after her abrupt flight, he had made no sign; and tho she longed to write and ask his forgiveness, she could not find the words. Finally it was he who wrote: a short note, from Altringham, in which all that was best in the old Strefford shone out. He had gone down to Altringham, he told her, to think over their last talk, and try to understand what she had been driving at. He had to own that he couldn't; but that, he supposed, was the very head and front of his offending. Whatever he had done to displease her, he would not ask to be asked, in view of his invincible ignorance, to be allowed not to consider his offense a cause for a final break. The possibility of that, he found, would make him even more unhappy than he had foreseen; as she knew, his own happiness had always been his first object in life, and he therefore asked her to suspend her final decision a little longer. He expected to be in Paris within another two months, and he would write again, and ask her to see him.

UNDER the irony she detected the pain, and it moved her, but did not make her waver. She simply wrote that she was touched by his kindness, and would willingly see him if he came to Paris later; tho she was bound to tell him that she had not changed her mind yet, and did not believe it would promote his happiness to have her try to do so.

He did not write again, and there was nothing further to keep her thoughts from revolving endlessly about her inmost hopes and fears.

On the rainy afternoon in question, tramping home from the *cours* (to which she was to return at six), she had said to herself that it was two months that very day since Nick had known she was ready to release him—and that, after such a delay, he was not likely to take any further steps. The thought filled her with a vague ecstasy. She had had to fix an arbitrary date as the term of her anguish, and she had fixed that one; and, behold, she was justified! For what could his silence mean but that he too——?

On the hall-table lay a typed envelope with the Paris postmark. She opened it carelessly, and saw that the letter-head bore Mr. Spearman's office address. The words beneath spun round before her eyes—— "has notified us that he is at your disposal . . . carry out your wishes . . . arriving in Paris . . . fix an appointment with his lawyer."

Nick—it was Nick the words were talking of! It was the fact of Nick's return to Paris that was being described in those preposterous terms! She sank down on the bench beside the dripping-umbrella stand and stared vacantly before her. It had fallen at last—this blow in which she now saw that she had never really believed! And yet she had imagined she was prepared for it, had expected it, was already planning her future life in view of it—an effaced, impersonal life, in the service of somebody else's children—when, in reality, under that sham surface of abnegation and acceptance, all the old hopes, desires, covetousness, had been smoldering red-hot in their ashes! What was the use of any self-discipline, any philosophy, any experience, if the lawless self underneath could thus in an instant consume them?

She tried to collect herself—to understand what had happened. Nick was coming to Paris—coming not to see her, but to consult his lawyer! It meant, of course, that he had definitely and finally resolved to claim his freedom; and that, if he had made up his mind to this step after six months of inaction and seeming indifference, it could be only because something unforeseen and decisive had happened to him. Feverishly, she put together again the stray scraps of gossip and the newspaper paragraphs that had reached her in the last months. It was evident that Miss Hicks's projected marriage with the Prince of Teutoburg-Waldhain had been broken off at the last moment; and broken off because she intended to marry Nick. The

"THE FIRELIGHT BEHIND HER TURNED HER TUMBLED HAIR INTO A RUDDY HALO. 'OH, NICK, THE BRACELET—ELLIE'S BRACELET—I NEVER RETURNED IT TO HER,' SHE STAMMERED"

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announcement of his arrival in Paris and the publication of Mr. and Mrs. Hicks's formal denial of their daughter's betrothal coincided too closely to admit of any other inference.

Susy tried to grasp the reality of these assembled facts, to picture to herself their actual, tangible results. She thought of Coral Hicks bearing the name of Mrs. Nick Lansing—*her* name, Susy's own!—and entering drawing-rooms with Nick in her wake, gaily welcomed by the very people who, a few months before, had welcomed Susy in the same character. In spite of Nick's growing dislike of society, and Coral's attitude of intellectual superiority, their wealth would fatally draw them back into the world to which Nick was attached by all the force of habits and associations. And no doubt it would amuse him to reenter that world as a dispenser of hospitality, to play the part of host where he had so long been a guest; just as Susy had once fancied it would amuse her to reenter it as Lady Altringham. But, try as she would, now that the reality was so close upon her, she could not visualize it or relate it to herself. The mere juxtaposition of the two names—Coral, Nick—which in old times she had so often laughingly coupled, now produced a blur in her brain.

SHE continued to sit helplessly beside the hall-table, the tears running down her cheeks. The appearance of the *bonne* aroused her. The youngest boy, little Geordie, had been feverish for a day or two; he was better, but still confined to the nursery, and he had heard Susy unlock the house-door, and could not imagine why she had not come straight up to him. He now began to manifest his indignation in a series of soul-racking howls, and Susy, shaken out of her trance, dropped her cloak and umbrella and hurried up to pacify him.

"Oh, that child!" she groaned.

But in the Fulmer household there was little time or space for the indulgence of private sorrows. From morning till night there was always some immediate practical demand on one's attention; and Susy was beginning to see how, in contracted households, children may play a part less romantic but not less useful than that assigned to them by the sentimentalist, through the mere fact of giving their parents no leisure to dwell on irremediable grievances. Tho her own apprenticeship to family life had been so short, she had already acquired the faculty of rapid mental readjustment, and as she hurried up to the nursery her passing irritation was dispelled by a dozen problems of temperature, diet, and medicine.

Such readjustment was of course only momentary; yet each time it happened it seemed to give her more firmness and flexibility of temper. "What a child I was myself six months ago!" she thought, wondering that Nick's influence, and the tragedy of their parting, should have done less to mature and steady her than these few weeks in a house full of exacting children.

Pacifying Geordie was no easy matter, for he had long since learned to use his grievances as a pretext for demanding the uninterrupted presence of the offender, with a continuous supply of stories, songs, or nursery-games. "You'd better be careful not to put yourself in the wrong with Geordie," the astute Junie had warned Susy at the outset, "because he's got such a memory, and he won't make it up with you till you've told him every fairy-tale he's ever heard before."

But on this occasion, as soon as he saw her, Geordie's indignation subsided. She was still on the threshold, compunctious, abject, and racking her dazed brain for his favorite stories, when she saw by the smoothing out of his puckered mouth and the look in his round, seraphic eyes that he was going to give her the delicious but not wholly reassuring shock of being a good boy.

Thoughtfully he examined her face as she fell on her knees beside the cot; then he poked out a sticky finger and pressed it on her tearful cheek.

"Poor Susy got a pain too," he said, putting his arms about her neck; and as she hugged his hot little body to hers, he added philosophically, "Tell Geordie a new story, and you'll forget all about it."

Two days after his lawyer had announced his coming to Mr. Spearman, Nick Lansing arrived in Paris.

He had left Rome with the definite idea of taking the steps necessary to free himself and Susy; and tho he had not pledged himself to Coral Hicks, neither had he concealed from her the object of his journey. In vain had he tried to rouse in himself any sense of interest in his own future. Beyond the need of reaching some definite status in his relation to Susy his imagination could not travel. But he had been moved by Coral's confession, and his reason told him that he and she would probably be happy together, with the temperate happiness based on a community of tastes and an enlargement of opportunities. He meant, on his return to Rome, to ask her to marry him; and he knew she knew it. Indeed, if he had spoken no decisive word before leaving, it was not with any idea of evading his fate, or keeping her in suspense, but simply because of the strange apathy that had fallen on him since he had received Susy's letter. In his incessant self-communings he dressed up this apathy as a discretion which forbade his engaging Coral's future till his own was assured. But in truth he knew that Coral's future was already engaged, and his with it; in Rome the fact had seemed natural and even inevitable.

In Paris it instantly became the thinnest of unrealities. Not because Paris was not Rome, nor because it was Paris; but because hidden away somewhere in that vast unheeding labyrinth was the half-forgotten part of himself that was Susy. Half-forgotten? He started at the epithet. For weeks, for months past, his mind had been saturated with Susy: she had never seemed more insistently near him than as their separation lengthened, and the chance of reunion became less probable. It was as if a sickness long smoldering in his blood had broken out and become acute, enveloping him in the torturing Nessus-shirt of his memories. There were moments when their actual embraces seemed perfunctory, accidental, compared with this deep, deliberate imprint of her soul on his.

Yet now, after all, it was different. Now that he was in the same place with her, and might at any moment run across her, meet her eyes, hear her voice, avoid her hand—now the penetrating ghost of her with which he had been living was instantly sucked back into the shadows, and he seemed, for the first time since their parting, to be again in her actual presence,

"THERE STOOD SUSY, THE LIGHT FALLING FULL UPON HER, AND UPON A SLEEPY RED-CHEEKED CHILD WHO CLUNG ABOUT HER NECK"

to see her and feel her as she was. He woke to the fact on the morning of his arrival, staring down from his high hotel window on a street she would perhaps walk through that very day, and over a limitless huddle of roofs, one of which covered her at that very hour. The abruptness of the transition startled him; he had not known that her mere geographical nearness would take him by the throat in that way. What would it be, then, if she were suddenly to walk into the room?

Thank Heaven, that need never happen! He was sufficiently informed as to French divorce proceedings to know that they would not necessitate a confrontation with his wife; and with ordinary luck, and some precautions, he might escape even a distant glimpse of her. He did not mean to remain in Paris more than a few days; and during that time it would be easy—knowing, as he did, her tastes and Altringham's—to avoid the places where she was likely to be met. He did not know where she was living, but imagined her to be probably staying with Mrs. Melrose, or some other rich friend, or else lodged, in prospective affluence, at the Nouveau Luxe, or in a pretty flat of her own. Trust Susy (ah, the pang of it!) to "manage."

His first visit was to his lawyer's; and as he walked through the familiar streets every approaching figure, every distant face, seemed Susy's. The obsession was intolerable. It would not last, of course; but meanwhile he had the exposed, tracked sense of a fugitive in a nightmare, who feels himself the only creature visible in a ghostly and besetting multitude. The eye of the metropolis seemed fixed on him in an immense unblinking stare. At his lawyer's he learned that Mrs. Lansing had "instituted proceedings." The pompous formula smote him like a blow from some clumsy weapon. He had a vision of complicated machinery slowly getting into motion, heard its clank and rumble in his brain. Susy "instituted proceedings"!

"That is—?" he brought out, stiffly smiling.

"Well, I understand from Spearman that he's been instructed—" Lansing bowed, his lips hardening on his smile.

Next he learned that his own immediate business was to secure a domicil in Paris. He had of course known of this necessity: he had seen too many friends through the Divorce Court, in one country or another, not to be fairly familiar with the procedure. But with the fact presented a different aspect as soon as he attempted to relate it to himself and Susy; it was as tho Susy's personality were a medium through which every event still took on a new and transfiguring color.

He found the "domicil" that very day; a cheap furnished *rez-de-chaussée*, obviously destined to far different uses. And as he sat there, after the *concierge* had discreetly withdrawn with his first quarter's payment in her pocket, and stared about him at the vulgar, plushy place, he burst out laughing at what it was about to figure in the eyes of the law: a home, and a home desecrated by his own act! The home in which he and Susy had reared their precarious bliss, and seen it crumble at the brutal touch of his unfaithfulness and his cruelty—for he must be cruel to her as well as unfaithful. He looked at the walls hung with sentimental photogravures, at the bloated porcelains, the sleek bronzes, the moth-eaten animal-skins, and the bedizened bed—and once more the unreality, the impossibility of all that was happening to him entered like a drug into his veins.

To rouse himself, he stood up, turned the key on the hideous room, and returned to his lawyer's. He knew that, in the hard, dry atmosphere of the office, the act of giving the address of the flat would restore some kind of reality to the fantasmal transaction. And with wonder he watched the lawyer, as a matter of course, pencil the street and the number on the margin of one of the papers enclosed in a folder on which his own name was engrossed.

AS HE rose to take leave it occurred to him to ask where Susy was living. At least, he imagined that it had just occurred to him, and that he was making the inquiry merely as a measure of precaution, in order to know what quarter of Paris to avoid; but in reality the question had been on his lips since he had first entered the office, and lurking in his mind since he had emerged from the railway-station that morning. The fact of not knowing where she lived made the whole of Paris a meaningless, unintelligible place, as useless to him as the face of a huge clock that has lost its minute-hand.

The address in Passy surprized him; he had imagined that she would be somewhere in the neighborhood of the Champs Élysées or the Place de l'Étoile. But probably Mrs. Melrose or Ellie Vanderlyn had taken a house in Passy. Well—it was something of a relief to know that she was so far off. No conceivable obligation called him to that almost suburban region beyond the Trocadéro, and there was much less chance of meeting her than if she had been in the center of Paris.

All day he wandered, avoiding the fashionable quarters, the streets in which private motors glittered five deep, and furred and feathered silhouettes glided from them into tea-rooms, picture-galleries, and jewelers' shops. In some such scenes Susy was undoubtedly figuring: slenderer, finer, vivider than the other images of clay, but imitating their gestures, chattering their jargon, winding her hand among the same pearls and sables. He struck away across the Seine, down the quays, to the Cité, the network of old Paris, the

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great gray vaults of St. Eustache, the swarming streets of the Marais. He gazed at monuments, dawdled before shop-windows, sat in squares and on quays, watching people bargain, argue, philander, quarrel, work-girls stroll past in linked bands, beggars whine on the bridges, derelicts doze in the pale Winter sun, mothers in mourning hasten by, taking children to school, and street-walkers beat their weary rounds before the cafés.

The day drifted meaninglessly on. Toward evening he began to grow afraid of his solitude, and to think of dining at the Nouveau Luxe, or some fashionable restaurant, where he would be fairly sure to meet acquaintances, and be carried off to a theater, a *boîte*, or a dancing-hall. Anything, anything, now, to get away from the maddening round of his thoughts. Even if he were to run across Susy and Altringham, what of it? Better get the job over. People had long since ceased to take on tragedy airs about divorce; dividing couples dined together to the last, and met afterward in each other's houses, happy in the consciousness that their respective remarriages had provided two new centers of entertainment. Yet most of the couples who took their remarings so philosophically had had their hour of enchantment, of belief in the immortality of loving; whereas he and Susy had simply entered into a business contract for their mutual advantage. The fact gave the last touch of incongruity to his agonies and exaltations, and made him appear to himself as grotesque and superannuated as the hero of a romantic novel.

He stood up from a bench on which he had been lounging in the darkening Luxembourg Gardens, and hailed a taxi. Dusk had fallen, and he meant to go back to his hotel, and take a rest, and then go out to dine. But instead he threw Susy's address to the driver, and settled down in the cab, resting both hands on the knob of his umbrella, and staring straight ahead of him, as if he were accomplishing some tiresome duty that had to be got through with before he could turn his mind to more important things.

"It's the easiest way," he heard himself say.

AT THE street-corner—her street-corner—he stopped the cab, paid the driver, and stood motionless while it rattled away. It was a short, vague street, much farther off than he had expected, inadequately lit, and fading away at the other end in a dusky blur of hoardings overhung by trees. A thin rain was beginning to fall, and it was already night in this dim suburban quarter. Slowly Lansing walked down the empty street. The houses stood a few yards apart, with bare-twigged shrubs between, and gates and railings dividing them from the pavement. He could not, at first, distinguish their numbers, but presently he came abreast of a street-lamp, and discovered that the small, shabby façade it illuminated was precisely the one he sought. The discovery surprized him.

He had imagined that, as frequently happened in the outlying quarters of Passy and La Muette, the mean street would lead to a stately private hotel, built upon some bowery fragment of an old country-place. It was the latest whim of the wealthy to establish themselves on the outskirts of the park of La Muette, where there still appeared, for lawns and trees about their houses; and he had pictured Susy behind some great pillared house-front, with lights pouring across green turf to sculptured gate-posts. Instead, he saw a poor little six-windowed house of blistered stucco, huddled among neighbors of its kind, with the forgotten household wash fluttering ghostly between meager bushes. The full force of the arc-light beat ironically on its worn front, which had the commonplace shabbiness of the face of a tired workwoman; and he leaned against the opposite railing, incredulously trying to fit such a scene into his conception of Susy's new life.

After all, the probable explanation was that his lawyer had given him the wrong address; not only the wrong number, but the wrong street. He pulled the slip of paper from his pocket, and was just crossing over to examine it again under the arc-light, when an errand-boy appeared out of the obscurity, and swung along toward the house. Nick drew back to his curb-stone, and the boy unlatched the gate, ran up the steps of the low porch, and rang the bell with a long, insistent pull.

Almost immediately the door opened; and there stood Susy, the light falling full upon her, and upon a sleepy, red-cheeked child who clung about her neck. The ball behind them was dark, or so dimly lit that It formed a black background against which her figure was relieved with extraordinary vividness. She looked at the errand-boy without surprize, took his parcel, and after he had turned out of the gate continued to stand for a moment in the doorway, glancing down the empty street.

That moment, to the watcher on the opposite pavement, seemed quicker than a flash, and yet as long as a lifetime. There she was, a stone's throw away, but utterly unconscious of his presence: his Susy, the old Susy, and yet a new Susy, curiously transformed, transfigured almost, by the new attitude in which he beheld her.

In the first shock of the vision he forgot his surprize at her being in such a place, forgot to wonder whose house she was living in, or whose was the child she was holding in her arms. For an instant, through the rainy veil of the Winter night, she stood out for him, like a thing apart, an unconditioned vision, the eternal image of the woman and the child; and in that instant everything within him was changed and renewed. His eyes were still absorbing her, finding again the familiar curves of her light body, marking the thinness of the lifted arm that held the child, the droop of the shoulder he weighed on, the absent, brooding way in which her cheek leaned to his even while she looked away; then she drew back, the door shut, and the street-lamp again shone on a blank house-front.

"But she's mine!" Nick cried, in a fierce triumph of recovery.

His eyes were so full of her that he closed them for a few seconds, as if to hold in the crowding vision.

IT REMAINED with him, at-first, as a complete picture; then, gradually, it broke up into its component parts, the child vanished, the strange house vanished, and Susy stood alone before him, his own Susy, his only Susy, yet changed, worn, tempered—older even—with sharper shadows under the cheek-bones, the smooth brows drawn, the wrist-joint more prominent. It was not thus that his jealous memory had evoked her, and he recalled, with a remorseful pang, that something in her look, her dress, her attitude, suggested poverty, dependence, seemed to make her a part of the humble, shabby house in which, at first sight, her presence had seemed so incongruous.

"But she looks poor!" he thought, his heart tightening. And instantly it occurred to him that these must be the Fulmer children that she was living with, while their parents traveled in Italy. Rumors of Fulmer's sudden ascension had of course reached Lansing, and he had heard that the couple had lately been seen in Naples and Palermo. No one had mentioned Susy's name in connection with them, and he could hardly tell why he had arrived at this conclusion except, perhaps, because among all her former friends he could see no one that it would seem more natural for her to turn to if she were in trouble than to Grace Fulmer.

But why in trouble? What trouble? What could have happened to check her triumphant career?

"That's what I mean to find out!" he exclaimed aloud.

His heart was beating with a tumult of new hopes and old memories. The sight of his wife, so remote in mien and manner from the world in which he had imagined her reabsorbed, had changed in a flash his own relation to life, and flung a mist of unreality over all he had been trying to think most solid and tangible. Nothing now was substantial to him but the stones of the street in which he stood, the front of the house which hid her, the bell-handle he already felt in his grasp. He started forward, and was half-way to the opposite pavement when a private motor turned the corner, the twin glitter of the lamps sending lines of gold down the wet street to Susy's door.

Lansing drew back as the motor swept up to the house and stopped. A man jumped out, and the light fell on Strefford's shambling figure, its lazy, disjointed movements so unmistakably the same under the furred overcoat and in the new setting of prosperity.

A band of iron tightened about Lansing's heart as he stood staring at the door. Strefford rang and waited. Would Susy open the door again? Perhaps she had done so before only because she was on the watch.

But no; after an interval a disheveled *bonne* appeared—the breathless maid-of-all-work of a modest household—and at once effaced herself, letting the visitor in. Lansing was sure that not a word passed between the two, or inquiry on Altringham's part, or of acquiescence on the servant's. There could be no doubt that he was expected.

The door closed, and a light appeared behind the blind of an adjoining window. The maid had evidently shown the visitor into the sitting-room and lit the lamp. Up-stairs, meanwhile, Susy was no doubt running skilful fingers through her tumbled hair, and daubing her pale lips with red. Ah, how Lansing knew every movement of that familiar rite, even the childish pucker of the brow, and the pout of the lower lip! He was seized with a sense of physical sickness as the succession of remembered gestures pressed upon him. And the other man? But the other man, inside the house, was perhaps at the same instant smiling at the remembrance of the same scene!

The house-door had closed, and Lansing turned and walked away into the night.

SUSY and Lord Altringham sat in the little drawing-room, divided from each other by a table carrying a smoky lamp and heaped with tattered schoolbooks.

In another half-hour the *bonne*, dispatched to fetch the children from their classes, would be back with her flock; and at any moment Geordie's imperious cries might summon his slave up to the nursery. In the scant moments allotted them, the two sat, and visibly wondered what to say.

Strefford, on entering, had glanced about the small dreary room, with its upright piano laden with tattered music, the children's toys on the stiff sofa, the bunches of dyed grasses and impaled butterflies flanking the cast bronze clock. Then he had turned to Susy and said simply, "I don't understand!"

She had not tried to explain; from the first she had understood the impossibility of doing so. And she could not betray her secret longing to return to Nick, now that she knew that Nick had taken definite steps for his release. In dread lest Strefford should have heard of this and should announce it to her, coupled it with the news of Nick's projected marriage, and lest, hearing her fears thus substantiated, she should lose her self-control, she had preferred to say, in a voice that she tried to make indifferent, "The 'proceedings,' or whatever the lawyers call them, have begun. While they're going on I like to stay by myself. I don't know why."

Strefford, at that, had looked at her keenly. "Ah," he murmured; and his lips lifted in their old, mocking smile. "Speaking of proceedings," he went on, "what stage have Ellie's reached, I wonder? I suppose Vanderlyn and Bockheimer lunching cheerfully together to-day at Larue's."

The blood rushed to Susy's forehead. She remembered her evening with Nelson Vanderlyn, only two months earlier, and thought to herself, "In time, I suppose, Nick and I——"

Aloud she said, "I can't imagine how Nelson and Ellie can want to see each other. And in a restaurant, of all places!"

Strefford continued to smile. "My dear, you're incorrigibly old-fashioned. Why should two people, who've done each other the best turn they could by getting out of each other's way at the right moment, behave like sworn enemies ever afterward? It's too absurd; the humbug's too flagrant. Whatever our generation has failed to do, it's got rid of humbug; and that's enough to immortalize it. I dare say Nelson and Ellie never liked each other better than they do to-day. Twenty years ago they'd have been afraid to confess it; but why shouldn't they now?"

Susy looked at Strefford, conscious that under his words was the ache of the disappointment she had caused him; and yet conscious also that that very ache was not the overwhelming, penetrating emotion he perhaps wished it to be, but a pang on a par with a dozen others; and that even while he felt it he foresaw the day when he should cease to feel it. And she thought to herself that this certainty of oblivion must be bitterer than any certainty of pain.

A silence had fallen between them. He broke it by rising from his seat, and saying with a shrug, "You'll drive me to marry Joan Senechal."

Susy smiled. "Well, why not? She's lovely."

"Yes; but she'll bore me."

"Poor Streff! So should I——"

"Perhaps. But not as soon." He grinned sardonically. "There'd be more margin." He appeared to wait for her to speak. "And what else on earth are *you* going to do?" he concluded, as she still remained silent.

"Oh, Streff, I couldn't marry you for a reason like that!" she murmured at length.

"Then marry me, and find your reason afterward."

Her lips made a movement of denial, and still in silence she held out her hand. He clasped it, and then turned away; but on the threshold he paused, his screwed-up eyes fixed on her with a mournful irony.

The look moved her, and she said impulsively, "The only reason I can find is one for not marrying you. It's because I can't yet feel unmarried enough."

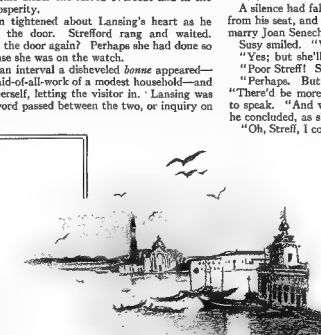
"Unmarried enough? But I thought Nick was doing his best to make you feel that."

"Yes. But even when he has—sometimes I feel even that won't make any difference."

He still looked at her hesitatingly, with the gravest eyes she had ever seen in his careless face.

"My dear, that's rather the way I feel about you," he said simply, as he turned to go.

That evening, after the children had gone to bed, Susy sat up late in the little sitting-room. She was not thinking of Strefford, but of Nick. He was coming to Paris—perhaps he had already arrived. The idea that he might be in the same place with her at that very moment, and without her knowing it, was so strange and painful that she felt a violent



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"The Greers," opening on page 5 of this issue, will introduce Joe Greer's daughter Beatrice, and her stirring affairs, next month. It will be complete in four instalments.

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revolt of all her strong and joy-loving youth. Why should she go on suffering so unbearably, so abjectly, so miserably? If only she could see him, hear his voice, even hear him say again such cruel and humiliating words as he had spoken on that dreadful day in Venice—even that would be better than this blankness, this utter and final exclusion from his life! He had been cruel to her, unimaginably cruel: hard, arrogant, unjust; and had been so, perhaps, deliberately, because he already wanted to be free. But she was ready to face even that possibility, to humble herself still farther than he had humbled her—she was ready to do anything, if only she might see him once again.

She leaned her aching head on her hands and pondered. Do anything? But what could she do? Nothing that could hurt him, interfere with his liberty, be false to the spirit of their past; on that she was more than ever resolved. She had made a bargain, and she meant to stick to it, not for any abstract reason, but simply because she happened to love him in that way. Yes—but to see him again, only once!

SUDDENLY she remembered what Strefford had said about Nelson Vanderlyn and his wife. "Why should two people, who've done each other the best turn they could, behave like sworn enemies ever afterward?" If in offering Nick his freedom she had indeed done him such a service as that, perhaps he no longer hated her, would no longer be unwilling to see her. At any rate, why should she not write to him on that assumption, write in a spirit of simple friendliness, suggesting that they should meet and "settle things"? The business-like word "settle" (how she hated it!) would prove to him that she had no secret designs upon his liberty; and besides he was too unprejudiced, too modern, too free from what Strefford called humbug, not to understand and accept such a suggestion. After all, perhaps Strefford was right; it was something to have rid human relations of hypocrisy, even if, in the process, so many exquisite things seemed somehow to have been torn bleeding away with it.

She ran up to her room, scribbled a note, and hurried with it through the rain and darkness to the post-box at the corner. As she returned through the empty street she had an odd feeling that it was not empty—that perhaps Nick was already there, somewhere near her in the shadows, about to follow her to the door, enter the house, go up with her to her bedroom in the old way. It was strange how close he had been brought by the mere fact of having written that little note to him!

In the bedroom, Geordie lay in his crib in ruddy slumber, and she blew out the candle and undressed softly in the dark, for fear of waking him.

Nick Lansing, the next day, received Susy's letter, transmitted to his hotel from the lawyer's office.

He read her few lines carefully, two or three times over, weighing and scrutinising the guarded words. She proposed that they should meet to "settle things." What things?

And why should he accede to such a request? What secret purpose had prompted her? It was horrible that nowadays, in thinking of Susy, he should always suspect ulterior motives, be instantly on the watch for some hidden tortuousness. What on earth was she trying to "manage" now, he wondered?

A few hours ago, at the sight of her, all his hardness had melted, and he had charged himself with cruelty, with injustice, with every sin of pride against himself and her; but the appearance of Strefford, arriving at that late hour, and so evidently expected and welcomed, had driven back the rising tide of tenderness.

Yet, after all, what was there to wonder at? Nothing was changed in their respective situations. He had left his wife deliberately, and for reasons which no subsequent experience had caused him to modify. She had apparently acquiesced in his decision, and had utilized it, as she was justified in doing, to assure her own future.

In all this, what was there to wail or knock the breast, between two people who prided themselves on looking facts in the face, and making their grim best of them, without vain repinings? He had been right in thinking their marriage an act of madness. Her charms had overruled his judgment, and they had had their year—their mad year—or at least all but two or three months of it. But his first intuition had been right; and now they must both pay for their madness. The Fates seldom forget the bargains made with them, or fail to ask for compound interest. Why not, then, now that the time had come, pay up gallantly, and remember of the episode only what had made it seem so supremely worth the cost?

"STREFFORD LOOKED AT HER HESITATINGLY, WITH THE GRAVEST EYES SHE HAD EVER SEEN IN HIS CARELESS FACE"

He sent a pneumatic message to Mrs. Nicholas Lansing to say that he would call on her that afternoon at four o'clock. "That ought to give us time," he reflected dryly, "to 'settle things,' as she calls it, without interfering with Strefford's afternoon visit."

HER husband's note had briefly said, "To-day at four o'clock.—N. L."

All day she pored over the words in an agony of longing, trying to read into them regret, emotion, memories, some echo of the tumult in her own bosom. But she had signed "Susy," and he signed "N. L." That seemed to put an abyss between them. After all, she was free and he was not. Perhaps, in view of his situation, she had only increased the distance between them by her unconventional request for a meeting.

She sat in the little drawing-room, and the cast-bronze clock ticked out the minutes. She would not look out of the window; it might bring bad luck to watch for his coming. And it seemed to her that a thousand invisible spirits, hidden demons of good and evil, pressed about her, spying out her thoughts, counting her heart-beats, ready to pounce upon the least symptom of overconfidence and turn it deftly to derision.

Oh, for an altar on which to pour out propitiatory offerings! But what sweeter could they have than her smothered heart-beats and her choked-back tears?

The bell rang, and she stood up as if a spring had jerked her to her feet. In the mirror between the dried grasses her face looked long, pale, inanimate. Ah, if he should find her too changed—! If there were but time to dash up-stairs and put on a touch of red—

The door opened; it shut on him; he was there.

He said, "You wanted to see me——"

She answered, "Yes." And her heart seemed to stop beating.

At first she could not make out what mysterious change had come over him, and why it was that in looking at him she seemed to be looking at a stranger; then she perceived that his voice sounded as it used to sound when he was talking to other people; and she said to herself, with a sick shiver of understanding, that she had become an "other person" to him.

There was a deathly pause; then she faltered out, not knowing what she said, "Nick—you'll sit down?"

He said, "Thanks," but did not seem to have heard her, for he continued to stand motionless, half the room between them. And slowly the uselessness, the hopelessness of his being there overcame her. A wall of granite seemed to have built itself up between them. She felt as if it hid her from him, as if with those remote new eyes of his he were staring into the wall and not at her. Suddenly she said to herself, "He's suffering more than I am, because he pities me, and is afraid to tell me that he is going to be married."

The thought stung her pride, and she lifted her head and met his eyes with a faint smile.

"Don't you think," she said, "it's more sensible—with everything so changed in our lives—that we should meet as friends in this way? I wanted to tell you that you needn't feel—feel in the least unhappy about me."

A DARK flush rose to his forehead. "Oh, I know—I know—" he declared hastily, and added with a factitious animation, "But thank you for telling me."

"There's nothing, is there," she continued, "to make our meeting in this way in the least embarrassing or painful to either of us, when both have found—" She broke off, and held her hand out to him. "I've heard about you and Coral," she ended.

He just touched her hand with cold fingers, and let it drop. "Thank you," he said for the third time.

"You won't sit down?" she repeated.

He sat down.

"Don't you think," she continued, "that the new way of—of meeting as friends—and talking things over without ill-will—is much pleasanter and more sensible, after all?"

He smiled. "It's immensely kind of you—to feel that."

"Oh, I do feel it!" She stopped short, and wondered what on earth she had meant to say next, and why she had so abruptly lost the thread of her discourse.

In the pause she heard him cough slightly and clear his throat. "Let me say, then," he began, "that I'm glad too—immensely glad that your own future is so satisfactorily settled."

She lifted her glance again to his walled face, in which not a muscle stirred.

"Yes, it—it makes everything easier for you, doesn't it?"

"For you too, I hope." He paused, and then went on, "I want also to tell you that I perfectly understand——"

"Oh," she interrupted, "so do I; your point of view, I mean."

They were again silent.

"Nick, why can't we be friends—real friends? Won't it be easier?" she broke out at last with twitching lips.

"Easier—?"

"I mean—about talking things over—arrangements. There are arrangements to be made, I suppose?"

"I suppose so." He hesitated. "I'm doing what I'm told—simply following out instructions. The business is easy enough, apparently. I'm taking the necessary steps—"

She reddened a little, and drew a grasping breath. "The necessary steps—what are they? Everything the lawyers tell one is so confusing— I don't yet understand—how it's done"

"My share, you mean? Oh, it's very simple." He paused, and added in a tone of labored ease, "I'm going down to Fontainebleau to-morrow——"

She stared, not understanding. "To Fontainebleau——?"

Her bewilderment drew from him his first frank smile. "Well—I chose Fontainebleau—I don't know why—except that we've never been there together."

At that she suddenly understood, and the blood rushed to her forehead. She stood up without knowing what she was doing, her heart in her throat. "How grotesque—how utterly disgusting!"

He gave a slight shrug. "I didn't make the laws——"

"But isn't it too stupid and degrading that such things should be necessary when two people want to part—?" She broke off again, silenced by the echo of that fatal "*want to part.*"

He seemed to prefer not to dwell farther on the legal obligations involved. "You haven't yet told me," he suggested, "how you happen to be living here."

From CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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"HIS TEETH FASTENED UPON SOMETHING—UPON SOMETHING WIRY AND SKINNY, BUT ALSO SOFT AND YIELDING"

POODLE

The Fifth of the "Jeremy and Hamlet" Stories

BY HUGH WALPOLE

DRAWINGS BY WILLIAM MEADE PRINCE

I HATE to confess it, but truth forces me—Hamlet was a snob. With other dogs. Not with humans. With humans you never could tell—he would cling to the one and cleave from the other without any apparent just reason. He loved the lamplighter of Orange Street, altho he was a dirty, disheveled rabbit of a man; he hated Aunt Amy, who was as decent and cleanly a spinster as England could provide. But with dogs he was a terrible snob. This, of course, he had no possible right to be, himself an absolute mongrel with at least five different breeds peeping now here, now there out of his peculiar body; nevertheless he did like a dog to be a gentleman, and openly said so. It may have been that there was in it more of the snobbery of the artist than of the social striver. What he wanted was to spend his time with dogs of intelligence, dogs with savoir-faire, dogs of enterprise and ambition. What he could not abide was your mealy-mouthed, lickspittle, creeping, and crawling kind of dog. And he made his opinion very clear indeed.

Since his master's return for the holidays and his own subsequent restoration to the upper part of the house, I am sorry to say that his conceit, already sufficiently large, was considerably swollen. His master was the most magnificent, stupendous, successful, all-knowing human to be found anywhere, and he was the favorite, best-beloved, most warmly cherished object of that master's affections. It followed then that he was a dog beyond all other dogs.

When he had been a kitchen-dog, he had affected a superiority that the other kitchen-dogs of the neighborhood had found quite intolerable.

He would talk to none of them, but would strut up and down inside the garden-railings, looking with his melancholy, contemptuous eyes at those who invited him without, suffering himself to be lured neither by lust of food nor invitation to battle nor tender suggestions of love. When he became an up-stairs dog again, the other up-stairs dogs did not of course allow him to forget his recent status.

But Hamlet was not like other dogs; he had a humor and sarcasm, a gift of phrase, an enchanting cynicism which very few dogs were able to resist. He was out-of-doors now so frequently with Jeremy that he met dogs from quite distant parts of the town, and a little while before Christmas made friends with a fine aristocratic fox-terrier who lived in one of the villas beyond the high school. This fox-terrier found Hamlet exactly the companion he desired, having himself a very pretty wit, but being lazy withal and liking others to make his jokes for him.

His name was Pompey, which, as he confided to Hamlet, was a silly name, but then his mistress was a silly woman, her only merit being that she adored him to madness. He had as fine a contempt for most of the other dogs of the world as Hamlet himself. It passed his comprehension that humans should wish to feed and pet such animals as he found on every side of him.

He saw of course at once that Hamlet was a mongrel, but he had, I fancy, an idea that he should play Sancho Panza to his own Quixote. He often told himself that it was absurdly beneath his dignity to go about with such a fellow, but for pretty play of wit, agility in snatching another dog's bone and remaining dignified as he did so, for a handsome melancholy and gentle contempt, he had never known Hamlet's equal.

Hamlet counted it as one of his most successful days when he brought Pompey into the Orange Street circle. There was not a dog there but recognized that Pompey was a cut above them all, a dog who had won prizes and might win prizes yet again (altho between you and me self-indulgence was already thickening him). All the sycophants in Orange Street (and there, as elsewhere, there were plenty of these creatures) made up at once to Pompey and approached Hamlet with disgusting flatteries. A pug, known as Flossie, slobbered at Hamlet's feet, telling him that she had long been intending to call on him, but that her mistress was so exacting that it was very difficult to find time "for all one's social duties." Hamlet regarded the revolting object (glistening with grease and fat) with high contempt, his beard assuming its most ironical point.

"I had a very nice bone waiting for you in the kitchen," he said.

Flossie shivered. "A bone with you anywhere would be a delight," she wheezed.

Hamlet was of course in no way deceived by these flatteries. He knew his world. He watched even his friend Pompey with a good deal of irony. He would have supposed that his friend was too well bred to care what these poor creatures should say to him; nevertheless Pompey was more pleased than he should have been. He sat there, round the corner, just by the monument, and received the homage with a pleasure that was most certainly not forced. He was himself a little conscious of this. "Awful bore," he explained afterward to Hamlet. "Having to listen to all they had to say. But what's one to do? One can't be rude, you know. One doesn't want to be impolite. And I must say they were very kind."

Hamlet was now restored into the best Orange Street society—all received him back—all with one very important exception. This was a white poodle, the pride and joy of a retired military colonel who lived at 41 Orange Street, and his name was Mephistopheles (Mephisto, for short). Ever since Hamlet's first introduction to the Cole family he and this dog had been at war. Mephisto was not a dog of the very highest breed, but his family was quite good enough. And then being French, he could say a good deal about his origins and nobody could contradict him. He did not, as a fact, say very much. He was too haughty to be talkative, too superior to be familiar. He had no friends. There was a miserable dachs, Fritz by name, who claimed to be a friend, but every one knew how Mephisto laughed at Fritz when he was not there, calling him opprobrious names and commenting on his German love of food.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

HAMLET—Jeremy's boon companion, "a terrible snob."
MEPHISTO—A French poodle, who had no friends.
TRIXIE—"Young and elegant, and liked flirtations."
POMPEY—A fox-terrier, who had won prizes.
BOBBY—"An ill-bred, colorless fox-terrier."
FRITZ—"A miserable dachs."
FLOSSIE—A pug, "a revolting object."

FROM the very first Mephisto had seemed to Hamlet an indecent dog. The way that he was here naked and there overhairy had nothing to be said for it. His naked part was quite pink.

Then Mephisto had the French weakness of parsimony. Never was there a meaner dog. He stored bones as no dog had a right to do, and had never been known to give anything to anybody. Then he had the other French weakness of an incapacity for friendship. The domestic life might perhaps appeal to him strongly (no one knew whether he were married or not), but friendship meant nothing to him.

He was, as are all the French, practical, unsentimental, seeing life as it really is and allowing no nonsense. If he had those French defects, he had also the great French virtue of courage. He was afraid of nothing and of no one. No dog was too big for him, and he once had a fight with a St. Bernard who happened to stroll down his way that was historic in the annals of Hamlet. He had lost his heart to him. Hamlet had not

He was no coward, as Hamlet very well knew—but how Hamlet hated him! All his fur bristled if Mephisto was within half a mile. Mephisto's superior smile, his contempt at the rather sentimental enthusiasms to which Hamlet occasionally gave vent (that went, as they often do, with his cynicism)—these made a conflict inevitable.

The actual cause of the conflict was Pompey. We all know how very trying it is to make a fine friend, to introduce him into our own circle, and then to discover him, when he is nicely settled, making more of others than of ourselves—neglecting us, in fact.

This was exactly what Pompey did. He grew a little weary of Hamlet's humor (he grew very quickly tired of experiences), and he was not at all sure that Hamlet was not laughing at himself. He was flattered by Mephisto's attitude that at last he had found a dog in the town worthy to be his companion. He did not care very much for Mephisto—he found his French conceit very trying—but it *was* true that Hamlet was a mongrel of the mongrels, and that it was absurd that he, a dog who had taken prizes, should be with him so continually in public.

Obviously it was impossible that he should be friends *both* with Mephisto and Hamlet—so quite simply he chose Mephisto.

Hamlet was most deeply hurt. He was hurt not only for himself (he had a sensitive and affectionate nature), but also that so well bred a dog as Pompey should take up with a French animal who had all the faults of his race and very little of its intelligence. He had one short, sharp altercation with Pompey, told him one or two home truths and left him.

FOR a week or two he avoided the company of his kind and devoted himself to his master. All this occurred at Christmas time, when Jeremy was in disgrace for the buying of Christmas presents with money not really his own. Jeremy thought, of course, that Hamlet had noticed his misfortunes, and was trying in his own way to express his sympathy for them. Master and dog were very close together during those weeks. While Hamlet sat at his master's feet, pressing his thick body close up against his master's leg, staring in front of him, half asleep, half awake; seeing bones and cats and rabbits, and near these Mephisto with his naked patches and the treacherous Pompey, Jeremy thought that he was considering only his master's unhappiness; he was thinking a little of that, but for the most part he was meditating revenge.

He must fight Mephisto. For a long time now it had been coming to that. He was compelled to confess that at the first positive thought of the definite fact he shivered with apprehension. After all, no one is truly brave who has not known fear, and Hamlet, sitting staring into the schoolroom fire, knew fear in no half-measure. Then the thoughts of the insults he had received stirred him—he him only be angry enough and he would forget his fear—and the very thought of Mephisto made him angry.

He had one stanch, unfaltering little friend among the dogs of the neighborhood. This was an unimportant, nondescript little fox-terrier, the property of the half-dresser at the bottom of Orange Street. His name was Bobby. There was nothing at all to distinguish Bobby from all the dogs in the world—he was one of those ill-bred, colorless fox-terriers who are known to their masters only by sterling character He had suffered every sort of indignity in his time: stones had been thrown at him, kettles had been tied to his tail, cats had scratched his eyes, his master (who often drank too much) kicked and abused him, but he had an indomitable spirit, an essential gaiety of heart that no troubles could quench.

He was not admitted into the hierarchy of Orange Street dogs; even Flossie did not permit herself to be aware of his existence, but he hung always in a good humor, always ready to do any one a good turn, and often just rolling over and over in the road at the sheer joy of life. At the first glimpse

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been so kind to him as he should have been, but he had not rebuffed him as the other dogs had done, and had gone with him once all the way down to the hair-dresser's to see the hair-dresser's baby, of whose strength and appearance Bobby was inordinately proud. Now, in these days of Hamlet's trouble, Bobby showed the true mettle of his pasture. He longed that Pompey might speak to him so that he might show him what he thought of him.

"You mustn't let this worry you too much," he said to Hamlet. "I've been through far worse things than this. It simply shows that Pompey, in spite of his high breeding, is worth nothing at all."

"I'm going to fight Mephisto," said Hamlet.

Bobby's eyes opened wide at that, and he looked up from the old and very dirty bone that he was investigating.

"Fight Mephisto?" he repeated. "That's a tall order."

"Never mind," said Hamlet firmly. "It's got to be done and you've got to help me." When Fate intends something to occur she very quickly provides the opportunity. The opportunity in this instance was Bobby.

His was a most sociable soul. We all know dogs whose whole interest in life is social; they are not as a rule very popular with their masters, it being said of them that they care for one as much as another, and will leap with friendly gestures upon the hostile burglar as eagerly as they will upon the most important person in the household.

Bobby was not that kind of dog; he really did care for his hair-dresser, and his hair-dresser's wife and baby, and for Hamlet more than any other human or any other dog in the world. But he was miserable when he was alone; he must have company. His only family was a very busy and preoccupied one, and he did not wish to bore Hamlet with too much of his own society.

The Orange Street dogs had their most accustomed meeting-place at a piece of deserted garden just behind the monument at the top of the hill. There it was shady in hot weather and comfortable and cozy in chill; they were secure from rude boys and tiresome officials, and there was no large house near enough to them for servants to come out and chase them away. It was, it was true, on the whole the second-class dogs who gathered there. Mephisto but seldom put in an appearance, and therefore those sycophants, Flossie and Fritz, hinted that it was a commonplace crowd and beneath them. Moreover, it was never very easy for Mephisto to escape far from his own home, as his master, the colonel, was so proud of him and so nervous of losing him that he could not bear to let him out of his sight.

It happened, however, one fine morning, a few days after Christmas, that the colonel was in bed with a catarrh (he was a very hypochondriacal gentleman), and Mephisto, meeting Pompey in the street, they wandered amicably together in the direction of the monument. Mephisto was very ready to show himself in public, having been to the barber's only the day before. He was inordinately proud of the second tuft at the end of his tail, of the gleaming white circle of hair round his neck, and the more the pink skin showed through in his naked parts the happier he was. He really thought there was not such another dog in the world as himself this fine morning, being a provincial and narrow-minded dog in spite of his French origin.

Mephisto and Pompey trotted up Orange Street together, and Flossie, who was always on the lookout from behind her garden-railing for the passing of Mephisto, was graciously allowed to join them. She wheezed along with them, puffing herself up and swelling with self-importance. The conversation chanced to turn upon Hamlet. Mephisto said that now that he and Pompey were friends he would really like to ask him a question that had been often in his mind, and that was how it came about that Pompey could ever have allowed himself such a common, vulgar friend as Hamlet.

POMPEY replied that he felt that that was a just and fair question for his friend to ask him, and he could only reply that the fellow had seemed at first to have a coarse sort of humor that was diverting for the moment. One tired naturally of the thing very quickly, and the trouble with these coarse-grained creatures was that when you tired of them, having given them a little encouragement at first out of sheer kindness, it was exceedingly difficult to shake them off again. The fellow had seemed lonely and Pompey had taken pity upon him; he would see to it that it should be a long time before he did such a thing again. Mephisto said that he was glad to hear this; for himself he had never been able to abide the creature, and he could only trust that he would soon be ridden over by a cart or poisoned by a burglar or thrown into the river by a couple of boys.

When they arrived at the monument they found several dogs among the trees flattering and amusing an elegant creature called Trixie, who was young and elegant, and liked flirtations. Bobby also was there, rolling about on the grass, performing some of his simple tricks, like snapping at three imaginary flies at once, tossing into the air a fantom bone, and lying stiff on his back with his four legs stiffly in the air. He had been happy until the two aristocrats arrived; now he knew that his good time was over. He should have gone away, but something kept him—he did so hate to be alone—and so he sat on, a silly grin on his rather foolish face, listening to the conversation.

While several of the dogs continued to wander about after the idiotic Trixie, who was as arch and self-conscious as a dog could very well be, the conversation of the rest belabored poor Hamlet. It is well for us that we do not hear the criticism that goes on behind our backs; one and all of us, we are in the same box. Did we hear we should watch the gradual creation of so strange and unreal a figure that we should rub our eyes in amazement, crying, "Surely, surely this can not be we!"

Not the tiniest shred of character was soon left to Hamlet. He was a thief, a drunkard, a wanton and upstart, a coward and a mongrel. Bobby listened to all of this, growing with every word of it more uncomfortable. He hated them all, but it would need immense pluck to speak up for his friend, and he did not know whether by so venturing he might not effect more harm than good.

The sight, however, of Mephisto's contemptuous, supercilious face, his tufted tail, his shining patches drove him on. He burst out, barking that Hamlet was the bravest, the finest of all the dogs in the town, that he was honorable to a fault, loyal and true, that he was worth all the dogs there together.

When he had finished there was an explosion of derisive barks; as he heard them internally he trembled. For a large fortune of bones he would have wished to sink his pride and run. He stood his ground, however. With one directing bark from Mephisto they set upon him. They would kill him over. Their teeth were in his ears, his eyes, his belly. He gave himself up for lost. At that very instant Hamlet appeared upon the scene.

HE HAD not intended to go that way, but finding that his master was occupied with those two supremely unattractive and uninteresting humans, his sisters, he thought that he would pursue an interesting smell that he had noticed in the direction of the high school during the last two days. Far behind him were his childish times when he had supposed that rabbit lurked round every corner, and had succeeded now in analyzing almost every smell in his consciousness. As we are raised into the heights of our poor imagination by great poetry, great music, and great pictures, so is the dog aroused to his divine ecstasy by smell; with him a dead mouse behind the wainscot may take the place that Shelley's "Skylark" assumes with us, and Bachs' fugues are to us what grilled haddock was to Hamlet—*tot hommes tot.*

He had not, however, gone far toward the high school when he recognized Bobby's bark, and Bobby's bark appealing for help. When he turned the corner he saw that his fate was upon him. Mephisto was a little apart, watching the barking and struggling heap of dogs, himself uttering no sound, but every once and again pretending to search for a fly in the tuft of his tail that he might show to all the world that he was above and beyond vulgar street rows.

And at sight of him Hamlet knew that what he had hoped would be, was. The sight of Mephisto's contempt, combined with the urgency of poor Bobby's appeals, roused all the latent devil in him. Twitching his beard, feeling no fear, knowing nothing but a hatred and loathing for his enemy, he walked across the grass, his beard twitching, and approached Mephisto. The poodle paused for a moment from his search for the fly, looked round, saw who it was (he had of course known from the first), and resumed his search.

Hamlet went up to him, sniffed him deliberately and with scorn, then bit his tail in its tenderest and most naked part. The other dogs, even in the most dramatic moment of their own scuffle, were at once aware that something terrible had occurred. They allowed Bobby to rise, and turned toward the new scene. Mephisto was indeed a fearful sight; every hair on his head seemed to be erect, the tan patches burned with a curious light, his legs were stiff as tho made of iron, and from his throat proceeded the strangest, most threatening growl ever uttered by dog.

And now Hamlet, pray to the gods of your forefathers, if indeed you know who any of them were! Gather to your aid every principle of courage and fortitude you have ever collected and, better than they, summon to yourself all the tricks and delicacies of warfare that during your short life you have gained by your experience, for indeed today you will need them all! Think not of the meal that only an hour ago you have, in the event, most unwisely eaten; pray that your enemy also may have been consuming food; remember that you are fighting for the weak and the undertrodden, for the defenseless and humble-hearted, and, better still than that, you are fighting for yourself because you have been insulted and the honor of your very nondescript family called in question!

The other dogs recognized at once that this was no ordinary contest, and it was difficult for them to control their excitement; this they showed with little snappy barks and quiverings of the body, but they realized that too much noise would summon humans on to the scene and stop the fight. Of them all Bobby was the most deeply concerned; bleeding tho he was in one ear, he jumped from foot to foot, sniveling with terror and desire, yapping hysterically to encourage his friend and hero, watching every movement with an interest so active that he almost died of unnatural repression.

To Hamlet, after the first moment of contact, impressions were confused. It was, unfortunately, the first important fight of his life, and he had not, alas! very much experience to guide him. But somewhere in his mixed and misty past there had been a bulldog ancestor, and his main feeling from the beginning to the end was that he must catch on with his teeth somewhere and then hold on and never let go again. This principle at first he found difficult to follow. Tufts of white hair disgustingly choked him; his teeth slipped on the bare places, and it seemed strangely difficult to stand on his own feet.

The poodle pursued a policy of snap, retreat, and come again. He was always on the stir, catching Hamlet's ear, wrenching it, then slipping away and suddenly seizing a hind leg. He was a master of this art, and it seemed to him that his victory was going to be very easy. First he had one of his enemy's ears, then the other, now a foot, now the hair of his head, now one of his eyes. His danger was, as he knew, that he was not in good condition, being overfed by his master, the colonel, and loving a soft and lazy life. He recognized that he had been in a far better state two years before when he had fought the St. Bernard.

But poor Hamlet's case was soon very bad indeed. He was out of breath and panting; the world was swinging round him, the grass seeming to meet the sky, and the audience of dogs to float in midair. All his attacks missed; he could no longer see; blood was flowing from one eye and one ear; he suddenly realized that the poodle meant to kill, and it did not seem at all impossible that he should achieve that. The love of life was strong upon him. Behind his fighting there were his dear master and his love for him, the world with its hunts and smells and soft slumbers and delicious food, the place where he slept, the rooms of the house where he lived, the lights and the darks, the mists and the flashing stars—all these things ranged through his subconscious mind, only consciously forming behind his determination not to die and in any case to hold on to the last, if only, yes, if only he could find something on to which he might hold.

THE poodle's teeth were terribly sharp, and Hamlet seemed to be bitten in a thousand places. Worst of all, something had happened to one of his hind legs so that it trembled under him, and he was afraid lest soon he should not be able to stand. Once down, he knew that it would be all over with him. His throat was dry, his head a burning fire, his heart a recording hammer, and the world was now, in very truth, reeling round and round like a flying star. He knew that Mephisto was now certain of victory; he could feel the hot breath of that hated triumph upon his face. Worst of all, there was creeping upon him a terrible lassitude, so that he felt as tho nothing mattered if only he might lay him down and sleep. Sleep—sleep— His teeth snapped feebly. His body was one vast pain. Now he was falling. His legs were trembling. He was done, finished, beaten.

At that last moment he heard, as tho from an infinite distance, Bobby's encouraging bark.

"Go on! Go on!" the bark cried. "You're not finished yet. He's done too. One more effort and you'll bring it off."

He made one more effort, something colossal, worthy of all the heroes, bracing the whole of his body together, beating down his weakness, urging all the flame and fire of his spirit. He launched out with his body, snapped with his teeth, and at last, at last they fastened upon something, upon something wiry and skinny, but also soft and yielding.

If this time his teeth had slipped, it would indeed have been the end, but they held. They held, they held, *they held*—and it was the poodle's tail that they were holding.

He felt Mephisto's body swing round—so weak was he that he swung round with it. His teeth clenched, clenched, and clenched. Mephisto screamed, a curious undoglike, almost human scream. Hamlet's teeth clenched and clenched and clenched; tighter and tighter, they held. They met. Something was bitten through.

Mephisto's whole body seemed to collapse. His fund of resistance was gone. Something white was on the ground. The end of the tail with its famous, magnificent, glorious, superb, white tuft was no longer attached to Mephisto's body.

The poodle gave one cry; a dreadful, unearthly, ghostly cry of terror, shame, and abandonment; then, his tail between his legs, ran for his very life.

Ten minutes later Jeremy, looking out of the schoolroom window, beheld tottering up the garden a battered, disheveled dog. A little trail of blood followed his wavering course.

Hamlet looked up at the window, saw his master, feebly wagged his tail, and collapsed.

But as he collapsed he grinned.

"HIS MASTER WAS THE MOST MAGNIFICENT, STUPENDOUS, ALL-KNOWING HUMAN TO BE FOUND ANYWHERE"

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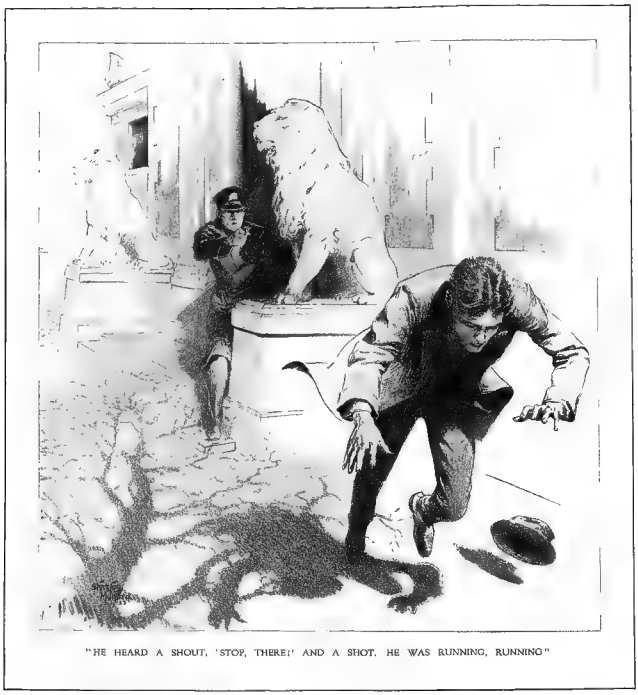

"HE HEARD A SHOUT, 'STOP, THERE!' AND A SHOT. HE WAS RUNNING, RUNNING"

BARS

The Story of a Great Pity and Splendid Daring Brilliantly Told by a Master of English Prose

BY JAMES BOYD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY STOCKTON MULFORD

OUTSIDE a long brown building at the Zoo, he stood gazing contemptuously at the pop-eyed crowds. In his peaked check cap and soft shirt he might have been a student from a little 'rah-'rah college. His glance, meant to be brazen, was, however, one of slightly furtive impudence. He looked young and supple as he lounged elaborately against the railing, young except for his worn hands and hard old eyes.

Those hands, for all his easy posture, kept moving back and forth along the railing, and the eyes narrowed now and then and stared into vacancy with fierce preoccupation.

He had, in fact, a job on for that night and, like all good men in his line, he became a little nervous before a job; not frightened, but peevish. Other times he had tried the movies and shooting pool; but the movies were hard on the eyes and in the pool-room they asked questions.

This afternoon he had drifted into the Zoo; it was a free day; anything was worth trying. He had looked over the cages of birds without interest; most were just birds; the others were so strange that there was no sense to them. Turning away from their squawking, he watched the milling crowds. His tight mouth slid sidewise into a sneer. What a bunch of marks they were! He always knew it, but somehow, at this Zoo, they looked like simpler fish than anywhere else. The American public! He spat obliquely. How could you expect any one to lay off such a crowd of come-ons?

The building behind him reverberated deeply a profound and wistful cry. He turned. It must be one of the big cats. Around him the people were smiling in fatuous, pleasant fear. He threw them a saturnine glance and lounged through the door.

The pungent, gloomy cavern seemed only to hive the shuffling throng. Then along the walls he saw the tawny bodies rhythmically sliding past the bars. In front of him a tiger slipped by, thrust his blunt javelin head up the corner, turned with a noiseless flop of his paw, and slipped by again. It was enough to make a man dizzy to watch him. Back and forth, pad, pad, pad, weaving past the iron web, rearing a questing muzzle at each end, and mocking it with hopeless eyes.

The next cage was empty, and he started on. But, at the back of it, he felt, among the shadows, two cold, yellow slits. So there was a cat there too. This one was small and blacker than any other cat in the world; it was so black you could hardly look at it. It lay withdrawn in pride and hatred, frozen, alert. He stared at it. Not a hair moved; it never shifted its fierce, chilling gaze. The crowd ignored it; it was so black, so still.

A keeper came along the line of cages, jingling keys. Here was a chance to find out something.

"Say," he asked, nodding toward the black shadow, "what's the matter with it? Sick?"

The man turned a broad, heavy face toward him.

"No. He iss not sick. He iss just come—from the Himalayas."

"What?"

"From India—he doess not like the people."

"Don't he ever move?"

"Oh, yess, he comes to the bars at night and smellss them, and goess back."

The keeper turned a fat back to him and moved away

The crowd had gathered around, craning to hear what was said. He glowered at the ring of flat, meaningless faces, but they did not give way. With a sudden sense of imprisonment and frustrate rage he shoved through them out of the door The rest of the afternoon he cruised irritably about the grounds, waiting for the time to come.

The night was cloudy, but when he got down-town Amsterdam Avenue shone bright and slick in the street-lights. He had a suitcase and an umbrella; a little round felt hat and his coat, closely buttoned, made him look very conservative. Stopping for an instant at a show-window, he threw a glance behind him, then turned into a narrow area between two buildings. He knew the ground and did not hesitate. Once in the depth of the recess, he stood the suitcase on end against the wall, hopped up on it, and reached as high as he could with the umbrella. It tapped gently against metal. He hooked the handle over the fire-escape and hauled himself up. A silk trout-line unwound from his pocket; the end was tied to the handle of the bag, and he pulled it up after him.

He breathed a little hard as he sat there, taking off his shoes and tying them around his neck. He glanced below him and out to the winking, rumbling street, then silently ascended the long steel ladder.

Up on the roof a faint twilight enabled him to make his way among tin-hooded chimneys and water-tanks standing black against the distant aurora of Broadway. He padded unerringly to a small gray hatchway at the rear.

With a brace and bit he bored a hole through the frame near the lock. Then he cut a hand-hole with a fret-saw. It grated and squeaked as he worked, and he turned twice to listen. He looked incongruous, almost comic, moving with delicate secretiveness in his little round Sunday-school hat.

THE hole was finished; he reached through, fumbling for the wiring of the burglar-alarm. There they were; lying face down on the hatch-cover, he spliced long wire jumpers on two wires and cut them both. Now he could work on the lock. A jimmy ought to do the trick. He slipped it through and bore down sharply. The scuttle-door came open with a groan. Easy He lowered the suitcase down the hatchway and smoothly vanished after it. Only his tough, sharp hands still showed, hooked over the frame. They slackened, and the soft thump of his dropping feet came up through the dark. A tiny light flashed swiftly and was gone.

On the roof the open hatchway gaped to the dark sky. Life and sound were suspended. The moments passed in a silence, sharpened and made eery by the distant surf-beat of the city.

Faint, resonant taps sounded from the lower fire-escape. Slowly repeated, they drew nearer. A square man in a neat sack suit stepped carefully on the roof. He went to the scuttle on studious tiptoe, then to the street-front, where he leaned cautiously over the parapet and nodded into the abyss.

Inside, far down, soft-shod feet began to run; higher they came and nearer. The square man reached in his pocket.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

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EAT SUBSTANTIAL, NOURISHING SOUP EVERY DAY

The finest vegetables that grow

are in this thick, rich, delicious soup

So plentifully supplied with solid, luscious vegetables and strength-giving cereals that every spoonful comes to you heavy-laden with nourishing food. You relish the tasty invigorating meat broth and the delicate blending and seasoning which have made the name Campbell's so famous. Here is delight for your taste in delicious flavors and contentment for your keenest hunger. A generous plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a meal—this one dish containing fifteen choice vegetables blended with seventeen other ingredients—thirty-two in all!

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

Tiny, tender peas, baby limas, juicy-ripe tomatoes, sugar-sweet corn, Chantenay carrots, golden turnips, potatoes (white and sweet), chopped cabbage, snow-white celery, alphabet macaroni, selected barley, French leeks, okra and fresh parsley—all these unite with the other ingredients to make this such a hearty, filling, tempting soup.

I am the pride of all the beach
The kind the boys call "just a peach."
Good Campbell's Soups keep me so trim—
I like my plate filled to the brim!

21 kinds **12 cents a can**

Campbells' Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

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Below, the muffled, drumming feet stopped suddenly; a pair of dangling shoes clumped woodenly together, then chairs were being piled beneath the hole. The sharp hands shot up out of the black and clutched the frame. The figure in a round hat rose abruptly like a jack-in-the-box, ludicrous, pathetic. The square man pulled it forward on its face and thrust a gun beneath its ear.

"Will you come along?"

The figure lay silent, its legs still dangling in the well. The square man waited.

"Will you?"

"Yes."

"All right, just slip these on."

SITTING on his cot in the little steel box, he listened to all the sounds that rang down the vast granite corridor or whispered from cage to cage, slipping feet on the iron gangways to the upper tiers, the keeper's sturdy step on the stone paving below, some one on his own row whistling softly—

Ah—jus'—got homesickness blues—
Ah never lose

over and over again. The walls vibrated as an express-train went by outside. He could not see them tremble, but he saw a drop of water slide down from the sweating pattern on the stones at the end of his cell. He stared at the pattern; it was like an Indian's head or a bird flying, whichever way you wanted to look at it.

Outside he heard the scuffling feet of a work-gang coming in; he heard the doors clanging shut and a guard's voice, "Here, no funny business!" Intense silence followed. And in that silence he heard a thick, blunt blow. He sprang to the door-grating. He could see nothing, but through the stillness he felt that, like him, five hundred other men were standing tense, their faces pressed against the bars.

Every day they marched them to the workrooms. They taught him to weave baskets, and paid him twenty cents a day; him, a man who had copped six thousand dollars on one job. And who the blazes wanted to weave baskets for fat boobs to carry groceries in? The fact was they never would have pinched him if it hadn't been for that new kind of alarm; he had the number of all the old ones. He went over the whole business again. The two wires he had cut must have been decoys; anyhow there must have been others. He'd started work too quick; next time he'd look it over. When he got out he wouldn't make the same mistake; he'd show them something. He kept the rent paid on his room in the Bronx; that was the main thing. He'd be ready to start work. And this time he'd be wise; they'd never get him. At that, tho, it wasn't as bad up the river as they tried to make out.

"'MM—MM—MM—MM' THE STEEL-SAW DRONED. HE WAS WORKING FAST, SQUIRTING THE OIL WITH HIS LEFT HAND TO KEEP HER QUIET"

BUT as the Winter months stretched out, the cold sunshine briefly swinging its careless shaft across his cold cell, the long nights stealing incredibly close upon each other's heels, he felt his spirit die. Perhaps it happened slowly. If so he did not notice it. He had gloomy fits, but was mainly cheerful till one morning, swinging out of bed in the gray light, he saw the shadow of a sparrow slide across the wall. It was nothing new, but this time his heart missed a beat, then seemed to go dead—dead as the dripping stones and ringing steel, dead as the snow on the high blank wall outside, dead as the strip of chill, indifferent sky. He sat there in a sort of awe, his keen hands dropping lifeless. He could not make things out, but he knew that something had just moved from him that would not return.

After that he lived on—a make-believe; lived on so long that he thought there was nothing else to him any more. He went through the motions like the rest; but he, himself, with plaster of Paris and some dry cells could have made a better man than he was now. His very name, whispered beneath his breath in the unending night, seemed at last more meaningless than the number on his cell, and him.

He did not know what corners of him still slept ready to be stirred, until the day the first Spring wind crept over the dripping snow. Down the long tiers he heard new sounds, the minute sounds of secret restlessness. Some were padding swiftly to and fro, and all the rest, he knew, were at the bars. High up he saw a flock of birds against the blue. Wild geese, by God! He heard their distant clarion.

All sounds ceased. He stood there like the rest, caught in an exquisite, unbearable spell.

In the breathless cavern, a pan clattered to the stones. The magic shattered. A long, mournful cry ran shivering down the corridor. Another joined it. Cage after cage, tier after tier, the sad, wild note was taken up. The volume, mounting with slow power, flooded the dim chasm. The great stone cave strummed like a cello to the haunting tone. And as their long-drawn intonation welded the lonely men, a fiercer note crept in. Harsh and high it swept them on till every man stood swaying by the bars, chanting savagely for freedom.

He saw the gray head of Pop, the kindly old keeper, wagging in remonstrance, and he wanted to stop. But just then they began pounding on the doors. The soft, resonant hammering grew to thunder. And still in the lulls he heard the swelling of their high-pitched, beast-like monotone. He drew back, baying foolishly, and drummed his fists against the imperturbable steel.

EXCEPT for that once he was a model prisoner, and late the next Fall they gave him a ticket to New York and let him go.

Pasty-faced and peaked, he stood outside the long gray wall, his knees sagging a little as he watched life, careless, restless, sparkling life, flow by once more.

He made for the Bronx and the old haunts. He wanted to see the old crowd again. But there was no one he knew in the pool rooms; he moved uncertainly up the street in mournful isolation.

He came to the entrance of the Zoo. A sign said, "Pay Day—Admission Twenty-five Cents." What a raft of boobs that twenty-five cents would keep out! He pulled out a quarter. It would be a good chance to see how that black cat was getting along.

He passed the brown elk and deer, rustling, half visible, in the brown Autumn leaves; he passed the glass domes of silly, shrieking birds. The long house of the tigers came in sight, and a deep, resonant cough made him hurry on.

There they still were, in their perpetual twilight, sliding, like long buff shuttles, to and fro, weaving the endless texture of their despair. Did they never stand, each to his bars, and sing their desolate song as he had done, every big cat, swaying in rhythm, shivering the Spring night with his mournful jungle chant?

He went over to the cage of the black leopard. It was as if the animal had never stirred since that first day. He held the same posture; the same hard, yellow eyes stared straight ahead, fixed perhaps on some distant horizon where he saw the ice-sheets and firtrees of his mountain home. The keeper entered.

"This leopard seems to act just like when he first came."

"Yess—he doess not change—not any."

"Takes a long time for him to get used to it, don't it?"

"Yess—and he doess not get used." The keeper's flat brow puckered with distress. "Never have I seen such a one. Some give in a little, some much. But thiss one not an inch. How he lives I do not know."

"He looks pretty good."

"Oh, yess—he looks good—but some day—" the keeper raised his chunky hands in a gesture of finality.

"Yep, I guess the bottom'll kind of drop out of him."

"That iss it, my friend. Something will drop out. Often I come at night to see if he doess not give in a little. He only sniffs the barss and goess back. Once last March he sang a little. Never did I hear such a singing. Only for a minute. But all the others howled then all the night. Since then he hass not spoken. It iss too bad. So long, my friend."

One night in March! That was the time of warm, wet winds and high-cleaving geese when he too had raised a keening voice for his dead self against the bars. His heart checked. With blank eyes he groped his way from the prison-house. He was outside walking hard, blindly, anywhere; out through the gates and down the street. People jostled him, truckmen cursed him. It was all the same. The crisp Autumn night was falling, but he felt the sweat running down his back. His knees began to give, and he turned for the little room he called his home. Its window was dark; he cautiously unlocked the door; there were all his things. He lit the gas and sat down.

Slowly he eased himself in his chair. In this familiar dingy room the oppression of the bars relented. Thinking again of the old days, he relaxed, and even smiled. That had certainly been the life. It had its ups and downs; that was just it; the ups and downs were what he liked. And then the work itself, tricky and quick and quiet; it took a good man to get away with it. Talk about skilled mechanics; most skilled mechanics would be nabbed the first crack out of the box.

He thought of what lay under the floor and wanted to see it again. Rolling back the rug, he slipped two boards aside and reached down. Up came a little leather bag; he opened it on the bed and sat hunched over it. One by one, he drew out a brace and drills, steel-saws, a jimmy, and a glass-cutter; drew them out and smoothed them with quick hands.

At last he leaned back, a shadow on his keen, knowing face. Well, what about it? Here was the outfit—ready for business. He frowned. Here was the outfit, all right; but he couldn't go through with the trip up the river again. Eighteen months wasn't much, but before they had let him out he'd begun to talk out loud to the slimy Indian head on the wall. Next time it would finish him; he'd better play safe and get a job. That would be funny. But he thought of the gray, unchanging days in the steel box. He twisted his mouth at the bitter taste of the iron bars. Before him lay the shining row of tools.

"I guess it's you babies for the river," he said, and looked shamefacedly aside.

He gathered them into the bag, balancing each one delicately in his hand before he put it away. For a long minute he looked down into the nest of bright steel. Then, snapping the clasp shut roughly, he hurried down the hallway into the gathering night. He'd have to do it quick or he wouldn't have the nerve. He grinned. Here he was, trying to turn honest man and feeling like a murderer. These tools were the best made; they'd stood by him; they'd done things that the other boys said couldn't be done; and he was throwing them away—throwing away Swedish steel, like old clothes.

He'd better keep thinking of the bars if he wanted to come across. He gave a grimace; the bars made fellows nutty, all right, sooner or later; no one could stand it forever. Why, even that black leopard—there was nothing wrong with his nerve, but he'd go nutty too some day or die. That was pretty tough. He was bad enough up the river, but after all he'd taken his chance and lost; he knew the game when he started it. But the leopard didn't know even that; he hadn't done anything; nobody had anything on him. He was black and sleek and clean. He made the boobs who stared at him look more like boobs than ever. And some one had come along when he was in the woods or somewhere and nabbed him and sent him up for life. No trial, no witnesses, no evidence. Nothing but the sentence.

He was walking slower now. The tools in the bag clinked faintly. He started, then laughed, and turned back from the river.

WHEN he came to the high fence he waited to hear if any watchman would come by. Inside it was still. He dropped over.

Slowly he worked his way along, stopping to listen. The night was black; he stumbled, and dead leaves crackled underfoot, but no one came. Nothing broke the silence but the small, queer night-sounds of the strange beasts. The long house loomed before him, and he heard drowsy, unhappy noises of the cats. One whined in his dreams; another sniffed the cinders and lay down again with a deep, soft sigh. Behind him he heard steps on the concrete walk. He squatted back of a bush till the roundsman passed. Then he stole to the door. It was a straight six-lever lock. He tried a skeleton key—too small. Out came pliers and a piece of wire. He fished in the keyhole delicately. The lock clicked; the door creaked softly; he slid inside.

He heard some of them spring up with a sharp, pouncing sound. One gave a growl like the deep hum of a dynamo, then fell silent with a little wail.

"Cheese it, cats!" he muttered; "you'll spill the beans."

Standing in the dark, he listened for outside noises; all was still. He flashed his light. Down the long line the cats' eyes glowed green in the wavering ray. He saw the cage and switched it off.

Through close-knit blackness, heavy with musk, he felt his way to the lock. He tried the skeletons—no good; he tried the wire, but she wouldn't tumble; he ran his hands all over her. It meant an hour to drill her out. What about a steel-saw? He slipped a blade through till it rested on the bolt. There was just room to work it. He reached for the oil-can and started. The scrubbing was faintly like the muffled, grating sounds; the cats stirred, but none spoke—good business. Now for a little speed. "Mm—mm—mm—mm" the steel-saw droned. He was working fast, squirting the oil with his left hand to keep her quiet. The sweat dropped down his face; his fingers turned raw and made the handle oozy. God, he was soft! But any minute the roundsman might come by. He tightened his aching grip and made her hum. A haze settled on his mind; the world seemed to float away. Only one idea remained, not to slack his grasp on that fiery handle, to keep her moving, keep her moving.

He came to himself at the sharp tinkle of the saw falling through the bolt. Bending open his rigid fingers, he blew on them.

He shot some oil into the hinges and pushed back the grated door. He shrunk against the bars, but the leopard did not stir.

"Beat it, cat!" he whispered. There was no sound.

He stole to the end of the hall and stood there, looking back despairingly. He pushed the door wider with his bleeding hand and slipped outside.

Now for the getaway. He started for the boundary-fence. But there was no heart in him; he had wanted to see that cat go free. He would rather see that than anything. Slower and slower he crept along, then halted; the house was still only a step behind. He turned back. Crouching down in the shrubbery, he watched the dim, half-open door.

The stars were out now. He should have gotten away

CONTINUED ON PAGE 74

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CAMPBELL'S SOUPS

A great summer dish!

Bring your husky outdoors appetite to a plateful of Campbell's tempting, tasty, filling beans! Feel your hunger gradually disappear, while your appetite is having the time of its life. Campbell's Beans are great summertime food—they're so richly nourishing, so delightful with their famous tomato sauce, so digestible because they're slow-cooked. Nothing to do but eat them! Ready instantly!

Serve hot **Serve cold**

Campbell's BEANS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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WHY NOT TRY THIS SKIN GAME?

BY ALICE LANE

FEW of us are born with beautiful skins—and these few so blessed will not keep them unless they take care of them.

The trouble with most American women is that they are so busy with the thousand and one little troubles which make up the day's work that they let themselves go to seed. Then suddenly they get a good look at their faces in the glass—wrinkles, blackheads, roughness, sallowness, stare back at them, and, thoroughly frightened at the price they have paid for this neglect, these women rush out and expect to be made beautiful overnight. Well, it can't be done. It is an everyday job, and if you miss one day you will have to do two days' work to make up for the one you lost.

I hope I make myself clear. If you have a good skin, keep it. If you have a bad skin, start out and acquire a good one.

Prevention is always easier than a cure, and the liberal and sensible use of vanishing-cream will prevent more complexion ills than any one cosmetic I know of. I say "be liberal," and I mean it, for there is not the slightest fear that it will grow hair on the face. But this is what it will do—it will protect you from sunburn, it will keep out the dirt and grime when you are motoring, it will prevent that dryness that comes from salt water if you put it on your face, neck, and arms before you go in bathing. If you will use it instead of water when you come in from driving or walking in the sun and wind it will clean off the skin in a jiffy and it will leave it smooth and cool. It is not to be used for massage or for the general purposes of regular cold-cream, yet it ought to be used at all times by women who have excessively oily skins.

Have all of you heard about what the beauty-parlors call the "automobile skin"? So many of their customers come in with tiny wrinkles at the corners of their eyes, a dryness about the corners of the mouth, a dry, tightened skin, and a dusty eyebrows. This comes from constant motoring in the sun and wind and rain, over oily roads and sandy hills, without the protection of goggles and without the proper care of the skin when the drive is over. Of course the beauty-parlors rejoice over it because the women rush frantically in to have the ravages repaired. Now, why not do this yourself at home?

IN THE first place, those tiny wrinkles at the corners of the eyes come from eye-strain, and you can prevent that by wearing goggles, or colored glasses, when driving in the sun and over sandy roads. The oculists generally recommend lenses with a soft yellow tinge to remove the strain on the eyes which causes squinting, which in time causes the wrinkles. If, however, you have already acquired the wrinkles, your only hope is to massage with an astringent cream in a rotary motion about the corners of the eyes. Wash off the cream with hot water and finally apply ice to the corners, rubbing it in a circular motion. This stimulates the muscles after the massage.

When you come in from a drive do not wash your face with soap and water—no matter how much dirt and grime you have accumulated. Do not use water on your skin for many hours after a long drive. Instead wash the face with witch-hazel, a healing liquid, or a cleansing cold-cream, then pat dry. These are things which ought to be found on the shelf of every bathroom. Be sure you pat your face dry with a soft old towel, and do not rub it vigorously. The point is to let the lotion or cream soak into the skin and heal. When dry, dust your face with powder, and do not wash with soap and water until you go to bed at night.

At no season of the year is the ice-treatment more refreshing and necessary than it is during these hot Summer months. It is a wise treatment twelve months in the year, but you can not afford to go without it just now. Personally I am a great advocate of soap and hot water on the face, but there are many women who argue against it. I know many beautiful girls who never touch soap and water to their faces, but use cold-creams and a light-weight powder. Others with skins quite as lovely will scrub well with soap and water and use heavy powder. It is a problem you must solve for yourself. I say hot water because you know that cold water will not rinse soap out of any fine tissue, so if you use soap, use hot water to get it out of the pores. And then comes the ice-treatment.

ALWAYS after using hot water on the face you will find the pores cleansed, but the muscles relaxed, and this must not be. Take a piece of ice and wrap in a piece of old linen, dip in witch-hazel or alcohol, and rub well all over the face until it almost stings from the cold. This tones up the muscles, brings color to your face, and stimulates the nerves. You will feel ten years younger. Pat the face dry, and then apply your cold-cream and powder. If you do this every time you give your face a thorough soap-and-water cleaning you will see a marvelous improvement in the texture and the color of your skin.

Unless you are frightfully behind the times you are all interested in some of the clay-treatments which have become so popular and so successful that "everybody is doing it." Now, a clay-treatment may sound rather impressive; you may think it involves a lot of time and money and effort, but that is where you are wrong. These clay-packs are applied twice a week with a brush all over the face and neck—the preparation drying on the skin and forming a beauty-mask without touching your hands to it at all. Generally they dry in about ten or fifteen minutes. And while they are drying, through some process of the ingredients, the mask tightens up the sagging muscles, cleanses out the clogged pores, banishes the wrinkles, and brings a glow to the cheeks. When the mask is perfectly dry and you feel the skin drawing up tightly, wash off with warm water, pat the face dry, and end up by applying a healing lotion which generally comes with the clay preparation. If you will do this twice every week, you will have no blackheads, and you will really and truly have a skin of wonderful texture and youthful glow.

I have talked with dozens and dozens of women using these clay-packs—I have used them myself—and most of them agree that just before going to bed is the ideal time to apply the pack. Leave the healing lotion on overnight, and in the morning after a hurried bath apply your cold-cream and powder. Also I have personally discovered that if you will wear a rubber bathing-cap over your hair when applying the clay-pack on the forehead it will prevent any of it getting into the hair.

These treatments, if taken at home, cost you only a few cents each, whereas if you go and have them done by professionals they cost several dollars.

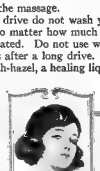
If you have a sallow skin and want to clean and clear it up, the best remedy known is lemon. There are plenty of lemon creams on the market, several makes of lemon soap, and last but not least the fruit itself. The acid of lemon has a very strong bleaching quality, and unless the brown spots and freckles are very stubborn the persistent use of pure lemon-juice will make these blemishes disappear. Lemon cream is an excellent cleanser and at the same time it bleaches, and the lemon soap which has lately become so popular over here has been used by our dainty French sisters for many, many years. A very well-known physician recommends for all his patients having a sallow skin this little morning dose: Dissolve a pinch of bicarbonate of soda in the juice of one lemon and take before breakfast. He claims that it tones up the liver, settles the stomach, aids digestion, and of course all those conditions are logical aids to a lovely complexion. It is a little home remedy that is within the possibility of every woman, and is surely worth trying.

One of woman's greatest handicaps to beauty is the excessive growth of hair on the face, arms, and legs. It certainly does not aid, and the getting rid of it is a serious task. It is quite safe to use any depilatory of reputable make to remove hair from the arms or legs, but please, oh, please, read the directions that you will find on the bottle or jar, and follow them carefully. You will notice that none of them guarantee that the hair will not return. Such a preparation has not yet been discovered. Eventually the hair will return and you must apply another treatment.

FOR stray hairs on the upper lip or those annoying ones that appear in little clumps on the chin, a tight pair of tweezers is the best remedy. Pull them out one at a time, and watch for their return carefully. If you will pull these out about once a week, they will not get excessively large nor so deeply rooted as if you let them go a longer while. After pulling out all that you can see under the brightest light from every possible angle, wash the upper lip with a tiny bit of absorbent cotton that has been dipped in equal parts of ordinary household ammonia and peroxid. Hold your nose when applying this. It will sting you a moment, but it will bleach out that brown look on the upper lip. If you are a blonde, or if you have only a tiny down on the upper lip, don't pull out the hairs, but use the ammonia-and-peroxid bleach about once a week. If you have a very heavy growth of very dark hair, nothing will permanently remove it but the electric needle. This is a painful process and an expensive one. Try the home remedies first.

Now, what are you doing to keep the skin of the body in good condition? Of course, I take it for granted that every one takes a bath every day—even when ocean-bathing is in season. You have to get into a tub to get the skin clean. Warm baths are cleansing, cold baths are stimulating. If you can not get directly into cold water the best solution is to take a tepid bath, scrubbing yourself well with a stiff body-brush and a pure soap, then turn on the cold water (or use the spray if you have one) just for a moment to tone up the sagging of the muscles which the warm water may have caused. Rub yourself dry with a rough bath-towel, and dust yourself liberally with talcum-powder. In the Summer-time buy talcum in pound-cans, and be liberal when using it. It has both cooling and healing properties.

Once a week dissolve a lump of ordinary washing-soda in your bath and lie in it for a few moments. This rests the nerves, opens the pores, and softens the skin.



Remember These Things

WEAR your goggles when motoring in the sunlight. Squinting brings wrinkles.

Apply a day-pack on your face and neck twice a week if you want to keep your youth and good looks.

Use ice dipped in an astringent on your face after washing it with hot water and soap. It closes up the pores and stimulates the muscles.

Be liberal with the use of vanishing-cream on your face, and likewise be as improvident with the talcum-powder on your body during these hot Summer months.

Eat plenty of fruit and drink literally quarts of water every day if you want a lovely skin.

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Conspicuous Nose pores—

grow larger if neglected

COMPLEXIONS otherwise flawless are often ruined by conspicuous nose pores.

The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body. *On the nose especially*, there are more fat glands than elsewhere and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

To reduce enlarged nose pores use this special treatment:

WRING a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

Supplement this treatment with the steady general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Before long you will notice a marked improvement in your skin. But do not expect to change completely in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Make this treatment a daily habit and before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

This is only one of the famous skin treatments given in the booklet, "*A Skin You Love to Touch,*" which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. A special Woodbury treatment for each different type of skin is given in this booklet.

Get a cake of Woodbury's today and begin tonight the right treatment for *your* skin.

The same qualities that give Woodbury's its beneficial effect in overcoming common skin troubles, make it ideal for general use—for *keeping* the skin in good condition. A 25c cake lasts a month or six weeks for general toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments.

A complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations

For 25 cents we will send you a complete miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:

A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

Send for this set today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 308 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. *If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 308 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.* English Agents: *H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E.C.4.*

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Alec and Al

FRIENDSHIP'S REWARD

DRAWINGS BY C. H. TWELVETREES VERSES BY PERCY WAXMAN

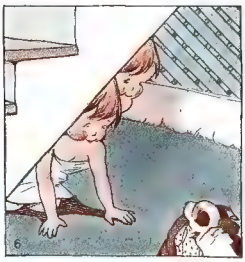
"Hey, Rumpus, you go home right now," Said Al. "We want to swim." And Rumpus slunk off, thinking how Unkind they were to him.

"They sent you home?" said Squiff. "Well, then I've got a scheme for you To stop them doing that again. Stay here till I get through."

While both boys looked on helplessly, Squiff stole their clothes away And galloped off in doggish glee To hear what Rump would say.

Oh, gee! the boys were in a rage Without a stitch to wear; They felt like monkeys in a cage, And went home almost bare.

And worst of all, May Black and Sue Passed by, and as they did They giggled, and then both boys knew The *girls* knew why they hid.



At last when hope had almost fled Old Rumpus came in sight With all their clothes, and Alec said, "Oh! Al, that dog is bright."

"Come on, old boy, this meal's for you. There's lamb and beef," said Al. "There's not a thing we wouldn't do For such a faithful pal."

And like the gentleman he was, Rump dashed off in a jiff To gladly share his feast because He knew 'twas due to Squiff.

The Nibbler Boys

A BIG SURPRIZE

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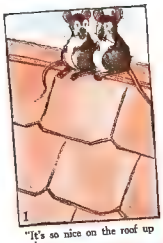
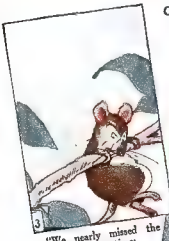


"It's so nice on the roof up here; The view's so fine, the air's so clear."

"I wonder, do you think that we Could jump right over to that tree?"



"We nearly missed the branch that time; I'm glad pa taught us all to climb."

"Great cats! if we should fall, why, then We'd never eat or drink again."

"There's something need ing oil in here; Its squeaky voice sounds mighty queer."

"Sweet Limburger! We're falling! How I'd love to be at home right now!"

"This minute I would give a third Of all I own to be a bird."

"Tho my head's cracked and both my knees, I'm glad cheese doesn't grow on trees."

Next month you'll laugh to see the fun— Al's serpent scares off every one; While the Nibblers next month almost die Through eating cherries on the sly.....

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How A New Kind of Clay Remade My Complexion in 30 Minutes

For reasons which every woman will understand, I have concealed my name and my identity. But I have asked the young woman whose picture you see here to pose for me, so that you can see exactly how the marvelous new discovery remakes one's complexion in one short half-hour.

I COULD hardly believe my eyes. Just thirty minutes before my face had been blemished and unsightly; my skin had been coarse, sallow and lifeless. Now it was actually transformed. I was amazed when I saw how beautiful my complexion had become — how soft its texture, how exquisite its coloring. Why, the blemishes and impurities had been lifted right away, and a charming, smooth, clear skin revealed underneath! What was this new kind of magic?

You see, I never really did have a pretty complexion. My skin is very sensitive. It always used to be so coarse and rough that I hated to use powder. Sometimes pimples and eruptions would appear overnight—and as for blackheads, I never *could* get rid of them!

I will tell you why I decided to use the remarkable new Domino Complexion Clay—just once—and see what it would do for my skin. I had met a woman I had not seen for a long time, an old neighbor of mine. I remembered distinctly that she was always older than I, yet strangers would have insisted that *I* was the older. Her skin was as soft and smooth and firm as a child's—not a blemish marred its pink-and-white loveliness. I was terribly self-conscious as I stood there talking to her; I knew how dull and lifeless and unsightly my own skin was. I was glad when we said good-bye and I hurried away.

But that little incident made me determine to do everything in my power to clear my blotchy skin. I realized that a good complexion was more important than good features; that with a clear, fresh complexion any woman can appear attractive. If others could have beautiful complexions I could, too. I began a perfect orgy of experimenting with creams and lotions and messy ointments.

I Use Wrong Methods—And They Spoil My Skin

To be perfectly frank with you, I tried everything there was to try. I greeted each new thing with hope—but hope was soon abandoned as my skin became only more harsh and colorless. Finally I gave up everything in favor of massage. But suddenly I found that tiny wrinkles were beginning to show around the eyes and chin—and I assure you I gave up massage mighty quick.

Wasn't there anything that would clear my complexion, that would make it soft and smooth and firm? Wasn't there anything I could do—without wasting more time and more money? It was very discouraging, and I was tempted more than once to give it up—especially when I saw that after all my efforts my skin was more dull and coarse than ever before.

In fact, on one very disappointing occasion I firmly resolved never to use anything but soap and water on my face again. But then something very wonderful happened—and, being a woman, I promptly changed my mind!

What Made Me Change My Mind

Did you know that the outer layer of the skin, called the epidermis, is constantly dying and being replaced by new cells? I didn't—until I read a very remarkable announcement. That announcement made me change my mind. It explained, simply and clearly, how blackheads, pimples, and nearly all facial eruptions are caused when the dead skin-scales and bits of dust clog the pores. Impurities form in the stifled pores—and the results are soon noticeable.

The announcement went on to explain how scientists had discovered a marvelous clay, which, in only one application, drew dust, dirt and other impurities and harmful accumulations to the surface. This Domino Complexion Clay, in only a half-hour, actually lifted away the blemishes and the impurities. And when it was removed the skin beneath was found to be soft, smooth, clear and charming. Can you blame me for wanting to try this wonderful discovery on my own blemished complexion?

Three simple steps—and the complexion is made clear, smooth, and radiantly beautiful!

My Extraordinary Experience With Domino Complexion Clay

I won't bore you with details. Suffice to say that I applied the Domino Complexion Clay I had read about to my face one evening at nine o'clock, and settled myself comfortably for a half-hour of reading. Soon I was conscious of a cool, drawing sensation. In a few moments the clay on my face had dried into a fragrant mask. And as it dried and hardened there was a wonderful tingling feeling. I could actually feel the millions of tiny pores breathing, freeing themselves of the impurities that had stifled them, giving up the bits of dust and the accumulations that had bored deeply beneath the surface. It was a feeling almost of physical relief; every inch of my face seemed stirred suddenly into new life and fervor.

At nine-thirty I removed the Domino Complexion Clay and, to my utter astonishment, found that I had a brand new complexion! Hidden beauty had actually been revealed! Every blackhead had vanished; the whole texture of the skin had been transformed into smooth, clear, delicately-colored beauty.

I shall never forget my extraordinary experience with Domino Complexion Clay. It accomplished in a half-hour what other preparations had not accomplished in years. With gentle firmness it drew out every impurity from the stifled pores and revealed beneath a skin of exquisite texture and delicate coloring. I would never have believed it possible, and it is because it did it for me, because I actually had this wonderful experience, that I consented to write this story for publication.

Domino House Made This Offer To Me

The formula from which the amazing Domino Complexion Clay is made was discovered by the chemists of the Domino House. I have been asked to state here, at the end of my story, that Domino House will send without any money in advance a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay to any one who reads my story. If I would write my experiences with the marvelous new Domino Complexion Clay for publication, the Domino House agreed to accept only $1.95 for a $3.50 jar from my readers.

You, as my reader, should not miss this opportunity. I am sure that the marvelous Domino Complexion Clay will do for you what it has done for me. It is guaranteed to do so, and a special deposit of $10,000 in the State Bank of Philadelphia backs this guarantee. Your money will be promptly refunded if you are not delighted with results and return what is left of Domino Complexion Clay within 10 days.

Send No Money

It is not necessary to send any money with the coupon. Just pay the postman $1.95 (plus few cents postage) when the jar of Domino Complexion Clay is in your hands. You will have the same extraordinary experience that I had—and you will be grateful to me for agreeing to write this story. But I advise you to act at once before the special offer is withdrawn, and Domino Complexion Clay is once more placed at its regular price.

ONLY $1.95

If You Act at Once

By taking advantage of this special low-price offer, and sending direct to the manufacturers, you get Domino Complexion Clay freshly compounded, the very day your order arrives. And you pay only $1.95 plus few cents postage, although products of a similar nature, and without many of the advantages of Domino Complexion Clay, are sold regularly from $2.50 to $3.50.

Don't delay—I'm glad I didn't! Mail this coupon to-day. A post-card will do. Domino House, Dept 158, 269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 158
269 South 9th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay, sufficient for 2 months of beauty treatments. According to the special agreement, I will pay postman only $1.95 (plus postage). Although I am benefiting by this special reduced price, I am purchasing this first jar with the guaranteed privilege of returning it within 10 days and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way I am to be the sole judge.

Name. . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City. . . . . State

If you wish, you may send money with coupon

Google

Keeping Your Child's Hair Beautiful

What a Mother Can Do to Keep Her Child's Hair Healthy — Fine, Soft and Silky — Bright, Fresh-Looking and Luxuriant

THE beauty of your child's hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your child's hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because the hair has not been shampooed properly.

When the hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your child's hair look, just follow this simple method:

Every child should have beautiful hair. Has yours? If not, read how you can help bring it about.

In later life your child will thank you, if you teach it now, habits that secure and preserve beautiful hair from childhood.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want your child to always be remembered for its beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Teach Your Boy to Shampoo His Hair Regularly

IT may be hard to get a boy to shampoo his hair regularly, but it's mighty important that he does so. His hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your boy in the habit of shampooing his hair regularly once each week. A boy's hair being short, it will only take a few minutes' time. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse the lather all out when he is through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of his hair and you will be teaching your boy a habit he will appreciate in after-life, for a luxuriant head of hair is something every man feels mighty proud of.

THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

"You've got it," he said. "That's the idea to a dot. I want you to help me figure out how it's to be done. She's of age, you want to remember; under California law. I looked it up."

He prowled restlessly about the room while she smoked half-way through her cigaret; then, with his familiar impatience, prodded her for results.

"What's the simplest way? That's the place to begin. And what's the objection to it? Come along. Think out loud. You'll have come as far as that."

"It's a crazy idea, Joe," she then burst out desperately. "I know how much you want her and how much you hate the other thing. But it can't be done. Even if you did get her to come to you, which I don't believe you could, what would you do with her when she was here? She couldn't live alone in this flat with you away half the time. And, anyway, the sort of life you live—"

"Damn the sort of life I live!" he interrupted. "What's that got to do with her? It's never had anything to do with you, has it? And you've known me better than anybody else, for seven years. If I could be decent to you for that length of time, don't you think I could to my own daughter? It's *her* life that we're talking about. I tell you, nothing wrong would ever come within sighting distance of it. She'd never learn anything out of the way from me or from anything she ever saw me do. There'll never be any parties in *this* flat, Jennie. Not as long as she makes her home in it."

"She couldn't live here alone in it, anyhow. Not with you away half the time."

"I wouldn't try to keep her here all the time. I'd send her to school, for one thing. Williamson's got a daughter just about her age who's away at some boarding-school or other. I'll find out from him where it is and send her there for the next place. That's a good idea. They'll make friends. It'll give Beatrice the right sort of start."

"There won't be a school till next September," Jennie pointed out. "This year's practically over now. And after the first of July you'll have to be up North most of the time."

He grappled with this difficulty for a moment; then faced her triumphantly with a solution.

"Henry Craven's persuaded his sister to take a cottage somewhere on Cape Cod this Summer. He's worried about her for some reason. Thinks she needs a change. And the Aldriches have offered to loan her their place. She's agreed to go for a couple of months if she can find somebody to go with her. Well, she could take Beatrice along, just as well as not, and if she does get somebody else, too. I could fix it so that the trip wouldn't have to cost Henry anything. She don't want to go till July. Henry says, but that will just give Beatrice and me a chance to start getting acquainted."

Jennie felt her mind going blank. What could you do with a man like that? She got herself together, flicked away her cigaret, and charged the position, head on. "Joe, you're wild," she said. "You can't do things like that. You can't desert your own office, you can't. They won't work. You haven't an idea, really, what the girl is like. You don't know a thing about her tastes or her ways. You don't know whether she'd like these people or not— Nor whether they'd like her."

"They'd better like her!" he retorted, half aloud. Then, with a laugh, "Look here, Jennie, I'm willing to bet a thousand dollars, real-money, that if I ask Miss Craven to take Beatrice under her wing for a few weeks during July, she'll do it. Is like a trust? Come on, now! Don't be a crab unless you're willing to back your opinion."

WAS that subtlety, she wondered, or naïveté? Did he know that his moment blundered into it, or had he thought it all out, in that amazing brain of his, at their dinner, the night before? He being Joe, you never could be sure.

"No," she said, beaten, "I'm not taking any bets with you to-night."

"Anyhow," he immediately went on, not stopping to gloat over her discomfiture, "this is all barking up the wrong tree. There's no argument whether we want the girl or not. The question is, how are we going to get her? Do you think this letter will do the trick? Read it and see." He began:

"MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL: This letter is from your father. I hope you won't stop reading, for I've been told you why I am writing. It's because I have just heard of your mother's plan to get a divorce from me and marry young Lee. I don't blame her for doing that, but it strikes me that the new scheme may leave you out in the cold, as it leaves me, and that maybe this is a good time for us to get acquainted.

"I don't know how much you have been told about me, but I suppose that you must think of me as a pretty bad sort of person. From your mother's angle on it, I surely have been, and from yours, too. I've had a hard, rough life, full of ups and downs. I don't know that there's much use in telling you a thing about it, for it is hard to believe, but it is true, nevertheless, that I have been thinking about you ever since I first knew I had a daughter, and have been wishing I could do for you the things that a father ought to do.

"I have only just got things in shape so I can. I am now the head of a big business, and some of the biggest bankers and such in Chicago are associated with me. I have a good apartment at the above address and two motor-cars. I am sure I can make you comfortable, for a visit at least, and give you a good time. I don't ask for more than a visit until you have had time to decide whether you care enough for me to adopt me as your real father, or not.

"You're welcome to show this letter to your mother. I am sending it through my lawyer in Pasadena only in order to make sure that you really get it and that you have a chance to decide the question for yourself. I think that, being nineteen years old, you are entitled to decide it that way, if you want to. I am also sending him a check for a thousand dollars, with instructions to pay you as much as you want of it for making the journey with."

"That's two or three times as much as she'll need," Jennie at this point objected, "I know it is," he said. "That's the only way I've got of showing her I'm not a piker. She'll take what she wants and he'll pay his bill out of the rest." She went on with the letter.

"I am hoping, before you come, to get hold of a photograph of you, so that I will know whom to be looking for when I meet the train. But I have an idea that I shall know anyway. I am not sending you a photograph of myself for fear it might frighten you. But I am not really as bad as I look. Perhaps you don't know I am fifty years old, five years older than your mother. I honestly believe you will never be sorry for having given me a chance to show you that I can be

"Your loving father,

"JOSEPH GREER."

AS SHE concluded it she remarked, "That's a clever letter, Joe. But I wish—"

She broke off there with a resolute shake of the head, aware that he knew she was standing, and took him impulsively by the shoulders. "I wish you luck, anyhow," she went on. "I hope it works. I hope she makes you happy."

Clearly, he was startled by the caress. She had never been demonstrative like that to him before. He didn't respond to it with any gesture of his own, but his voice, when he spoke, had real emotion in it.

"Jennie! If I had had the luck to marry you twenty years ago," he said— "Well, what are you grinning at?"

For she'd instantly stepped away from him at that, and the quality of her smile was derisive.

"Annabel wasn't the wife for you, for a fact," she admitted. "But you don't hate her, even now, do you, oh Lord! How you would have hated me!"

He didn't very much relish this, but she, having got the upper hand of him again, pressed the point home. She lighted another cigaret and seated herself comfortably in his reading-chair before she spoke.

"The right wife for you," she said, "would have to be pretty, silky, 'way up in the society game. She ought to be a little afraid of you, so that she won't get to keep you afraid of her. And you'd have to be proud, whenever you thought of it, that you'd got her."

She saw this go home to him. He flushed half angrily, and came a stride or two nearer.

"How much more do you know?" he demanded.

She leaned back a little in her chair and smiled acceptance of his challenge. "You couldn't stand anybody," she added, "who knew you too well. You'd have to be wonderful to her all the time, and mysterious. Oh, I know, because that's the way I'd want a husband, if I had one, to feel about me."

"All right," he said. "You needn't rub it in any more. I took that, it's half past ten. You'd better be running along home. I'll telephone Burns to bring your car around."

She was mildly amused at his sudden concern for the proprieties, and she tried to tease him a little about it, but he insisted on treating the matter seriously.

"I don't want young Burns getting any funny ideas in his head about you. He's welcome to think what he pleases about me, and about some of the people I play around with. I don't care a damn what he thinks. But I want you to be careful. Do you get that?"

"All right, boss," she said, sounding very meek as she rose and went to find her wrap. "Sure I get it."

This final slant of the talk recalled her resolution regarding the boy, so while she and Joe stood in the corridor waiting for the car to come up, she told him she thought he ought to find something better for young Burns to do. "He's too good to be wasted driving actresses home from parties and that sort of thing."

"A little soft on him, are you?" Joe asked.

"Oh, I suppose so," she admitted. "I probably wouldn't have thought of it if he hadn't been so good-looking. But it's true, all the same."

Joe considered her, amiably but flatly. "If he's too good for it," he went on to explain, "then it's just the job for him. He has good pay and short hours; the whole

CONTINUED ON PAGE 42

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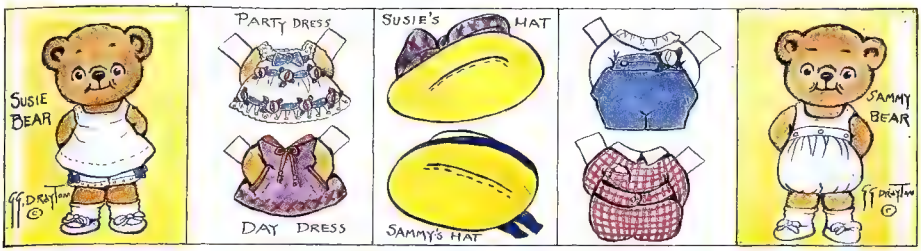

Dolly Dingle's Little Friends Janet and Jackie

Drawings by
GRACE G. DRAYTON

SUSIE AND SAMMIE BEAR

Once on a time there were called Susie and Sammie. They lived in a with their and They were very good little bears. Susie helped her mother in the and Sammie took a little and helped Father chop wood for the and he would help the garden when the arose and the went to their The bears said their prayers and were tucked in their Good night sleep tight said Mother and blew out the

MORAL
Be good all day and you'll sleep well at night.

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PRISCILLA DEAN, the dynamic, has been starred in many successful Universal Pictures.

MARJORIE RAMBEAU, the beautiful and talented, is entertaining audiences in her latest success, "The Goldfish," produced by the Shuberts.

MARGARET LAWRENCE is one of the all-star cast appearing in "Lawful Larceny."

Google

Moments Which Count

When you are conscious of the scrutiny of interested eyes which appraise every detail of your appearance, can you sit serene, secure in the consciousness that there is nothing to criticise but everything to admire?

Happy is the girl who can answer "yes" in these all important moments. She is the girl who knows that her fresh, clear skin and smooth, white neck and arms are sure to command admiration.

The girl who is not so sure of her personal attractiveness, who is conscious that complexion defects may affect her popularity, should waste no time remedying these conditions. The secret is cosmetic cleanliness, which keeps the skin free from clogging accumulations.

Once a day, do this

Once a day, preferably at bedtime, give your face a thorough cleansing. This doesn't mean a harsh, irritating scrub but a cosmetic cleansing accomplished by the gentlest possible means.

Soap is necessary, but only the mildest soap should be used. This is Palmolive, blended from palm and olive oils.

Once you experience the mild, soothing effect of its smooth, creamy lather you will recognize daily cleansing as the surest complexion beautifier.

Removal, once a day, of the accumulations of dirt, oil, perspiration and the remaining traces of cold cream and powder is absolutely essential to a clear, fresh skin.

Neglect results in clogged pores, coarse texture and blackheads. When the accumulated soil carries infection, pimples are the result.

An ancient secret

The value of beautifying cleansing was discovered long ago, in the days of ancient Egypt. It was Cleopatra's secret —whatever the embellishments she employed, they were applied after the daily bath with palm and olive oils as cleansers.

The great queen was famous for her beauty long after early youth was passed. She kept her looks with the aid of the same gentle, stimulating cleansing which we recommend today.

Blended from the same oils

Palmolive is blended from the same costly oriental oils which served Cleopatra as cleanser and beautifier. We import them from overseas in vast quantity to keep the Palmolive factories at work day and night. This is necessary to supply the world-wide demand.

This popularity has reduced price, as manufacturing volume permits economies which lower production costs. Thus we are able to supply Palmolive for only 10 cents a cake.

So while Palmolive ranks first as finest facial soap, you can afford to follow Cleopatra's example and use it for bathing.

Complexion beauty does not end with the face. Beautify your body with Palmolive.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY
Milwaukee, U. S. A.
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY OF CANADA, Limited
Toronto, Canada

Also makers of a complete line of toilet articles

Volume and efficiency produce 25-cent quality for

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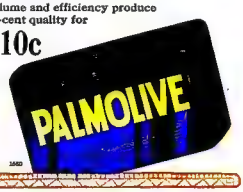

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There really was a Buried Treasure

More valuable than the gold of Captain Kidd.

More wonderful than the jewels of Blackbeard.

More shrewdly hidden than the treasure chest of either of them.

Wrapped in the interior of the kernel of Indian corn was a "taste" with a charm which food flavors seldom have. Once in a while there would be a hint of the full richness and delicacy of this flavor—when the pop-corn or the "roasting ear" happened to be prepared just right.

It took much hunting and skill to locate this treasure and perfect it for use.

It has been done in Post Toasties.

These deliciously crisp flakes of golden-brown have the full flavor from the selected hearts of corn—seasoned and processed and toasted *just right*—and then triply sealed to preserve the oven-freshness for you.

Post Toasties are called Post Toasties and not just "corn flakes" because they are a particular and better kind of corn flakes—though usually they cost no more than other kinds.

A bowl of Post Toasties for breakfast or lunch is a feast of appetite joy.

Ask any grocer for Post Toasties, and you will be well paid for specifying these corn flakes by name. The Yellow and Red package is the Post Toasties package.

Always in good taste

Post Toasties

IMPROVED CORN FLAKES

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

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HOUSEKEEPING *for the* COMMUNITY

BY RUBY GREEN SMITH

SPECIALIST IN COMMUNITY ENTERPRISES AT THE NEW YORK STATE COLLEGE OF AGRICULTURE

WHAT delicious strawberry jam! How do you make it?"

"Just as my mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother did, by a recipe that has been in the family for a hundred years."

What else besides the concocting of delicious dishes does the present-day housekeeper do just as did the housekeeper of a hundred years ago? Very little, because she lives in a different world.

To-day much of the work so important in Martha Washington's home is better done in factories of varied types, while modern transportation brings to every home, products unknown a hundred years ago.

STORY HOUR IN COMMUNITY NURSERY

SHOPPING AT NEIGHBORHOOD MARKET

Drawing by Ethelwyn Ellis

With less drudgery in the home comes the opportunity for extending housekeeping to the community. The good housekeeper is more and more concerning herself about this. She may be the most expert of managers at home, but that will not protect her family if there are flies in the bakery and cats in the grocery, if the light, air, and teaching are bad at school, if the church is closed, if disease is not quarantined, or if recreation is demoralizing. These community conditions affect every home. And so the woman of to-day, if from no more altruistic motive than self-defense, must apply to community life the ideals and methods of the best home-making.

She may wash on Monday, iron on Tuesday, mend on Wednesday, scrub on Thursday, clean on Friday, bake on Saturday, wash the windows regularly whether they need it or not. But with all of this she does not escape the effects of the good or bad community housekeeping to which her family is exposed.

What is being done by organized groups of women to improve this larger housekeeping is given here as a fertile field for good citizenship—especially for the homemaker

Hospitality in Rest-rooms

A PLACE to primp, to rest a bit, to pass the time in pleasant reading or conversation while waiting to meet an engagement, to leave parcels, and sometimes even to "check" the baby while one goes shopping—such a place is the hospitable rest-room that belongs to the realm of community housekeeping.

Women find that business men gladly cooperate in financing such an expression of community hospitality because it is good business to make out-of-town shoppers so comfortable that they will come again.

In one such rest-room over eight thousand women registered the first year, and the attendant was asked for advice on everything, from the latest style in curtains to how to feed the baby and which college is best for the boy

The Community Kitchen

BUT few of the war-time thrift kitchens have survived. Those that did, such as the one in Syracuse, N. Y., have become centers for the latest information about the better individual and community housekeeping. Such enterprises do not mean cooperative cooking to rob family life of the precious intimacy of the home table-talk. But the special equipment makes possible demonstrations and the teaching of the art and science of cookery through practise.

At these community kitchens all sorts of groups are taught: foreign women and girls come eagerly to "learn how to cook in English"; Boy Scoutmasters to study camp cookery for the boys they lead; factory girls, wearing engagement-rings, to learn home-making while in their most receptive moods; successful housekeepers to show other women their ways. Then, too, community affairs, like a milk campaign or home-garden movement or clean-up week can center in these municipal kitchens.

Co-operative Laundries

WASHING and ironing is part of the week's work in ninety-six per cent. of the farm-homes, according to Government surveys. A trip through any city on Monday offers proof, without a Government survey, that a multitude of city housekeepers do their own washing and sometimes other people's too.

Because modern laundry equipment for an individual house stands idle over half the week it represents an investment that too often seems less important to the self-sacrificing woman than a new rug for the parlor.

In cities, as in Elmira, N. Y., some community houses provide laundry equipment for women who can not afford to install it in their own homes. A simpler way is to have the neighbors own a laundry in common, scheduling their use of it so that it runs every hour in the week. In one village electrical equipment was installed in the home of a widow who had to become a wage-earner. She is now doing the washing of most of her neighbors at a greater saving of woman-power than she knew in her own family laundry-work without labor-saving equipment. And the widow's business has grown so that she employs assistants and is sending her daughters through college!

In farm homes running water and sometimes pumps may be lacking in the house, even where there is power-machinery in the field and barn. So many farm-women are beginning to hope for co-operative laundries, and it seems reasonable that farmers who are succeeding with co-operative creameries will help organize, as they have in Minnesota, laundries that will save woman-power for the higher life of the rural home.

Convenient Nurseries

NURSE-MAIDS, too, are an unattainable luxury for most American homes. And so it is that community nurseries and play-rooms, where children can be "checked" for a few hours or for the day, have proved to be a great blessing, not only to wage-earning mothers, but to all sorts of mothers who come home better-natured because of their relief from worry about the bairns. For in these nurseries the babies sleep the hours away, and older children play happily under the intelligent, tender, congenial care of a trained nurse and kindergartner.

"Follow the Green Arrows," "Check Your Babies Here"—are the welcome signs that now show the way to nurseries and playrooms arranged by the Home Bureaus of New York State at county fairs, and the idea has been adopted elsewhere—even at Coney Island, New York city's great pleasure park! "Twas the best thing at the fair" is typical of the comments of grateful parents who call for their happy babies after having had a day together at the races and exhibits; whereas at former fairs they spent the day at the merry-go-round.

Since these temporary community nurseries have proved that they mean health and fun for children and wholesome holidays for tired parents, it is safe to prophesy that they will eventually lead to permanent community nurseries and make motherhood even more of a joy than it is now.

Community Sewing-rooms

"WE MOVED to the city three months ago, and this home bureau sewing-room was the only door of welcome that opened to me until I had met congenial women here." A way of making friends for the isolated farm-woman or the even more lonesome stranger in a great city was one of the unanticipated results of the establishment of community sewing-rooms.

These sewing-rooms have been started by the home bureaus and other organizations as a development of the Red Cross sewing-centers during the War. An expert seamstress is too expensive for most home-makers; but such a seamstress can give directive help to a large group of women at a relatively small per capita cost.

In these rooms revised versions of hats and dresses are made in the merry company of neighbors. Under the direction of a paid professional, millinery can be constructed at a great saving of "overhead" charges.

What is sewed and saved is far less important than the educational and social results by which women are learning the game of organization and are finding out, as one expressed it, "how nice the neighbors really are!"

City Cleanliness

WHO better than the good housekeepers, who love to clean house, can contribute direction to making a city clean? Is your city clean—physically, morally, spiritually, socially? Are the streets clean? Are the street-cars, schools, and theaters clean? Are the bakeries screened? Does a cat sleep on the bread-board? What is the history of the bottle of milk before the baby gets its contents? You have food-inspectors; are they doing follow-up work as well as making surveys of conditions? Are the shops clean, or do they deliver cockroaches with the grocery order? In one Southern city this phase of community housekeeping was so bad that court had to be dismissed because cockroaches crawled up the legs of the jurors and distracted the judicial mind. Has the candy your child buys been exposed to dust, flies, and other sources of infection? Are your quarantine laws observed?

These questions indicate another aspect of the larger housekeeping of the community. Even the best housekeeper must lend her influence beyond her own house if she wants to protect her family against dangers that lurk in an unclean community; her family ventures daily outside her own tidy four walls.

Curb Markets

IN SOME places food goes to waste on the ground for lack of a near-by market, yet it is not raised in sufficient quantities for shipment to distant wholesale markets; or perhaps there is too much disparity between what the producer gets and what the consumer pays, so that the home maker's dollar looks like thirty cents when it reaches the farmer's pocket. It is not so much the middleman as those on both sides of the middle, between the grower and user, who are being paid for merely passing food along, that cause an egg or a head of lettuce to take a long and round-about journey to somebody's kitchen with stop-over privileges with buyer, jobber, commission merchant, refrigeration plant, wholesaler, and retailer—so that egg and lettuce arrive at table greatly advanced both in age and price.

A possible short cut is a local public market, in which organized women are helping organized farmers and business men. Such direct marketing has many advantages besides lowering prices to the housekeeper and giving larger returns to the farmer. Price is even less important than quality and freshness when it comes to Golden Bantam corn, Stratagem peas, and Senator Dunlap strawberries.

At one of these curb markets I asked a young farm girl what she had brought to market in so huge a handful. She smiled. "That's my new Winter hat bought from the sale of elderberries. Even elderberries are worth picking now!"

Women's Exchanges

AND women may be engaged in business for themselves, altho most women may continue to be classified as being "in gainful occupation," as the census reports it.

Many an efficient home-maker can do her physical housekeeping and minister to the higher life of her home and yet have some time to spare. She may play cards or go calling or give herself to community betterment work. Yet she may be tied to the house by babies or some less charming bond. She may be skilled in cookery or needlework or gardening or bee-keeping or bird-rusing. If so, she needs a way to market her products.

A happy connecting link between this woman who creates something and the other woman who wants to buy has been found in the rapidly increasing number of exchanges that women are adding to their community housekeeping arrangements, thus turning into gold the by-industries of the home.

Books for Everybody

COMMUNITY life, like home life, is incomplete without books. There are many American towns, villages, and farms in which books are not accessible. The county library system is beginning to get more books for more people. Through county library laws authorization is given for promoting an extension of public libraries. Through a designated library in each county, the book assets of State, county, and municipalities are pooled and a circulation established by which books from the State library flow out through the county library to all the communities in the county, and books from each community flow through all the other community library centers, even to the most isolated home.

Most of the county library laws are merely enabling legislation that will not produce results without the organized aid of the citizens themselves. How the people may help enrich every home by the visits of good books can be learned by addressing such States as Wisconsin, the pioneer, or California, where the dream has come true, or New York, where the law is not yet a year old. For particulars address Extension Division, State Library, Madison, Wis., Sacramento, Cal., or Albany, N. Y.

The Community House

THE commonwealth of a community may well include the ownership of a community house. Such houses are in successful operation not only in the larger cities, but in smaller ones like Ithaca, N. Y., and even in the smaller villages.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 73

Fifty Dollars in Prizes

WRITE us about the piece of community housekeeping that has been successful in your neighborhood. Pictorial Review wants to know more about the development of this idea in all parts of this continent. We will pay $10 apiece for the five most interesting and helpful letters we receive before September 1, 1922, describing this type of community work.

The activities described on this page have all come under the personal observation of the author, who as State Leader of Home Bureau Organization is in close touch with nine hundred Community Home Bureaus in New York State. Perhaps your community has done something worth while. If it has, tell us about it. Address your letters to Community Housekeeping Editor, Pictorial Review, 222 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York. No letters will be returned.

COMMUNITY DANCE

THE SEWING-ROOM

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COCOANUT RASPBERRY FLOAT—Mix 2 beaten egg yokes with ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 tablespoon sugar; pour in 1½ cups *scalded* milk. Cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Cool slightly and add 1 teaspoon vanilla extract. Pour into glass dish and chill. Beat 2 egg whites stiff; add 2 cups mashed raspberries and ¼ cup sugar. Mix well. Pile on top of custard sauce and sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut over top.

Here's the nut you can *sprinkle*

JUST as you sprinkle salt and cinnamon, you can sprinkle cocoanut. Just as you shake powdered sugar over your pies and desserts, you can double their deliciousness with Dromedary Cocoanut.

Old dishes of which the family have tired take on an entirely new flavor when sprinkled with Dromedary. Try it on to-morrow's menu. Use the simple recipes below.

One minute Sprinkle recipes

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut on foamy sauce before pouring over cottage pudding.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut on plain cake and cookie batter.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut instead of customary nuts over bananas in banana salad.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut into either cooked or dry breakfast cereals.

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut over orange marmalade on saltines. This makes an afternoon tea dainty.

Write for the book, "*One Hundred Delights*," containing many more delicious new recipes. It's free.

THE HILLS BROTHERS COMPANY, 375 WASHINGTON ST., N.Y.
The Oldest and Largest Business of Its Kind in the World
Department 57

Sprinkle Dromedary Cocoanut

PICTORIAL REVIEW'S

LITTLE COOK-BOOK

BY EDITH M. BARBER

EGGS plain, eggs fancy, for breakfast, for luncheon, or for supper, find their place daily on the well-planned menu. In the estimation of the busy housewife they have the double advantage of being quickly prepared and of lending themselves to numerous variations.

"E" FOR EGGS

EGGS, the indispensable, may well be called the cook's standby. How often they solve the problem of what to have for luncheon as well as serving their turn for breakfast! How often we bless them when unexpected company arrives and we shake up an omelet or make a "fancy poach" in no time! When inexpensive in the Spring, eggs as plain eggs will naturally appear more often on the table, while later in the year we make them go farther through combination with other materials, such as in scalloped dishes and soufflés. All the year round, however, we must have our daily eggs.

Boiled Eggs

PLACE the eggs in a saucepan of boiling water, making sure that the water completely covers the eggs. For soft-boiled eggs boil three to five minutes, according to how hard the egg is desired. For hard-boiled eggs boil twenty minutes. For Deviled Eggs—Cool, cut the eggs in halves, remove the yolks, and mix with seasonings, oil, and lemon-juice or vinegar to taste.

Soft-cooked Eggs

5 Eggs 6 Cupfuls Boiling Water

PLACE the eggs in a saucepan containing boiling water. Use one more cupful of water than the number of eggs. Let stand where they will remain hot but will not boil —from eight to ten minutes. Eggs cooked in this way have a soft, velvety texture, which boiled eggs have not.

Hard-cooked Eggs

PREPARE like soft-cooked eggs, but let stand for forty-five minutes. Do not let the water become cold.

Poached Eggs

5 Eggs 4 Cupfuls Boiling Water
1 Teaspoonful Salt

HAVE the salted water ready in a shallow saucepan. Break the eggs one at a time into a cup and pour into the water. Remove from the heat and let stand, covered, until firm. Serve on toast.

Spread rounds of toast with anchovy- or bloater-paste, mixed in even parts with butter. On each round place a poached egg, sprinkle with paprika, garnish with parsley, and serve at once. A thin white sauce may be poured around the toast.

Spread rounds of toasted bread or halves of English muffins with butter. Cut rounds of cold boiled ham and heat in a frying-pan. Poach eggs until firm, and arrange a round of ham and an egg on each muffin. Garnish with slices of stuffed olives, and serve with Hollandaise sauce.

Baked Eggs

3 Cupfuls Mashed Potatoes
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
¼ Cupful Milk
Salt
Pepper
Paprika
2 Tablespoonfuls Chopped Chives
5 Eggs

ADD the butter and milk to the hot mashed potatoes and season to taste. Beat well, add the chives, and spread in a shallow greased baking-dish. Make five hollows, and in each place a raw egg. Sprinkle with paprika and bake in a moderate oven until the eggs are firm.

Scalloped Potatoes and Eggs

2 Hard-boiled Eggs
2 Cupfuls Diced Cooked Potatoes
½ Cupful Minced Ham
1¼ Cupful White Sauce
¾ Cupful Bread-crums
1 Tablespoonful Butter

SLICE the eggs and arrange in a baking-dish in alternate layers with the diced potatoes. Sprinkle each layer with the minced ham and cover with the white sauce. Sprinkle the top with crums, dot with butter, and bake in a moderate oven until the crums are brown. One-half cupful of grated cheese may be substituted for the minced ham.

White Sauce

1 Tablespoonful Butter
1½ Tablespoonful Flour
1 Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

MELT the butter, stir in the flour and seasonings, add the milk gradually; cook until thick, stirring constantly, and boil one or two minutes.

OMELETS AND SOUFFLÉS

Scrambled Eggs

5 Eggs
1 Tablespoonful Butter
¼ Cupful Milk
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Pepper

BEAT the eggs slightly, add the milk and the seasonings. Melt the butter in a frying-pan, pour in the mixture, and cook over a moderate heat. As it becomes firm scrape from the bottom of the pan. Continue to do this until the whole is thick and creamy. Serve at once on toast.

French Omelet

5 Eggs
3 Tablespoonfuls Water
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Tablespoonful Butter
Pepper

BEAT the eggs slightly, add the water and seasonings. Melt the butter in a hot frying-pan and pour in the mixture. Cook gently until firm, then with a knife lift the edges and let the liquid run underneath. Brown on the bottom, fold and roll on to a hot platter. Garnish with parsley or slices of cooked bacon or serve with Spanish sauce.

Spanish Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Tablespoonful Chopped Onion
¼ Cupful Chopped Green Peppers
3 Slices Broiled Bacon
2 Tablespoonfuls Sliced Mushrooms
2 Cupfuls Tomatoes
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Paprika

COOK the onion and peppers in the butter until light brown. Add the bacon, cut in small pieces, and the other ingredients. Cook fifteen minutes and serve around a French omelet. The mushrooms may be omitted and capers or olives used. Bacon fat may be used instead of butter.

Foamy Omelet

USE ingredients as for French omelet. Separate the eggs and beat the whites until stiff. To the yolks add the seasonings and the water. Beat until light. Cut and fold the whites into this mixture and pour into a hot pan in which the butter has been melted. Cook slowly, shaking the pan, until brown underneath, and place on the grate of the oven until dry on top. Fold and serve on a hot platter.

Economy Omelet

1 Cupful Milk
2 Tablespoonfuls Corn-meal
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
2 Eggs
½ Cupful Grated Cheese

SCALD the milk in a double boiler, add the salt and corn-meal. Stir until thick, cook for twenty minutes, add the cheese, and stir until melted. Add to the beaten yolks of eggs. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into a greased baking-dish and bake in a slow oven until firm—about twenty minutes.

Cheese Soufflé

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1 Cupful Scalded Milk
1 Teaspoonful Salt
Cayenne
½ Cupful Grated Cheese
Yolks 3 Eggs
Whites 3 Eggs

MELT the butter, add the flour, and when well mixed add the milk and seasonings, and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add the grated cheese and stir until melted. Beat the yolks of the eggs slightly and to them add the cooked mixture. Fold in the whites, beaten until stiff. Pour into a well-greased baking-dish and bake twenty to twenty-five minutes in a slow oven until firm. Soufflés must be served as soon as taken out of the oven.

Salmon Soufflé

USE the recipe for cheese soufflé, substituting one cupful of flaked salmon, cooked or canned, for the cheese.

Hollandaise Sauce

½ Cupful Butter
2 Egg Yolks
1 Tablespoonful Lemon-juice
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
Cayenne
½ Cupful Boiling Water

DIVIDE the butter into three pieces; put one piece in a saucepan with the yolks of the eggs and lemon-juice, place the saucepan in a larger one containing boiling water, stir constantly until the butter is melted, then add the second piece of butter and, as it thickens, the third piece. Add the water, cook one minute, remove from the fire, and season with the salt and Cayenne.

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THE CUP THAT CHILLS

Summer Drinks from Fresh and Bottled Juices

BY ELSIE FJELSTAD RADDER

SUMMER! Hot afternoons and sultry evenings, not to mention mornings when there's work that must be done! And what would it be if it were not for the cooling beverages that can be mixed so easily?

One can start the day with a glass of grape-juice or orange-juice for breakfast. There is nothing quite like iced lemonade after hard work in a hot kitchen or when the children come in tired from their play. Iced tea, coffee, chocolate, or cocoa goes so well with Summer luncheons or dinners. Or if guests come in the afternoon or evening there are so many novel ways of fixing up common fruit-juices so they will be decidedly out of the ordinary.

Among the bottled fruit-juices that can now be easily obtained are apple, orange, grape, grapefruit, lime, loganberry, and pineapple. Cider, ginger ale, and root beer can be made the basis of pleasing combinations. Besides, many extracts that can be used to prepare root beer, juniperade, and different fruit nectars are on the market.

PUNCH TOPPED WITH WHIPPED CREAM AND FRUIT

The simplest way of preparing fruit-juices is to dilute them with cold water or shaved ice. "Pfiz," which so delights the children, is obtained by adding carbonated water, which can be purchased from the druggist or grocer in siphonated bottles. In addition, perfectly delightful beverages can be concocted by using juices as a basis and adding to them other juices or fruits, as is done in the following recipes.

Of course, it must be remembered that very cold drinks or foods are injurious to the stomach. Even moderately cold drinks should be sipped slowly.

Grape Punch

ADD to a glassful or cupful of milk two tablespoonfuls of grape-juice (or more if liked), two teaspoonfuls of sugar, and one egg, well beaten. Serve with a grate of nutmeg sprinkled over the top. This is a very refreshing drink. It may be served hot should the weather take an unexpected turn.

Raisin Cocktail

COVER one-half cupful of raisins with one-fourth cupful of orange-juice and let stand one hour. Add one cupful of thick strained and sweetened cranberries or one cupful of stewed strained rhubarb; add also one cupful of cold water. Mix well and serve ice-cold.

Mint Crush

TO ONE small bunch of fresh mint add one-half of a level cupful of sugar and one-fourth cupful of cold water. Crush the leaves. Allow this to stand for about an hour. Strain, and add to it one pint of ginger ale, one cupful of grape-juice, and the juice of three small lemons. Pour over crushed ice and garnish with fresh mint-leaves.

Orange Phosphate

ADD to one cupful of orange-juice a sugar-syrup made by boiling together for ten minutes one cupful of sugar and two cupfuls of water. Cool, strain, and add two tablespoonfuls of acid phosphate. Pour over crushed ice and dilute with vichy, soda, or ice-water. This may be varied by adding two cupfuls of pineapple-juice. These syrups may be made and put aside. The water may be added when wanted.

Root Beer Frappé

TO SIX ounces—three-fourths of a cupful—of root beer add two cupfuls of milk and a tablespoonful of ice-cream. Whip with a rotary egg-beater. Pour into glasses containing a little ice-cream. Fill the glasses with charged water. Serve immediately. Plain water may be added instead of the charged water. Glasses of this frappé may be decorated with a tablespoonful of whipped cream and on top of that a maraschino cherry and a few whole nuts.

Loganberry Punch

TO ONE cupful of loganberry-juice add three cupfuls of weak tea, one-half cupful of sugar, and the juice of one large lemon. Mix thoroughly, chill, and serve. Water may be added instead of the tea, altho two cupfuls is enough, as the melting ice would make it too weak.

Apple Egg-nog

BEAT together the yolks of four eggs and the whites of three. Beat rapidly with a rotary beater, adding by degrees four cupfuls of apple-juice which has been heated to the boiling-point and two or three tablespoonfuls of sugar. To the remaining egg white add one-half cupful of sugar and one-half cupful of fresh berries—strawberries, raspberries, or currants. Beat with a rotary beater until stiff enough to hold its shape. Pour the drink into tall glasses, filling them three-quarters full. Decorate the top of each glass with the fruit whip. This drink may be served either warm or cold.

Ginger Ale Phosphate

MIX together one cupful of ginger ale, one cupful of water, three tablespoonfuls of acid phosphate, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Fill tall glasses half full of crushed ice. Add the mixture, stir, and serve at once.

Grapefruit Cocktail

MIX together shredded pineapple, bananas cut in slices and the slices cut in quarters, and strawberries cut in halves—enough to make two cupfuls in all. To one cupful of grapefruit-juice add one-half cupful of water, three tablespoonfuls of apricot-juice, one-half cupful of sugar, and a pinch of salt. Pour this over the fruit mixture. Chill thoroughly. Serve in cocktail-glasses and garnish with candied cherries and rose-petals.

Lime Cup

TO FOUR cupfuls of lime-juice add four teaspoonfuls of acid phosphate and four tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pour this mixture over shaved ice. Allow to stand a few minutes and then serve. This drink may be made more attractive by using a little leaf-green coloring or by adding a crème de menthe cherry to each glass.

Lime Punch

MAKE a sirup by boiling together two cupfuls of sugar and two and one-half cupfuls of water for fifteen minutes. Chill. Add to this sirup one cupful of lime-juice, two cupfuls of orange-juice, and one-half of a large can of shredded pineapple. Let this stand for an hour or two. Then dilute with ice-water to taste. This amount will serve twenty guests.

Ginger Ale and Grape-juice

TO TWO cupfuls of ginger ale add two cupfuls of grape-juice. Sweeten to taste. Pour over cracked ice, and decorate the glasses with slices of oranges and lemons.

A Cider Drink

RUB one quart of apricots through a sieve. Add one cupful of sugar and one cupful of water together for ten minutes and add to the apricots. When cool add two cupfuls of cider, one cupful of orange-juice, and the juice of one lemon. Let stand an hour or two. Then dilute, to taste, with ice-water and serve. If fresh apricots are not obtainable one pound of the dried fruit may be soaked overnight and then boiled or steamed until tender. Apple-juice may be substituted for the cider.

Fruit Punch

MAKE a sirup by boiling together one-half cupful of sugar and three cupfuls of water for ten minutes. Add to this the juice of one lemon and one cupful of fruit-juice. Mix thoroughly, ice, and serve. Strawberry-, raspberry-, grape-, orange-, or pineapple-juice, or a mixture of two or more, may be used. More or less sugar may be used, to taste. If the fresh fruits are not obtainable delicious fruit-juices may be prepared from dried or black raspberries, loganberries, or blackberries. These are very satisfactory and more economical.

Watermelon Cocktail

CUT watermelon in small cubes. Pour over it weakened grape-juice, with lemon- and orange-juice added. Serve cold.

Lime Julep

MAKE a sirup by boiling together one-half cupful of sugar and one cupful of water. Add to it, after it has boiled ten minutes, one cupful of lime-juice. Allow this to cool. Using three-fourths cupful of this mixture, add to it four whole eggs and two and two-thirds cupfuls of milk. Beat all with a rotary egg-beater for several minutes. Divide the mixture among four glasses, fill the glass with charged or plain water, and chill. Serve.

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It literally tells all you need to know about a baby—all the little troubles about which you cannot consult a doctor yet which must be properly solved if Baby is to grow into a strong, healthy child.

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We hope you will send 25 cents (35 cents in Canada) at once for your copy of Aunt Belle's Baby Book.

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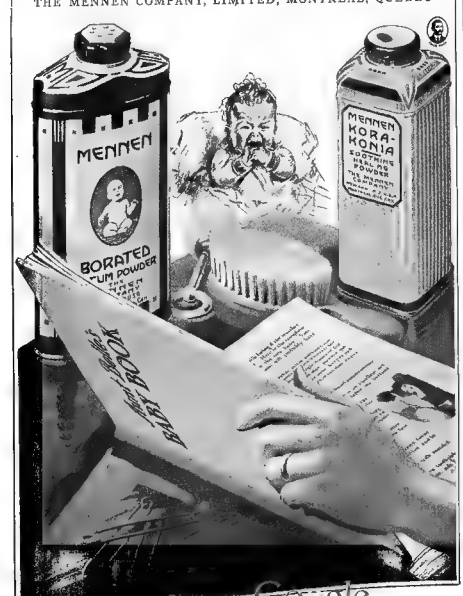

A CORRESPONDENCE COURSE IN MOTHERCRAFT

CONDUCTED BY DR. EMELYN L. COOLIDGE

Attending Physician in Diseases of Children to the Society of the Lying-in Hospital, New York City

BABY IN THE COUNTRY

MY DEAR MRS. N——: Your baby surely seems to be thriving in the country! Your report, which came this morning, is a fine one. Eighteen pounds in weight for a baby of seven months is excellent. In spite of the very warm weather we have been having your little Paul seems to have gained steadily since your last report of a month ago.

His two little lower central incisor teeth evidently caused him no trouble at all. I am glad they are well through the gum. Be sure to offer him plenty of cool boiled water between meals. Do not have it icy cold, but just cool enough to feel good to the hot little mouth. Now for your questions:

1. "On very warm days may I allow Paul to lie out on the grass in the shade and kick? His baby-carriage seems so warm."

Ans. I would not allow him to lie directly on the grass. The ground is often damper than you think; then, too, insects may easily crawl onto him, possibly getting into his ears or mouth before you are aware of it.

At this age a baby-pen which has a wooden floor slightly elevated from the ground, and with a little fence around it, is one of the best things to use for a baby. The pen folds up so it can be easily taken about from place to place, and may be kept in a small space in the house when not in use.

Put a pad or comfortable on the floor of the pen and throw a large piece of mosquito-netting right over the entire pen, so that flies and mosquitoes can not get at the baby; then allow him to roll about in the pen as long as you like. As he gets older he will learn to creep in it, and a little later he will pull himself up by the side bars, then gradually learn to walk around the pen. It is a fine form of exercise and almost as good as having a nurse to help take care of baby. It is very much cooler than a baby-carriage or having the restless baby held in some one's hot arms.

2. "I have had to give Paul three bottles daily for the last three weeks, but he seems to be satisfied with the other three meals he gets from the breast. Shall I keep on with this method or add another bottle now; and what formula shall I give?"

Ans. If you are able to nurse the baby every other meal, it would be far better to continue this until Fall, while he gains so well and seems satisfied. The right formula for his three bottle-meals now is as follows:

Whole, certified milk (raw), 14 oz.
Barley-water, 7 oz.
Milk- or malt-sugar, 1½ level tablespoonful

Four seven ounces of this formula into each one of three bottles.

The barley-water for this formula may be made by taking 2½ level teaspoonfuls of prepared barley-flour to seven ounces of water, and boiling this half an hour in a double boiler, as previously directed.

I would suggest your giving the breast (ten minutes on each side) at 6 A. M., bottle at 9 A. M., breast at 12 M., bottle at 3 P. M., breast at 6 P. M., bottle at 10 P. M.

3. "Shall I increase the orange-juice or add any other fruit or vegetable juices to Paul's diet now?"

Ans. Sometimes it is difficult to obtain good oranges in the country at this season of the year; if so you may substitute prune-juice, giving one tablespoonful of this in place of the orange-juice at 8 A. M. If you can obtain orange-juice this fresh fruit is better, and you may now give one and a half tablespoonful of this in one tablespoonful of water at 8 A. M.

If Paul has any tendency to frequent bowel-movements, omit the fruit juice for a few days.

Vegetable juices I do not advise at this age, unless the baby is very anemic or has a tendency to rickets. I prefer to wait until later and give a regular vegetable soup or purée.

Paul does not need anything else just now; wait until cooler weather, and then begin other foods as he grows older and requires them.

Remember that Midsummer is a bad time to add new foods unless they are positively necessary.

4. "Notwithstanding all my care, I find Paul is apt to chafe during the warm weather. Can you give me any helpful suggestions as to the prevention or cure of this trouble?"

Ans. Now that you are away from home are you sure the diapers receive the same care as at home? Are they washed out after each time they are wet? Carefully boiled and rinsed in all soap is gotten out of them before they are dried? Never leave a soiled or wet diaper on the nursery floor for *one moment*. Keep a covered pail at hand and use this to receive them. Let them soak in the water until you have time to attend to the more thorough washing and daily boiling. If they are left about, flies light on them and then crawl over the baby's nipple or on his face before you are aware of it, and much serious infection may follow.

Try using sweet- or olive-oil to bathe the parts after you change Paul, if he is inclined to be chafed. If the chafing is really bad, omit all soap from the bath-water and use one pint of bran in a cheese-cloth bag in the water in place of the soap. A dusting-powder made of one ounce of corn-starch, one ounce of talcum, and one-quarter of an ounce of boric-acid powder, such as I spoke of for prickly heat, is also helpful.

5. "When we go home late in September we may want to make at least part of the journey by motor, being several days on the trip. Would you advise this plan in place of the drawing-room car we took coming here? How could I manage about the milk and care of bottles, etc., if we did this?"

Ans. No, I decidedly prefer the drawing-room car. Your journey would be made in a much shorter time and with less jar and dust for the baby than if you went by motor. Country roads are not reliable, and the constant shaking up would be bad for Paul. You would find it rather difficult to stop and heat water for the dry milk if you had to use this on the trip, and it would not be safe to take along fresh milk for any length of time. Rough roads and consequent churning of the milk might cause considerable trouble. It would also be more difficult to keep the bottles and nipples perfectly clean than if you went by train, where you can have running water always at hand. You got along so well before it would be wiser to return the same way and not risk an upsetting at the end of Summer.

EVERY mother having a baby *under* six months of age is invited to join our Correspondence Course in Mothercraft. Send in the baby's name and age, and an Admission Blank will be mailed to you. Free monthly help will be given until the baby is two years old. Mothers having older children under twelve years of age may ask specific questions about their care, feeding, and general hygiene.

To receive a reply, all letters must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelop. Address Dr. Emelyn L. Coolidge, Pictorial Review Building, Seventh Avenue and Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

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THE BEAUTY WHICH IS FRENCH

How American women today are rivalling the beauties of France through learning the secret of individual beauty

By Jessie M. MacLean

"HOW beautiful Irene Bordoni is!"

To which her companion, as they left the theatre, replied, "Oh, that is because she is French — most French women *are* beautiful."

And, as we heard this fragment of conversation we started to wonder how fair France had gained her enviable reputation for beautiful women. There has always been an *aura popularis* casting its glow over the beauty which is French and the beauty which is peculiarly the beauty of French women. Vivid Spain has its national "type" — flashing eyes and carmine lips without which no maid of Andalusia may claim to be "beautiful." Sunny Italy demands the oval face and olive skin. The Orient has its prototype. But, not so France! In this land of fair women each is more beautiful than the other in her own individual charm.

REMEMBER that fascinating toy of a score of years ago, the kaleidoscope? Those countless atomies of red and blue and gold and green which fell into dazzling designs of beauty? Such is the beauty of the women of France—each face an inimitable contribution to the beauty which is *French*.

SO, as we looked at Irene Bordoni that night, at the radiance of her face and form, we remembered the transplendency of that other supreme actress, the divine Sarah, and we realized that the beauty we call French is but the kaleidoscopic beauties of countless individual French women. French women are beautiful because each French woman finds her *own natural beauty* and wears it as a jewel.

American women, even more than French women, more than any other women of the world, know this secret of "natural beauty" because American women have been for years not only aesthetically but scientifically interested in the problems of achieving a beautiful skin and a youthful contour. The wisdom of the women in our country is that each woman is finding a way to her own beauty—nature's way.

AND how? How can you and I discover what our own individual beauty may be and *how* beautiful it may be?

The answer is very simple. Let nature tell you. She will give you your natural beauty if you help. There are three ways by which nature builds beauty—by sleep, by diet and by blood circulation, and the most important of these is *blood circulation*. Blood circulation, the life of the whole body, is particularly the life of the face. It is the color of the cheek. It is the builder of the delicate tissues which fill out the curves of the face and neck. It is the nourisher of the tiny muscles which, when strong and tight, remove the wrinkles. It is the healthy condition of the skin which banishes all blemishes. Blood circulation is nature's way to beauty.

SOME twenty years ago, in certain select beauty parlors visited by the ultra-fashionable, many women found a treatment which actually stimulated the circulation of the blood and created a beautiful skin and contour in nature's own way. It was the Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish created by Mrs. M. G. Scott, the famous beauty specialist. Mineralava Beauty Clay is a product of Nature herself which safely, surely and naturally stirs the blood into activity and sends it tingling through the tiniest channels into every tissue and muscle of neck and face.

Victor Vivaudou, maker of Mavis, Mai d'Or and other world-renowned toilet preparations, after years of personal research, found Mrs. Scott's Mineralava Beauty Clay to be, in his own words, "the one secret of the complexion which is at once natural, convenient and inevitably successful." Through the personal interest and activities of Monsieur Vivaudou and his enormous organization Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish, for which women in the past have paid $10, $15 and $20 per treatment, is now procurable by any woman through her own dependable Drug or Department store at a cost of less than 20c per treatment.

Although this well-known treatment has been for years a beauty saver and beauty-maker for thousands of stage and society notables, the simplicity, convenience and economy of Mineralava has made it indispensable upon the home dressing tables of countless women. It is wonderfully simple and pleasant to apply. Bathe the face and neck in warm water; apply Mineralava Beauty Clay to face and neck with the dainty brush supplied with each set; wash off with warm, then cold water; apply Mineralava Face Finish.

The Beauty Clay dries within 12 minutes into a fragrant moulding mask under which you

will actually feel renewed tingling circulation, freshened tissues, strengthened muscles. The Face Finish, remarkable in its nourishing and protecting qualities, is a colorless delicately fragrant liquid which vanishes instantly and forms an ideal base for powder.

IRENE Bordoni herself has paid tribute to this American discovery by an American woman. "Mineralava did such wonders in clearing my skin and building up my contour that at first I was almost jealous of any other woman who knew the same secret. The treatment is so easy to apply and gives such a delightful sensation that nothing could make me miss my 2 applications of Beauty Clay a week and my every-day application of Face Finish—they are a part of my every-day toilet." So, "the beauty which is French" pays tribute to the beauty which is American!

NOTE: *Mrs. M. G. Scott, the creator of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish, will be delighted to hear from any woman interested in knowing more of Nature's way to build her own beauty. She may be addressed at 10 E. 38th St., New York City.*

Nature's Way to Beauty

Blood circulation is Nature's beauty-builder. It colors the cheek. It strengthens weak tissues. It tightens sagging muscles. It removes wrinkles. It banishes skin blemishes. Blood circulation is the *life of your face*. It is the beauty of your face—and neck.

Beauty Which Can Be Yours

Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish is a natural treatment which stimulates the circulation and creates a healthy, youthful complexion and contour. Discovered by Mrs. M. G. Scott, famous beauty specialist—endorsed by Monsieur Vivaudou, head of the great firm of Vivaudou, Inc., Paris and New York—successful for over twenty-three years—guaranteed by the manufacturer—in use today in thousands of American homes Mineralava can be bought in any dependable Department or Drug Store at a cost of less than 20c per treatment.

Money Back Offer

We do not conduct a mail order business. Order your Mineralava Set from your own dealer. If not entirely satisfied with results, your dealer has instructions to refund full purchase price immediately.

Order Mineralava Today

Buy your set today. One application convinces. Remember—Mineralava is not a cosmetic. It is Nature's way to beauty. Twenty-third Successful Year. Avoid imitations. Original is your only protection. Ask for original:

Mineralava Beauty Clay $2.00
(8 treatments in one bottle)
Mineralava Face Finish . 1.50

If your dealer cannot supply you send us his name—we will deliver through him one Mineralava Set C. O. D. with money refund guarantee if not satisfied. Scott's Preparations, Inc., 10 E. 38th Street, New York.

33d Successful Year

Mineralava
Beauty Clay & Face Finish

VIVAUDOU

MINERALAVA preparations are distributed to the trade by the long established and successful firm of Vivaudou, Inc., Paris and New York, and recommended by Monsieur Vivaudou personally.

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When Listerine meets halitosis

THE distressing thing about halitosis (scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) is this: You're usually not aware yourself of whether you are guilty—whether or not your breath is just right.

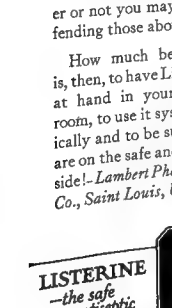
Let Listerine put you on the safe side. It will do so quickly and pleasantly—unless, of course, halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated disorder which a doctor or dentist will need to correct.

This is what happens when Listerine meets halitosis: Halitosis most commonly is due to the acid fermentation of starchy and sugary foods in the mouth; to putrefaction of food particles retained about the teeth, or to excessive use of tobacco.

Listerine, by virtue of its peculiar antiseptic properties, halts both putrefaction and fermentation and removes disagreeable mouth odors.

It leaves the mouth and breath sweet, fresh and clean, putting your mind at ease as to whether or not you may be offending those about you.

How much better it is, then, to have Listerine at hand in your bathroom, to use it systematically and to be sure you are on the safe and polite side!—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*



THE GREERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

day to himself except what he needs to make up lost sleep. You, if he wants to study or do anything else that's worth while, he has all the chance in the world. If I could have picked up a job like that at his age, I'd have blessed my luck. Of course, it's true that, if he isn't any good, he has a handsome chance to go to the devil. But that's no concern of mine."

By now the elevator had come up and she stepped into it. "Are you sure it isn't?" she asked. "There's something in the Bible about the man who said he wasn't his brother's keeper."

"Yes," Joe acknowledged, with a grin. "That was Cain. But he wasn't being blamed for not having seen to it that Abel didn't eat too many green apples. He'd just murdered his brother and he was trying to establish an alibi. Didn't I tell you I knew the Bible? You want to look it up before you spring anything like that on me. Good night."

AROUND this time, within a week of his dinner with Jennie MacArthur, Joe got into a quarrel—not serious, except as all business quarrels are serious—with Gregory Corbett.

Gregory, at the April directors' meeting, had undertaken for Corbett & Co. the building of the machinery Joe had designed for the manufacture of raw flax. Joe made the drawings to Riverdale by special messenger that same day and started for the Northwest on the day following.

What happened is what always happens in such cases. The Corbett engineers cut at Riverdale through numerous mistakes, of what they took to be mistakes, in Joe's drawings, and saw various improvements, or what they conceived to be improvements, on his designs. Before Joe was ready to hand for personal consultation, in some instances they made corrections on their own responsibility and went ahead, in others simply waited for Joe's return. So when Joe came back along in May and went out to Riverdale to see how things were getting along, there was a first-class explosion.

Joe stood by his drawings. The "improvements" were such that he himself had rejected for good and sufficient reasons long ago. The few ambiguities that there were in his drawings were so obvious that any mechanical draftsman with a teaspoonful of brains could have cleared them up at sight. The engineers at Riverdale were a pack of congenital damn fools and vicious meddlers to boot. What they'd left undone was a crime, and what they'd done was worse, since it had simply to be undone again. Brown, Corbett's chief engineer, had to stand two hours of this, and Bailey, the general manager and first vice-president, another hour. All that saved Gregory was that he was out of town.

Joe went back, however, to his office and wrote Gregory an outrageous letter—behind Jennie MacArthur's back, since he knew she'd tone it down, and he wanted it to be as insulting as possible. Its purport was that if Corbett & Co. weren't competent to do this work, he proposed to resign a shop and do it himself.

His object in all this—for Joe even in his tantrums usually had one—was merely to raise the temperature to the steaming-point. His real indictment, unstated, was that the Riverdale people had been fiddling with the job in a perfunctory way. He wanted to get everybody mad enough so that things would begin to happen and the lost time could be made up. And it was really a rush job by now, for it had got well into May, and the harvest that it was necessary to be ready for was not many weeks away.

HE WAS therefore seriously disconcerted to receive, in the course of a few days, a coldly polite letter from Gregory stating that Corbett & Co. would be very glad to relinquish the contract. All work upon it had, by Gregory's orders, been stopped. Joe's drawings were balled up and ready for delivery to any messenger he might send, and he was welcome to execute them where and how he pleased.

One's own words don't make a pleasant diet for anybody, but for Joe to crawl down and apologize was almost impossible. So he appealed to John Williamson as a peacemaker. Williamson had been fishing, and on the first fifteen minutes Joe could do nothing but listen to the banker's summary of his piscatorial triumphs; the exact weight of the trout taken, the size of the biggest one, the duration in minutes of some of the mightiest combats, streams completely fished out, and so on. He had had four wonderful days, and he made it plain that he considered it an act of Spartan virtue to have come back to the grind of business when he did.

Well—and what was the row with Gregory all about, anyway?

Joe couldn't complain of his manner of dealing with him about it. It was likely brought his mind around to it. It was likely he'd already heard Corbett's version of the affair, and had come to his own conclusion—probably that Joe had made a damned fool of himself. But he betrayed no feeling of himself. But he betrayed no feeling of this sort. Confound him, tho, why shouldn't he, if that was what he thought? They weren't ladies at a tea-party. They were two men trying to get down to brass tacks. But, after listening with a good appearance of sympathy to Joe's tale, he really gathered the thing up pretty well.

"I take it, then, you never had any idea of taking the job away from Corbett & Co., and never meant Greg to think you had. And that all you want now is to have them go ahead the way they started."

Joe nodded. That was about it. Corbett had taken literally a phrase that had been meant merely to jazz things up a bit. "Because, damn it, they weren't getting started at all. It's almost time now, and they haven't started yet. But we haven't any alternative. I'll do anything you say. If he wants an apology to soothe his feelings, you can dictate anything you like and I'll sign it."

"Oh, Corbett's all right," the banker said in a tone which struck Joe as subtly rebuking that last suggestion of his. "That plant out at Riverdale is his religion, in a way, and criticism of it makes him sore. I'll see him to-day—was going to, anyhow, on another matter—and I'll straighten things out."

"I used the wrong words in my letter to him," Joe persisted. "And I'm willing to take 'em back. But the sense of that letter was right and I don't take it back for a minute. It'll make an enormous difference whether we have that machinery ready when we want it or not, and that's up to him. It can be done, even now, but he'll have to forget some of his dignity and start a sweat."

THE banker had stayed in his chair, and now, for a minute before he answered, he drummed thoughtfully with his fingers upon the desk. "I'm here, Joe," he said at last. "I've known Gregory Corbett a long time—always, you may say. I knew his grandfather. I think you've got the idea that he's a pompous ass. At least that he's acted that way about this. Well, he isn't. You've got him wrong. He's a damned able fellow. If you really sell him a proposition, get him enthusiastic over it, he's a whirlwind. But when you try to run him he's a bullhead. You'll have to get together with him on this if the thing is going to work."

"He's put his whole heart into it," Joe observed. "Can't he see where his own interest lies?"

"That isn't enough," the banker insisted. "After all, he isn't in so very deep. But if you and he got together in a friendly way over it—" He stopped thinking. "Have you ever done any trap-shooting? Clay pigeons, you know. He and I shoot a few frames almost every Sunday morning. We both get up early, and he comes over and has breakfast with me, and then we go out to the traps and see what sort of an eye we've got. Put a quarter a bird on it just to make it amusing—Why don't you drive up next Sunday and join us?"

It was touch and go, for a matter of seconds, whether Joe wouldn't tell him to go to hell and take his clay pigeons with him. Was it worth any real man's while, trying to work in harness with a fudging, trifling fish like that? With his spoiled sports, catching stall-fed fish, shooting clay birds! Pretended gambling to keep them amused! Twenty-five cents a bird, millionaires! And having to be coddled into a good temper before they'd attend to what was their own business!

It was. Joe decided afterward, a matter of pure chance that tipped the beam. He had, instinctively, turned away from the banker in that first moment of exasperation, and what came under his eye was a framed chalk drawing hanging alone on the wall, a portrait by Bailey of a young girl. Joe didn't really look at it until the financier, glancing round to learn why he didn't answer, saw where his gaze was fixed.

"That's my daughter," he said. "They tell me it isn't as good, artistically, as another he did of her, but it looks like her, all right. It did, anyhow, two years ago when it was done."

It was beautiful, Joe thought, and he said so, his mood and intent changing with the suddenness of an alternating current as he spoke. When Bailey painted her (he felt sure she would come, tho he'd heard nothing as yet, either from her or from the lawyer), he'd have a man as good as that do a picture of her. And this girl on the wall was the one he'd picked out to be his girl's friend. A charming young thing she was, too, tho a bit disconcerting, somehow. And he, with that damned temper of his, had been on the point of wrecking the whole plan, just when Williamson was making his first really friendly advances. (For it hadn't escaped Joe's attention that the banker had been, up to now, asked him to his house. They'd lunched together two or three times at clubs and restaurants, but he'd gone into the china-shop of his own free will, hadn't he? Then why should he act like a bull?

HE WALKED over to Williamson, holding out his hand. "You're right all the way through," he said. "I'll try to slow down and take it a bit easier. And I'll be glad to come up Sunday morning. What do you mean by early? Six o'clock?"

"Lord, no!" gasped the banker. "Why, we usually have breakfast about eight-thirty. It won't matter if you're late."

"I won't be," Joe assured him, "but I'm likely to be hungry. Driving before breakfast always gives me an appetite like a wolf. You'd better tell me how to find the place, tho."

The direct business result of the Sunday morning trap-shooting was unintelligible. It was forestalled, indeed, by an action of Jennie MacArthur's. As soon as Williamson telephoned that Corbett & Co. would go ahead with the execution of the order, she wrote Gregory an adroit letter which she persuaded Joe to sign. It had the look of a proffered compromise, since it pointed out that the need for the more complicated machinery, for the processing of the flax after it had been retted, was much less urgent than for the unloading-, crushing-, and conveying-machinery, which if they were to avoid heavy losses must be ready when the flax was. It was written in a perfect imitation of Joe's best vein, offhand, vigorous, shot with a gleam of good-humored extravagance.

"You're a wonder, Jennie," Joe said as he read it. "I don't know if I'll ever do it again." Write a letter behind her back, he meant. He had made that promise before, as her smile reminded him. "I mean it this time," he asserted, as he signed the letter.

It brought an immediate response from Corbett, a little stiff in its phraseology—for he had no such executive officer as Jennie at his right hand—but satisfactory in purport. The receiving-machinery, at least, would be ready as soon as the flax was.

Consequently, when the two men met in John Williamson's gun-room, a mere word or two in addition to a mutually amiable greeting was all the business needed. Further than that they were never likely to go. Indeed, Gregory's attempt at amends, a handsome reference to the generosity of Joe's letter, was a little the wrong way, since it was Jennie who deserved the credit for it.

But if the direct result of that Sunday morning excursion was unimportant, its by-products were not. John Williamson in his gun-room was. It is hardly necessary for us to reveal him to Joe. The room itself had something to do with it. It was comfortable and masculine, with a leather-fender round the fireplace, a broad seat upholstered in red leather, was scarred by the heels of innumerable boots. The shallow cupboards, whose unglazed walnut doors paneled both the flanking walls, had a look of use and of diverse content, if one were to judge by the different sorts of keyholes one saw. And the keys, all the important little flat keys, would be in John's pocket—nothing—it would be fun to know what different sorts of treasures. The room opened straight outdoors on the ground level. The door stood open, as did the casement windows, and let in, undefaced by any woven wire screening, great splashes of sunshine upon the floor. Without, the tall turf, as thick and short and firm as the pile of a carpet, came right up to the stone sill.

Joe knew without any telling, in his first glance through that open door, that everything he could see belonged to Williamson. It stacked him quite convincingly. Also he didn't stop to rationalize it, that nothing of his own, or hardly anything, belonged to him in quite as ample and decent a sense. And from the moment when the banker, hearing him come in and emerging from his Sunday newspaper (he was rather shabbily dressed in a pair of old knickerbockers and a soiled white sweater, and it was perfectly apparent that the opinion of no human being upon the propriety of his costume would interest him in the least), rose and came over to greet him, Joe began to perceive that Williamson here in his place—his fortress, if you like—was a different man; friendlier, perhaps, in a sense—that was just hospitality—but underneath more arrogant. And, perhaps, formidable? The question rang in Joe's mind like a tap on a big bell. He answered it with a grin. All the better if the stall-fed could show a little redder blood than he had credited them with.

CORBETT, who came walking across the lawn to the gun-room door just about then, had a new look about him, too. Joe had never seen him before except in business clothes. He was dressed now in knickerbockers, a sport-shirt, and a sleeveless shooting-vest, unbuttoned, and the slight physical superiority to those in whose company he found himself. He'd often thought of Gregory as some one out of whom it would be fun to take a fall. Here was a misconception thoroughly corrected. The man's strength was evidently prodigious.

Joe said as he shook hands with him, "I'd never have written that letter if I'd seen you first with your coat off."

"I might have worn my shirt on, tho," Corbett replied, and blinked as if in surprise at the unforeseen witticism. He added, seriously and a little stiffly, his appreciation of Joe's second letter, and said he didn't believe there'd be anything more to complain of in Corbett & Co.'s execution of the order.

Business wasn't mentioned again all the morning. During the intermissions of a casual but excellent breakfast the talk divided itself equally between professional baseball, which, it seemed, had long been a hobby of Williamson's, and the important question of the moment, namely, which of the three or four available guns Joe had better take out to the traps with him.

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THE GREERS

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They weren't at all put off by Joe's rather pointed unconcern. Indeed, after he had confessed that he had never fired a shotgun in his life, and couldn't see that it mattered a damn what sort of lock, stock, or barrel the thing had, they took their responsibilities all the more seriously. He might, he protested, have been going out after a tiger.

At the traps he watched derisively while Williamson scored twenty-two hits out of twenty-five chances, and Corbett twenty-four. It was almost too absurd, he thought, to be credible. You stood at a known range, eighteen yards. You held your gun at your shoulder. You said "Pull!" to the keeper, or whatever they called him. He pulled, and the skimming target flew off at one of three predetermined angles, in rotation! And you blazed away at it with a shell containing two ounces of bird-shot! His own failure to score more than six out of a possible twenty-five didn't raise his opinion of the sport so very much, either. When he had finished his frame he laid his gun in the rack and told the servant that he'd manage the lever while the man went to his motor and fetched an automatic pistol and a box of cartridges which he'd find in the left front-door pocket.

His impression was that both the other men regarded this proposal to pot at clay pigeons with a revolver, as indecorous, but nevertheless amusing, and it was with a boyish air of guilt that they drew up when his turn came to see what sort of luck he had. He moved up to a five-yard range and told the man at the lever to pull whenever he liked and to mix up his angles. "Fool me if you can," he added. "Get the idea?" This was, of course, an idea that no well-trained servant could possibly execute, so, after a trial or two, Williamson relieved him. Joe, following up his birds, managed to smash eight out of the frame, which both the others agreed was extraordinary shooting. Williamson, taking his turn, with Joe at the lever, got only three. As he turned away he offered the pistol to Corbett. "This man's supposed to be the best revolver-shot in Lake County," he explained. "He'll give you a better run for your money." But Corbett thought he wouldn't try it that morning. "Throw me off my draw," he explained. "Looks no end of fun, tho."

Joe, blazing away again in his turn, was startled by a new voice—a woman's, speaking from close by.

"Is this Château-Thierry, or what?"

He spun round and looked, and his first thought was that this was the girl whose portrait, in chalk, he'd seen in Williamson's office. The neat monocle she cut cleanly through the jumbled situation—created by Corbett's greeting her as Violet and asking why she was up at this hour of the morning, and some superfluous sort of answer to her question attempted by Williamson—by holding out a decisive hand to Joe and saying:

"I know you're Mr. Greer. I'm Mrs. Williamson."

She wasn't excessively small, but his first impression of her, nevertheless, was as something jewel-like, finished out to an incredible perfection in detail, and, despite the rough texture and non-fitting cut of the sport-suit she affected, he felt a sensuous silkiness about her which these contrasts perhaps heightened. And she was Williamson's wife. Man alive! She couldn't be the mother of that girl in the picture, could she? The resemblance seemed to prove it. It needed her laugh and the withdrawal, not brusk, tho, of her hand to remind him that he had been staring.

"I suppose you'd like to shoot me for interrupting," she said; "but you've no idea how—weird it was to hear a noise like this coming from the traps. Golf and billiards and bridge are solemn enough, but they're nothing compared to these Sunday morning clay pigeons. This looks like fun. D'you suppose I could hit one?"

So she stayed, and took her turn actually managed to smash a target or two. It wasn't long before they'd shot away all the cartridges. By that time Joe had become aware that the other two men were getting remote; not hostile, he thought, but he couldn't be sure. Did they resent a certain lack of ceremony between him and the woman? Wasn't she supposed to have appeared at all? And shouldn't he, according to their ideas, have met her half-way? But she, sensing the new atmosphere herself, spoke out about it.

"These two men," she said to Joe, "are feeling ashamed of themselves, now that I've caught them playing hooky, and they're getting ready to be very severe to make up for it. Do you want to stay with them and shoot, properly, or do you want to have a walk with me? You haven't seen the place, have you?"

VIOLET WILLIAMSON, during the two hours or so that were left of that Sunday morning, not so much altered Joe, tho she did that, too, as stirred him up; agitated a lot of thoroughly precipitated ideas which had been lying undisturbed in the bottom of his mind for a long time, and set them afloat. She belonged, he decided, in a category the existence of which he'd never suspected; she thrilled him with a sense of discovery.

Violet began uprooting his preconceptions in the first moments of their encounter. That the mother of a grown girl could look like that, and move around like that, was an amazing phenomenon, to begin with. Her taking the rifle, with no ornamental feminine flutters or squeals, and bagging a couple of targets was unexpected too, as was her matter-of-fact way, a few minutes later, of carrying him off from her husband. She did this without a smile, with no parade of tactics, without the remotest reference, by glance or gesture, to the possibility that John Williamson might n't like to have his wife stroll off with a stranger whom he certainly hadn't taken the trouble to introduce to her. She got away with it perfectly. The other two men, as they resumed their guns, merely nodded pleasantly to him and said they'd see him later. They didn't again that morning, as it happened.

"You don't want to go around looking at the Holsteins, do you?" she asked, as they paused a moment at a low gate. "Or the Chester Whites, or the Black Anconas?" She added, as he headed: "I'll take you. John taking you around, you'd have to, of course, but not with me."

He said he guessed not, and they didn't go through the gate.

He got the idea that she had some other objective, for there was nothing aimless about the way she guided him, and the pace was, considering that she was a woman and the morning warm, brisk. She knew how to walk and was properly shod and clad for it. Her homespun skirt was short and light, and outlined, with agreeable frankness, her straight, slender legs.

SHE let him see at once that she had been inquiring about him. Apparently she'd started Henry Craven retailing some of his jungle stories. He tried to follow this lead, but it went against the current of his thoughts and he didn't make much of it; felt rather tongue-tied somehow, and a bit resentful, suspecting that she wanted him to exhibit himself as a curiosity, the wilder and queerer, the better. Another audacious speculation of hers about the number of cannibal princesses that he might have made love to didn't help matters, either.

Joe found no amusement in skating on the thin ice of innuendo about sex. He had a repertory of bawdy stories, and there was a sort of woman to whom he could be occasionally told them to, but none of that sort were the wives of men he knew. He couldn't be sure whether John Williamson's wife had meant to invite him in that way or not; her manner didn't suggest it. She didn't bridle, either, at the snub his silence administered, tho she now fell silent too. She'd flushed a little, but this might be due to the pace they were making and the warmth of the morning. There was something Diana-like, he thought, about her fineness and freedom of movement. She'd make a wonderful model for one of Troubetskoy's figurines. They were going up a gentle acclivity, now, through a grove of big trees, she a pace or two ahead, and the dapple of sunlight and shade upon her heightened his impression of the huntress.

When they emerged from the grove they were upon the crest of the low ridge, and what fell away before them was a wide expanse of lawn. The house was in full view, presenting its terrace and its long façade of Georgian windows. There was a swimming-pool, its curb gleaming white like marble, and the water in it, for some reason he didn't understand, showing turquoise. There were tennis-courts marked out in startling white upon the green of the lawn, and two great umbrellas of orange and white. A garden, tumultuous in color, was just beyond.

Joe stopped and stood at gaze. "I'm glad you brought me here," he said. He was aware she wasn't looking at it herself, but was watching him instead.

"Yes, this is the place to see it from," she said, indifferently.

There was a hickory seat built round the trunk of a giant outlier of the grove, and with him she moved over to it. As soon as he was seated, however, she got up and, unceremoniously, sat upon the grass.

"You like it to look at," she said, "for a minute, like this, on a bright Spring Sunday morning. And in a couple of weeks it will be even jollier, when the kids are all getting home from school. The pool there will be alive with them, and the courts. The color's gorgeous then, with the swimming things they wear and white arms and legs all over the place. It's a good show. You must come up and see it."

He began saying he'd like to, but she hadn't yet got to what was in her mind, and, with a bare nod, went on.

"Really, tho, except as a show, to look at now and then, doesn't it bore you frantic? The whole thing, I mean—our sort of thing, the sort of people we are?"

For a random shot this came close home. He remembered his state of mind, three or four days ago, when Williamson had invited him to come up here; the opinions that would have come steaming out of him if he hadn't managed, just in time, to clamp down the lid. That Williamson's wife should have asked him such a question was amazing.

"I don't know any of you very well," he said, lamely. "I'm not bored now."

"Oh, I suppose it's too much to expect you to talk out," she said, discontentedly. "Especially after I've been rubbing you the wrong way as we came along just now." She overrode his gesture of protest. "Oh,

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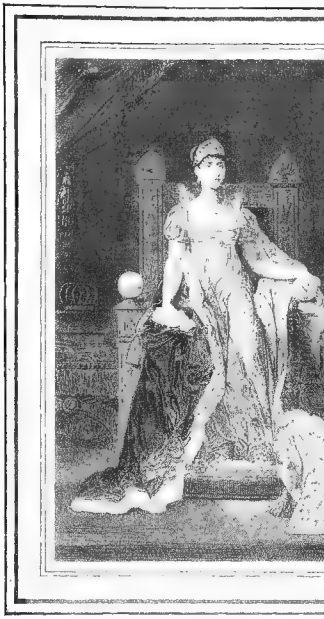

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THE GREERS

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yes, I did. You thought I was just asking silly questions, like a girl meeting her first actor. It wasn't that exactly, but it sounded like it."

He tried to tell her it hadn't struck him like that. His jungle experience was a long way back, and this morning it had seemed especially remote. He hadn't been able to get into the swing of it.

She nodded amiably. "Some time you'll feel like it," she said, "and then you'll tell me."

The implication that there were going to be times, ample, unlimited times, for talking together like this, stirred him, half frightened him. He recalled, illogically, an observation of Jennie MacArthur's. "The right wife for you," she'd said, "would have to be silky, way up in the society game You'd have to be proud, whenever you thought of it, that you'd *got* her." He felt the blood pringling in his forehead She wasn't looking at him, tho; she'd gone on, thoughtfully, talking. He listened as well as he could for looking at her. She'd taken off her hat and tossed it on the grass, and, with its obstructing brim out of the way, he could see, from the elevation of his bench, the perfect turn of her throat, and the pearly translucence of her skin where it was shaded by the thin blouse she wore.

"YOU keep going," she said, "from the time you're quite small, thinking that life's going to open out, somehow, like a door. And then some day you wake up and realize you're thirty-five or so, and that it doesn't mean to open out at all; there isn't any door—not to the thing you're in. And then you hear about somebody who's never been shut up, in anything; somebody the whole world's always been open to. And you try to get people to tell you about him. John and Jimmy Walker and Henry and Margaret Craven—Margaret's funny about you. You wonder what that kind of freedom feels like. I should think you'd feel," she looked around at him modestly, "with us, you know, like a big moose, or something, that finds itself shut up in our pasture with the Holsteins."

She'd startled him again, this time into a laugh. It didn't occur to him as a possibility that her cousin Henry might have quoted that phrase of his about stall-fed people to her.

He saw that his laugh had annoyed her; more or less he understood why: he hadn't played up."

"I guess freedom's always a thing we think some one else has," he commented. "It made me laugh that you should have thought that of me like that. The two really different kinds of people in the world are the ones who have been hungry and the ones who haven't. I don't mean dieting. I mean against their will."

That brought her gaze round to him, a look of clear wonder in her eyes. "Have you?" she asked.

It launched him, that wondering look, into a vein of biography which would have afforded Jennie MacArthur a grin "You'd have to be wonderful to her all the time, and mysterious," Jennie had remarked, constructing that hypothetical wife for him. Perhaps if Joe had thought of that just now, he might have grinned, too, invisibly. But he didn't think of it; he wasn't quite conscious why he took the line he did. It was by mere instinct that he fed the appetite for wonder he saw in her. He didn't invent anything, at that—or not much. It was only that the picture he showed her was as heavily cross-lighted as a bit of stage scenery.

It was the story of Ishmael, the son of Hagar, that he told her—"his hand against every man and every man's hand against him." He'd found his real jungle, he said, in the streets and alleys, the lumber-camps and the foundry-yards of civilized society. He'd never belonged to any union, any organization of any sort. He'd got most of his jobs, back in those years—the troubled, panicky, early nineties—working as a strike-breaker. He showed her what it meant to load pig-iron all day, a day being an eternity of ten hours; and then, before he could regain what shelter he called home, to have to evade, or fight, the pickets—to slink along in the shadows, alert for ambuscades, ready at any moment to fight or flee for his life.

She said very little while the tale went on, but that extra, jungle sense of his told him that she was completely plastic to it. She didn't look at him much—sat staring off into vacancy; and this permitted his gaze to feed upon her at will. He devoured every line and contour of her. He could see the faint pulse at the base of her throat; he watched her breathe. It was thus, at last, that he lost the thread of his story and stopped.

She allowed this silence to lie unbroken between them for so long that he was upon the point of some banal apology for having talked so much about himself, when at last she spoke.

"Well, I bet you're glad it all happened, because it never beat you down. You never got meek and resigned, and you never turned Socialist, wanting to divide everything up, or anything silly like that. I suppose you didn't want it divided up: you wanted it all for yourself. So you went off to the jungle, the real jungle, and made your fortune somehow, and then you came back and showed them "

He didn't correct this chronological misconception of hers; the picture as she saw it accorded better with her mood. "It wasn't much of a fortune I made down there," he qualified. "Twenty-seven hundred dollars that I got for some curios I brought out with me in a bag and sold to a museum."

She frustrated a little touch of drama he'd prepared, by not asking him what the curios were. She got reluctantly to her feet. "You'll have to tell me about that next time," she said. "I know it would be like 'The Arabian Nights,' and if I let you get started again, I'll sit here listening all day. I've got to drive over to the Stannards' at Lake Geneva for lunch, with John, and I expect I'm horribly late now— Oh, that doesn't matter," she went on, across his attempt to express contrition. "He probably won't speak to me all the way, but that'll only give me more time to think about the things you've been telling me."

They were walking now, she setting a very leisurely pace, down the slope toward the house

"What I can't get over," she remarked, "is the places you must have been, the things you must have seen! I've never been in any place more exciting than St. Moritz or Paris."

"Well, you've got it on me there," he said. "I've never been to any of those places."

She stopped to stare at him. "You mean you've never been to Europe at all?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Never had time. I'll get around to it some day, of course."

She laughed. "I was just thinking," she explained, "that I'd like to be there when you do. Like to go along and show it to you; see how it—took you. Oh, the galleries and the cathedrals and such, of course; but other things, too: Longchamps and Henley, and the Easter Week bull-fights in Madrid."

"That's what Sorólla said," he told her. She stopped again to stare. "Sorólla?"

He nodded. "Just what you said—that he'd like to see how I took it, the bull-ring and the Prado and all."

"When did you know Sorólla?" she asked. Her laugh seemed to be directed at her own astonishment.

"When he was here. I bought a picture of his, one of those seashore things. I'd like you to see it some time. It's better than the one they've got at the Institute. He painted a portrait of me, and then he wouldn't let me have it Took it back to Spain with him. We got pretty well acquainted. I can talk Spanish, you see, better than English; politer, anyhow."

She digested that in silence until they got to where his car was standing in the drive. Even then she made no move to leave him.

"I'd commandeer you," she said, "and take you over to the Stannards', except that you'd be so bored you'd never forgive me."

He thought it best not to insist that he wouldn't be. He offered the excuse of work to do, and, getting into his car, seated himself at the wheel. "You will come to see the Sor"lla some time?" he asked. "Come to dinner, you and your husband?"

She accepted this invitation a little absently. Then promptly corrected her manner and told him, with polite enthusiasm, she'd love to. Still she lingered for a moment beside his car, her elbows on the door, one foot on the running-board. She asked him suddenly what he was smiling at.

"Speaking of bull-fights reminded me I fought a bull once myself. In the public square at Quito. I jumped over the barrier on a bet a girl had just made with me."

"Oh, go away!" she cried, releasing the car at last and stepping back. "But come again. Soon. And telephone me when you want us for the dinner. John might forget."

JOE had lied to Violet in one minor particular; it hadn't been, directly, her reference to the bull-fights in Madrid that had reminded him of the bull he fought at Quito, but her own attitude, during their moment of parting, while she lingered beside his car. That had brought back the young señora he'd made the bet with. His first serious love-affair had been with her. Eighteen he must have been, or thereabout; she couldn't have been more than a year or two older. And her husband had been much the same sort of stall-fed hidalgo—in Ecuador—as Williamson. There had been, he remembered, about that Castilian girl the same quality of sleekness. And the same cool insolence. She'd regarded him as a barbarian—laughed at his rudimentary Spanish and at his Northern manners. But she'd come to him, just the same. It was queer how vividly he remembered her. He hadn't thought of her in years.

He had driven all the way back to town, at a speed reckless of the prowling Sunday motor cop, before it occurred to him that he hadn't told Violet a word about Beatrice—on whose sole account he had accepted John Williamson's invitation in the first place. He didn't go on to admit that, from the moment of Violet's appearance at the train, he'd forgotten all about his daughter. What he'd decided was that it was just as well he'd waited until he knew for sure the child was coming.

The second instalment of "The Greers" will appear in the next issue of Pictorial Review, published August 15th. If you don't like to read a serial by instalments, save your Pictorial Reviews and read it all at once.

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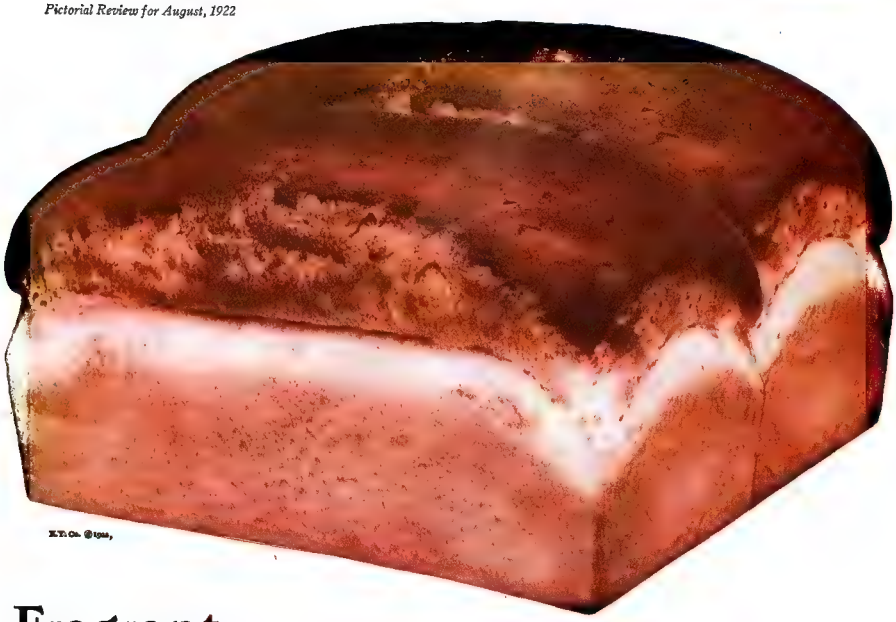

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ALL ABOARD FOR A PICNIC!

It's a Capital Idea to Be Ready to Pack Up and Go

BY JENOISE BROWN SHORT AND GLADYS BECKETT JONES

NO MEAL tastes quite so good as one eaten in the open—that is, if you are a real out-of-doors person. Whether it be luncheon or supper, the crowd is always ready for substantial food; but plan your meal so that it is not too different from the regular home one. Too much cold food or too hearty a meal is apt to lead to disastrous results.

If you are to picnic comfortably some sort of outfit is almost a necessity. Frantic scrambling for cups and spoons and hunting for salt-cellars that won't "spill" make a burden of the out-of-door meal, a burden for the mother, for it is usually she who does the extra work. No matter what kind of equipment you have, collect it and keep it in a basket or box, remembering to include wax-paper or napkins, etc., used on the last trip. There is a wide range of picnic equipment for the motorist. Fitted cases for four or six people can be purchased which are very compact and complete; most of them have vacuum-bottles, and some even are equipped with a small stove, so that the travelers need not be dependent upon a wayside fire.

An excellent substitute for an expensive equipment can easily be made at home. The foundation can may be a worn suitcase of straw, canvas, or fiber, or a new canvas suitcase can be purchased for less than three dollars.

The home-equipped case illustrated on this page was made from a used leather suitcase. We lined the case with white oilcloth so that it can be kept clean easily. The equipment is planned for four people, and we purchased much of it at the five-and-ten-cent stores. It includes four case-knives, four forks, and the same number of teaspoons; four white-enamel custard-cups (these fit together so much more compactly than cups with handles), metal clip-handles (purchased at a sporting-goods store), one large cutting- or bread-knife (to be used for cutting meat and slicing bread), one tablespoon, five white-enamel plates (this gives one for a serving-tray), two pairs of salts and peppers with screw-tops, one combination corkscrew, can- and bottle-opener, a toasting-fork with a wooden handle, a vacuum-bottle, a coffee-pot, and a long-handled wire toaster which serves as a broiler.

From the home cupboard we selected four three-inch-high glass jars with metal screw-tops and one five-inch jar; these are for carrying salad-dressing, butter, marmalade, olives, nuts, bouillon cubes, or pickles. We enameled white two metal candy-boxes. One we use for the sandwiches, rolls or bread; the other such food as the fried chicken, pressed meat, or the uncooked chops, steak, or bacon, or it sometimes holds fresh, crisp lettuce. We chose a small alcohol-stove, burning canned fuel, but a gasoline- or kerosene-stove would serve the same purpose, and a frying-pan with a folding handle might have taken the place of the toaster. Napkins, towels, and a table-cloth, all of paper, complete the equipment.

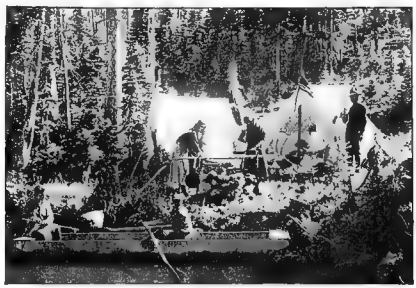
Before placing the equipment in the case, the jars, cups, boxes, vacuum-bottle, and coffee-pot were measured and the compartments built to hold them snugly. The divisions of the compartment are made of thin board painted white and glued in place. The plates, broiler, stove, salts and peppers, and cutlery are held with inch-wide elastic riveted to the lid of the case; this arrangement allows the utensils to slip in easily and yet holds them firmly. It cost us just $5.70 to equip the case. The coffee-pot was our heaviest expense. If you want to have more elaborate equipment, use a vacuum butter-jar to keep the butter hard, or add an extra vacuum-bottle.

From the Emergency Shelf

IF YOU are an "ardent" picnicker you will keep a heavily stocked emergency shelf to draw from. Potted meats can always be sliced and served cold or mixed with a little salad-dressing and made into sandwiches. Smoked canned tuna is rather new and makes a delicious sandwich; anchovy- and lobster-pastes are good as fillings for sandwiches, especially if there is a little finely chopped celery to add. Deviled ham is an old standby, and if moistened with salad-dressing and chopped pickle added, there is nothing much better. The ice-box will usually furnish eggs, but, in place of the usually stuffed eggs or hard-cooked eggs, try pressed eggs. Hard-cook six eggs and chop them very fine; add one finely chopped onion and pimiento; season with salt, pepper, and paprika, and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar; grease a small loaf-tin and put in a layer of the egg mixture, using about half of it. On top of this spread a layer of chopped boiled ham or deviled ham. Add remainder of egg and press down. Place in the refrigerator until chilled and firmly molded. Carry it to the picnic in the pan in which it was molded; cut in thin slices and serve.

Jellied chicken or bacon in jars will make the foundation of a satisfying meal; boxes of cookies and small jars of jams and jellies, olives and pickles all help to make the pick-up picnic easy. Canned soups and bouillon cubes are quickly prepared. If you haven't facilities for heating water take your hot water in the vacuum-bottle or make your soup before you leave home.

There are many places where the fire laws make it impossible to build a fire. But if you are fortunate enough to know of a spot where this is permitted you will find a wire grill of great service. This wire rack has four folding legs which, when forced into the ground, give a firm surface on which to boil a pot of corn, hold the coffee-pot, and broil the steak. When folded the grill takes up very little space in the picnic equipment. If you are more ambitious and want to bake there are reflector-ovens which fasten to the side of the grill, and have sloping top and sides which reflect the heat onto a grate placed in the center. They are excellent for baking biscuits and roasting potatoes and corn.



FOOD COOKED IN THE OPEN HAS A TEMPTING FLAVOR ALL ITS OWN

Photo by Brown Bros.

THIS OLD SUITCASE WAS FITTED OUT AT HOME WITH COMPLETE EQUIPMENT THAT IS ALWAYS KEPT READY FOR A PICNIC PARTY

There are compact, comparatively inexpensive little one- and two-burner gasoline-stoves that give satisfaction. When traveling by machine your fuel is in the gasoline-tank; with a siphon to transfer the gas from the automobile gas-tank you are quite independent. Alcohol-stoves burning either solid or liquid alcohol are easily packed and, if protected from drafts, give a flame hot enough to boil coffee, scramble eggs, or pan-broil chops. Throughout the West small charcoal-stoves are used frequently, and are particularly nice if there is a steak or chop to broil.

Good coffee is one of the essentials of a successful picnic. If you carry a stove or can build a fire, provide yourself with the right kind of a coffee-pot. Select one that has a bail-handle and a hinged top, for side handles have a provoking way of melting off when the pot is placed over an open fire. For convenience in carrying and to insure clear coffee, it may be measured and mixed with a little egg or the crushed shell, if desired, then tied loosely in cheese-cloth, always leaving a long end of string by which to remove the sack when the coffee is done. Pack the coffee and a can or bottle of milk inside the coffee-pot. Coffee can be made at home, sweetened, and hot milk or cream added, and carried in your vacuum-bottle. Your coffee is hotter if you have previously filled your vacuum-bottle with boiling water, allowing it to stand two or three minutes, and emptying it just before filling with coffee.

Cracked ice can be carried in a covered pail or shaved ice put in the vacuum-bottle for iced drinks. Fruit juice will carry in a tightly stoppered flask, and a drink can be mixed on the spot.

Sandwiches for the out-of-door meal should be substantial. Make appetizing fillings, and *don't* cut off the crusts. If you have a covered tin box to hold the sandwiches, merely lining the box with wax-paper will be sufficient to keep them moist; otherwise wrap two or three together in wax-paper, and twist the ends of the paper to keep the sandwiches moist.

Cheese and meat sandwiches are particularly good toasted just before serving, especially if no other hot food is provided. Raid the ice-box for the foundation of the sandwich-fillings; any cold meat finely chopped and mixed with a little salad-dressing and chopped pickle is good. Men always like rye bread with wafer-thin slices of Swiss cheese between and a little ready-prepared mustard to add, if desired.

If salads are a part of the picnic menu, be very sure they are crisp. A salad, such as potato or chicken, should be made long enough ahead for the seasoning to blend. Pack a wide-mouthed jar with the salad already made or ready to be mixed, and then cup the washed, crisp lettuce-leaves and place them in the top of the jar. Pack the jar in ice, or, if this is not possible, chill the jar and then wrap it in several layers of newspaper.

Meat for the Camp-fire

THERE is nothing better for the main course of the out-of-door meal than a steak or chops cooked over the open fire. A picnic with steak or chops as the piece de résistance needs little else to make it a delicious meal: crisp rolls or bread and butter or a plain sandwich; a green salad served with French dressing or chilled tomatoes; coffee with cake or crullers, or an apple turnover for dessert. This is an ideal picnic lunch, easily prepared and carried. If you have an open fire, potatoes or corn may be roasted, or they may be boiled in a kettle placed on the grill.

A picnic-loving family can cook the family dinner at home and carry it along to the woods. A roast, such as a rolled shoulder or leg of lamb, can be carried very satisfactorily in a covered roasting-pan. We have baked a six-pound leg of lamb eighty minutes, then removed it from the oven in the pan and wrapped it in six thicknesses of newspaper. It was still deep, and still hot at the end of an hour. Take creamed or scalloped potatoes that are in a hot earthen baking-dish; cover and wrap as suggested for the roast. These will keep steaming hot for an hour or more if carefully wrapped.

If you have the space to carry a pressure-cooker, it will keep the dinner hot for one hour or longer, depending on the bulk of the food cooked. A four-pound veal-roast with browned potatoes was cooked in the pressure-cooker, the steam pet-cock opened, and just before the last of the steam was leaving the cooker the pet-cock was closed. This formed a partial vacuum that kept the food hot. A nine-pound ham was steaming hot after standing in the pressure-cooker for two hours.

One of the joys of picnicking is that it is a pleasant time which the children can be included. Their picnic lunch should be as carefully planned as the home meal. Milk can be kept cold in the vacuum-bottle, and sweetened chocolate syrup can be carried for the older children for chocolate milk-shakes. There are food-containers that are vacuum-insulated like vacuum-bottle and which keep food hot or cold as desired. The food is placed in insulated covered dishes that pack one on top of another and which fit in an outer container. These are excellent for carrying and keeping hot the cream soup and fresh vegetables for the children's meal.

Keep the dessert for the family picnic simple, so that it is easy to serve and can be given to the children. Plain cookies, cup-cakes with plain frosting, gingerbread or frozen custards are delicious and all good. There are cardboard containers which keep frozen custards and ice-cream hard for several hours. One wise mother we know who appreciates the value of a day out-of-doors for her children cooks the children's dinner at home and puts it on "hot-water plates." She wraps them carefully in many layers of paper. This takes a little trouble, but it means that the children's food does not differ greatly from that served at home.

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FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SOUTH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

count. Hark thou well when the bush is sleeping and thou wilt hear their powder-guns in the north.'

"Then Djeba harkened, but he heard no guns. Nevertheless he sharpened his reaping-tool.

But he was not yet strong from his sickness.

"From time to time that woman from the *der kebir* came to bring him sweet milk and speak in tones of compassion. And it was written that the heart of Djeba, the son of chieftains, should grow soft and meek. But when that driver perceived Mis'us ministering to the captive's weakness he jeered with mocking laughter, and the woman cowered before it as tho she had been afraid and fled away to the Big House. And Djeba's hatred of that man grew like a pain.

"'When I am stronger I will kill him,' he said.

"So he grew stronger.

"ON ANOTHER night that man called Moz came in secret and said to Djeba, 'Hark thou well in the night, and before another moon has gone thou wilt hear the drums of the tribesmen of the north.' And when he saw Djeba take up his reaping-tool he said, 'Rather shouldst thou sing for joy. For these men here who are ignorant *niggahs* have sold thee things apart from the truth. Thou hast spoken to me of thy milk-brother who is called Moa, who was sold into the plantings of Maas Djoj Black. It has come to my knowledge that Moa has fled from that planting, and with others from other plantings has gone to fight in the war-parties of the Yankis, where they are received with honors. Is it probable that such men eat babes? No. I say it, repeat to thee, these here are child-headed *niggahs*, who know not that the Yankis come to set them free out of labor in the plantings. No, Djim, rather shouldst thou sing for joy, for when thou see'st the Yankis thou wilt see thy milk-brother in their train.'

"Then Djeba's heart sang for joy.

"'Again, again I shall see my brother!' he cried. 'Again our eyes shall behold one the thought of Moa and one the promise of the death of that white man who had laughed.

"There came an evening when he watched and saw the driver going out of the stockade into the edge of the bush. So Djeba took up his sharp reaping-tool and followed, creeping near the ground. He came near to the driver. He saw him very clearly. The driver was dressed in finery, with a hat like a deep drum fashioned of fur, and a tunic of blue cloth with buttons of silver. Djeba saw him against the light of dusk in the sky. But the driver was not alone. Mis'us was there, where she had stolen for solitude. It was she that the driver had followed, as the desert hyena slinks slavering after the lone gazel. The fear was in Djeba that if he struck the man, then the woman would give the alarm and he would be taken again. He might have struck both. But his heart was softened by the compassion of the woman, and what was written in the book of the future he was not given yet to read. Had he known! Had he but known to strike—the driver afterward, perhaps—but the woman first.

"But while he hesitated, already it was too late. He saw the driver step forward and grasp the woman's arm, uttering words he could not understand. He saw the woman, standing quietly, turn her head and spit once and spit twice in the driver's face.

"She continued to stand quietly, like stone. But the driver flung off toward the stockade, laughing terribly in his deep chest.

"Then Djeba would have returned and awaited another chance at the man. But the thought of Moa was strong on him, and the bush was at his back. So he said to himself, 'I will return with Moa,' and he crept away.

"All that night he walked swiftly. He hid himself and slept in the day and advanced by night again. He did not know where he went, but the image and affection of his milk-brother were so powerful in Djeba that it seemed he would come truly to Moa. Because of that he remained strong. His stomach was empty but his heart was fed, and he penetrated the bush with the swiftness of a panther. He would have wished to speak with others and know his way, but if he saw slaves in the fields then he saw with them a white driver, and he was afraid.

"There came a time when he saw a Senegal man working at the edge of a maize-planting, and no driver was in sight. So he showed himself, and he asked, 'Where then are the Yankis?' And the man answered him, 'Go thou to Tlaanta. I know nothing, but at Tlaanta all things are known.'

"'Where then is Tlaanta?' Djeba demanded. And the man said, 'If thou knowest not Tlaanta then indeed thou art an ignorant *niggah*. Turn thy face to the north, and at nightfall thou wilt behold a great *kasr* which is Tlaanta, which is the chief place of Djoja, where all things are known.'

"'Tlaanta.' Something queer was happening down in the subconscious regions of my brain. "Tlaanta, the chief place of Djoja." The reader may laugh, but so firmly was my attention fixed in the picture of some fabulous tropical mid-African scene that the familiar syllables, blurred in the Arab utterance, touched still too lightly to make a breach. "Tlaanta, Djoja—" I glanced uneasily at Borak, as tho he could help. He returned my stare with a supercilious grin, as much as to say, "My word! you're not letting yourself be taken in by this fantastic claptrap!" "*Tlaanta, the chief place of Djoja*"—"*Maas Djo*"—"*Yankis*"—"*Mos*"—"*Djim*"— The equatorial forestwalls were trying their hardest to topple over in my dull brain. But there was no time. I had to get back to the saga unfolding in the strong voice of the orator in that ember-lit Sahara night.)

"—And when the night fell Djeba saw before him in the sky a pillar of light. And he came on a hill and saw a great settlement in flames. And then all about him came people fleeing in confusion through the dark bush, carrying on their heads their mills and cooking-pots and crying, 'The Yankis! The Yankis are come!'

"Then Djeba was glad. He went down toward burning Tlaanta. The flame was in his face and his heart was hot, and he stood and called aloud the name of his brother of the mills. But he saw no man. A lad ran out of a shelter that took fire. Djeba caught that lad by the arm and said, 'Where are the Yankis?' And the lad screamed, 'Gone! Gone!' and he fell down with his eyes wide open, and Djeba saw that he was dead.

"AND Djeba said to himself, 'If the Yankis are gone and Moa with them, then it will be his thought to lead them to that planting where I was a slave, to kill that driver and set me free.' So he turned his back on the burning *kasr*. He ran all through that night. Others ran with him;

"THE WOMAN CROUCHED LIKE A TERRIFIED GAZEL AND WATCHED"

other slaves freed by the war-party's passage. They turned this way and that in the darkness, chanting the war-chants of the Yankis, and their paths through the bush are there ruin. In the night they pillaged and burned stockades, in the morning they marched in bands, in the afternoon they slept along the trails. But by day and by night their minds were turned with freedom, and when Djeba ran amongst them demanding word of Moa their answers were without sense.

"There was a night when Djeba came upon a clearing. He saw a stockade in flames. The light of those flames showed him the fields, and then he recognized that planting and his spirit leaped with joy. He said, 'Now Moa has come here seeking me, and his revenge is before my eyes!'

"And Djeba ran bounding across the fields and came into the flame of the stockade, and he called Moa's name. He shouted the war-call of their tribe. He shouted the hunting-call that had been fixed between the milk-brothers in the old days in the bush.

"Then it seemed to Djeba that he heard the answer to the hunting-call, but in the crackling of the flames he could not say whence it came. Then he bounded on in the stockade. In that circle of fire he saw a man standing. It was a white man he had never seen. His breast was black with blood, his head hung down, and he wept. Djeba went toward him boldly.

"'Tell me, then, where is Moa?'

"The man looked at him with dull, heavy eyes from which the tears ran down, and for answer he said, 'Where is my wife, boy? Where are my servants? I am Maas Djo. I have come home.'

"Then Djeba perceived that the man was possessed, so he did not harm him, but ran on. He leaped like a panther through all the stockade. He bounded through the wall and stood in the lighted field, and there was nothing there but his shadow. Then he ran toward the bush, and there he saw a figure. He pursued, and the figure ran into the bush, but Djeba was too swift, and overtook it, and he saw it was that woman, who crouched like a terrified gazel and watched his coming with large eyes.

"And he said, 'It is I.'

"When the woman heard that she trembled with relief and took hold of his arm and whispered, 'Djeba! Djim! I thought it was *he*. I thought thou wert that drunken monster pursuing me still!'

"WHEN he heard that, there came into Djeba's mind the memory and the hate of that driver. And he said, 'Where is he now?' And the woman, grasping his arm more tightly at that instant, whispered, 'Hush, thou, and hark!' He comes!'

"Then near them Djeba heard the fall of feet and he saw the man advancing through the bush. He saw his shape plain and black against the glow beyond the leaves; the shape of that fur hat he remembered, in the form of a deep drum, tilted wildly; the shoulders thrust out with that tunic of silver buttons, the elbows swaggering. And he saw that the figure was drunk and lustful and that he came in cunning silence amongst the leaves, and he knew that the time of his revenge was at hand.

"So Djeba sprang through the leaves and caught the man's neck in his fingers. They fell down in the dark on the ground, and there close by beyond the leaves the peaceful hands were about the man's throat, and the man lay quiet and breathed no more. Then Djeba went back, but the terrified woman was gone.

"Then Djeba returned across the field toward the stockade, calling Moa's name again, and in the field near the stockade he saw, like the body of a man. The man was despoiled of his clothes and naked, and his head was thrown-quarters from his trunk. And Djeba looked and saw that it was that driver.

"Then Djeba said to himself, 'The night is full of infernal creatures, witches and *djinoun*. I have slain the driver in his finery in the bush, and here he lies an hour dead and naked in the field. The night hath its devil-work.' A fear came on him and his teeth knocked together. Nevertheless he went back to the bush, laid hold of that other man's feet, and pulled him through the bush to the field, and he looked at the face of the man he had slain.

"He looked at the face of the man he had slain."

The syllables of the loud repetition went away across the sleeping floor of tents and played among the invisible arcades, echoes deep-toned, momentous, tragic. And in the glow of the embers I saw the lip of that oblivious clay pulsing, pulsing, with the new-heard and monotonous beat. I continued to stare at it. You may be certain now that I stared. The short hairs at the back of my skull stood up and pricked the skin. For the words of that Senegal orator himself the saga he repeated remained fabulous, an epic of equatorial rivers. Chanted for hours and then by grandson at a hundred feasts and under a hundred village council-trees and grown into the very soil of African legendry, not till this night had it come to ears that heard; to eyes that saw with the eyes of that ancient, nearsighted, blind, black wanderer. For now I knew that I had heard the tale of that incendiary night on a clearing. And not once, but once, but many, many times; not in the glow of a Sahara camp-fire, but in the ember-light of a Hancock County fireplace-nook, where my own grandmother Peyton used to sit before bedtime thirty years agone, reciting a saga of her own.

The narrator's voice was heard again, rushing, staccato.

"Then Djeba ran through the bush to find that woman, his one thought that he might now slay her too. For he perceived now that she must be a witch-doctress, thus by compassion to have blinded his eyes. He ran with all his power. How long he ran, what man can say? Sometimes he seemed to see that woman as a shadow in the bush before him and sometimes as a bird flying before him through the trees. In him there was no hunger save the hunger for her killing, no thirst save the thirst for her blood, no weariness save the weariness of the damned soul.

"And then there was a time when it seemed to Djeba that he was in the midst of many men. He saw that they were white men and that they moved in a thousand ranks. Ruin lay behind them and thunder ran around. And he remembered the words of Moz: 'The Yankis are like the leaves of the pepper-tree; they are small, but their number is beyond count.' And when the nights came Djeba saw their camp-fires, and even their fires were beyond count.

"A forgetfulness came on Djeba. He ran from fire to fire, crying, 'Where is Moa?' And those men mocked him, saying, 'Moa what?' But Djeba continued in them and ran on. Or sometimes they named him *Sambok*, saying, 'Hold, *Sambok*. Sit down with us now and smoke!' Then Djeba thanked them, and sat down with them and sang, and the war-chant of the Yankis filled the sky.

"And after many days Djeba came with the war-party to the banks of that lake, and there he found a beautiful chieftain sitting on a horse, and he fell down on his face and wept. And he implored, 'That I come again to my own country and find this water, where Moa, my brother, has returned, and where he awaits me in the village of my kin!' And that chieftain said:

"In after-days then was Djeba placed in a boat, together with many of the River and the Cameroun, and he returned across that lake where the sun lay by the sky like the sands in the desert of Djouf. Then they made a village on the shore. But Djeba left them. He penetrated the bush through which he had marched many years before, bound to that chain. He penetrated the country of termites and he passed through. Then Djeba came to his own village again. There were old men there who knew him when he spoke his name. They rejoiced and made a feast. All night they feasted. And one of the old men said to Djeba, 'Moa, thy brother of the mills, was taken with thee. Where then is Moa?'

"And Djeba said, 'I do not know.' And he took none of the feast.

"And in the years afterward, when Djeba had taken wives and sons, there came into our country the missionaries of God (to whom be the prayer) and of his Prophet (may his blue never decrease)—

"La ilah ti allah!

"And they spoke the word of the Koran to Djeba, and Djeba's heart leaped in his breast. And he said then, 'My heart can no longer contain a lie. Hark all to the truth. Moa, my brother of the mills—which bond is sacred—Moa, my brother, him I slew with my own hands in that land which is beyond the great waters.' I slew him, being tricked by a witch-woman. And that witch-woman I was not able to slay! That then is my sin!'

"That then is the sin of Djeba. I have spoken, I, Belkano, who am the son of his son!"

IN THE hush that followed that deep-toned verbal signature my breath whistled small in the throat.

"Lord! Lord! Oh, my Lord!"

Borak eyed me with a smirk and a grunt. The black fellow showed his shining teeth again. He took another breath into his lungs.

"For the length of thirty Ramadans the father of my father has not opened his mouth to any man in speech. None of that sin, because he would not look at any man, his eyes have become blind. He would not hear, and his ears are deaf. Thus men know that he is holy. So they come for many marches to touch his hand. Sometimes then his lips are opened, and for their ears he will utter again that war-chant of the Yankis. And then those men will give him offerings against his pilgrimage, that he may see into Mekka and ease him of that sin and die——"

The voice was rising.

"They give him offerings of broad copper! They throw down pieces of silver before him! *They throw down gold!*"

I heard the wind going out of Borak's chest at that; an obscure thoracic collapse. A snort.

"At last! At last the plot unfolds. Now the old bird will render that popular ditty entitled 'The Unwritten War-song of the Wild Yankis of Yankisland,' and the company will contribute. And strangely enough the ringmaster's eye is fastened unerringly on you.

"For God's sake, man——"

"Yes, but you'll see," he persisted. "You'll note that his toe even now is prodding the old one in the ribs."

It was true. I saw the nudging and

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FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SOUTH

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peremptory toe. I stared at that lip hanging in the ember-light. I beheld a disorder and quickening of that fleshy pulse. I heard an obedient sound issuing forth. It was a very small, shallow, creaking sound. It emerged from that emotionless mask of senility; it rose and fell in mechanical lengths of tone like a bent wire and went away and was lost in the night of the packed Sahara square. It was a queer chant.

"Cock and bull!" grunted Borak.

"For God's sake, man, hush!"

I stared and I listened. Yes, it was a very queer chant indeed. The short hairs were beginning to stand up again at the back of my skull.

On the ground, red with the firelight, a copper sou was tossed. I saw another fall, and another. I took out my wallet and found a hundred-franc note, and I let it flutter into the circle over the shoulder of Bou Dik.

Borak got hold of me.

"*Lord!* I say, now! What's *that* for?"

"To help and ease him of that 'sin.' "

"Bint my dear simple chap—all that rigmarole——"

"Of the greatest of all African wars——"

He tilted his head at me with the absurdest suspicion about my wits.

"Come away!" he said.

I got up and went with him out into the black ruck of the camels. He was groaning audibly over that squandered bank-note. "Man, man, and you were really taken in by that beggar's claptrap. Why—look you —in that old chap's day there weren't enough white men in Central Africa all put together——"

"Borak!" I said. "*Will* you listen to that song!"

In the hollow of the market, above the grunt and snore of the caravan, the thin war-chant of the "Yanks" wound on, repeating, repeating,

John B'own's body lahs smoldin' in the g'ave,
John B'own's body lahs smoldin' in the g'ave,
John B'own's body lahs smoldin' in the g'ave,
But his soul goes mahchin' on ——

In that Sahara darkness where the pale courses come from beyond the South I saw Atlanta burning. Sherman was on the march.

THE QUEST OF SARAH

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"With these rich people it's one, two, three," he assured her. "Like that you can't tell what they want. If they cough and yawn and don't let you talk it means 'Yes.' If they smile and tell you 'Call again,' it means 'No.' But Zelde, my sister, leave it to me! I'm a man like this—I like to finish what I start. I started with Sarah; I'll finish her. Don't worry!"

But Zelde was doubtful. Bernard had too optimistic, too confident a nature. And these society people were so perplexing. Sarah's heart would be broken and so would her own—if the Gassenheims were pretending to encourage them, only to retract in the end. And there was Mendel with his prejudices to overcome!

"Oi! Such a trouble! Such a mix-ups!" Zelde sighed to herself as she crept into bed that night. "If it comes already once in my lifetime I should be a little proud from my daughter and have a little pleasure by her wedding, it's got to be with fights and worries and arguments, and who knows, I wouldn't get it yet!"

And she passed a feverish, restless night dreaming of strange calamities, symbolic struggles with bears and black cats, and she groaned once or twice in her sleep as the beasts grappled with her and hurled her into rivers of rushing water. She awoke earlier than usual, haggard and aching, her head booming and her eyes bloodshot. But her spirits buoyant and her faith revived.

"Water I dreamed!" she cried exultantly as she deciphered her visions. "Water is a good sign! It'll be troubles and fights with the bears and black cats. But it'll come out good in the end! In the water! We'll be yet richer and happier yet. Thank God for the water," she murmured, and her eyes filled with genuine joy as she quickly slipped into her clothes. She breakfasted and bustled about with unusual energy, so that her headache soon disappeared and her face seemed to glow. What a fortunate dream she had had! And she went about the house like one possessed of a rare talisman, hiding her happy secret close to her heart, divinely reassured that she would triumph in the end. Poor Mendel! She could almost pity him. How he would have to dance with her at the wedding!

"I bet you Oscar comes to-day," she confided to her daughter.

Sarah started and fluttered.

"How do you know?"

"My heart tells me," Zelde answered with a wise nod. What a secret power of superior knowledge she possessed!

"Aw! I thought you got real information," Sarah chafed, disappointed.

BUT he came. At two-thirty a large limousine stopped before the Pitt Street Studio Apartments, and Oscar Gassenheim, after leaving a lady beside him, stepped out of the car, said something to the chauffeur, and waved his hat in farewell as the automobile drove off. The lady in the car, who was his mother, waved back, then heaved her enormous being into a more comfortable posture, sighed heavily, and closed her eyes, not to think. Only her heart beat irregularly with mingled dread and hope.

How often she had escorted Oscar to doorsteps! And how often he had failed to enter! He could have had the finest matches in society. Daughters of the nobility trembled in his presence. But he trembled too; that was the trouble.

"Education, I got," he would complain dismally. "Appearance, I got. Everything, I got. But nerve, I ain't got! When it comes to a woman —!" And he would throw out his hands with a helpless lift of the shoulders.

But the old banker's patience and finances had reached such a point that he sounded a final warning.

"Either he gets a wife or a job," he had said decisively, and drowned out all opposition with violent coughing.

And Oscar stood on the door-step of the Marantz home and shuddered. "A wife or a job" rang in his ears, and he wondered which of the two made him shudder more. Yet he felt that he could love sooner than work. If only making love were not such difficult work! He tried to brace himself, and buttoned his coat resolutely.

"Like that I'm not afraid of anybody," he mumbled to himself. "But when it comes to a woman—I" And he wanted to run.

"How are you, Mr. Gassenheim?" Zelde called out cordially as she had been watching him from the window, and, concerned at his delay in entering, had hastened down to greet him.

"I was just going," he faltered "—to come in."

"Something told me—I mean—my brother told me, you'll come to-day," Zelde smiled artfully, as she led him into the reception-room. "You got something private to say to Sarah ain't it? She'll right away be here!"

"No hurry," said Oscar weakly, with a calculating glance about the room, at the exits.

MENDEL, seated snugly in his arm-chair, raised his eyes for a moment from the paper to envelop Oscar in a single glimpse, and let them fall again.

Oscar sat down.

"Please, Mrs. Marantz," he stammered, "maybe you do me a favor, I'll talk to the —Mister?"

"Her father!" Zelde exclaimed with an alarmed look at Mendel. "I don't know what you got to say, but what knows a man about such things!"

"You do, Zelde," pleaded, passing a cold hand over his moist brow, "when it comes to a woman!—I like to talk to a man."

Zelde turned significantly to Mendel and said to him sweetly, "You're busy, Mendel, ain't it? You got an appointment, ain't it?"

"What is an appointment?" said Mendel kindly. "A present. You keep it if it's worth while. For such a guest like Oscar Gassenheim I'll make breaks an appointment. Bring better a cup tes, Zelde—he looks chilly."

"Eh—It's a little cold here," said Oscar apologetically, as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

Zelde, offended, combined an expression of meekness to Oscar and menace to Mendel as she reluctantly withdrew. A few minutes of agonizing stillness followed. Oscar began to button and unbutton his coat.

"I don't care," he finally exclaimed, a wild expression of self-surprize on his face, "I love her!"

Mendel looked up from his paper. Oscar looked down. Mendel shook his head wisely.

"You're a nice young man, Oscar, but you don't know women. Maybe that's why you're so nice. What is a woman? A gun. Don't fool around with it. What is love? A cold. Easy to catch but hard to cure."

"I don't care," said Oscar, with the image of his father before him. "I love her!"

Mendel sat up in his chair. It was apparently not as simple as he had supposed.

"Oscar," he began energetically, "I'm talking to you from bitter experience! What is experience? A policeman. He comes when it's too late. Before you marry you know what is love, and after, you know what it isn't! What is a wife? Trouble. If you look for it, you find it!"

"I don't care," said the resolute Oscar, "I love her!"

Mendel looked closer at the young man. Then he spoke more slowly, a little piqued.

"What is advice? Medicine. You like to give it but not to take it. You must think marriage agrees so good with me I

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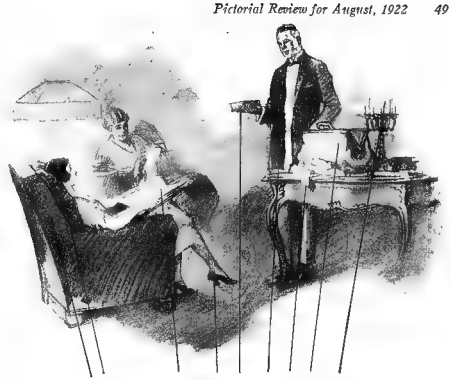

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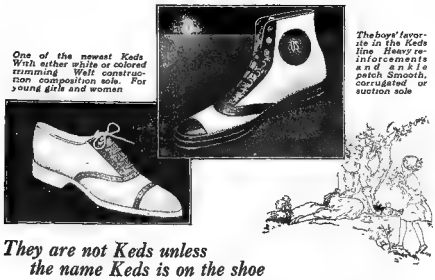

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LET'S GO OUT ON THE PORCH!

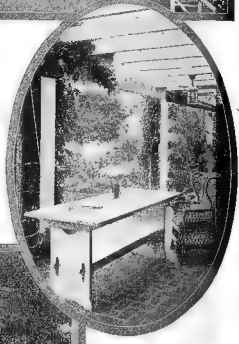
The Most Comfortable Room in Summer

Photographs Selected and Described by

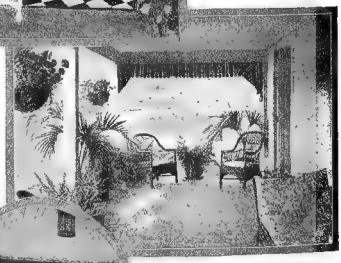
COLLIER STEVENSON

A BROWN-FRINGED tan awning, a tan-colored rug of woven grass, and a tan cretonne, patterned in French blue, orange, and brown, are interesting and harmonious elements in the spacious porch shown above.

On the pergola-roofed, brick-paved terrace to the right, white-painted furniture and forest-green wickerware are entirely neighborly.



ONE of the smart new linoleum rugs, in cream and black, tones in admirably with the furniture used on the porch to the left. The cushion covers are of black sateen and striped linen in rose and gray-green.



ON THE palm-bordered porch above, the wicker furniture is painted scarlet and cushioned in a closely patterned chintz, combining bluish green and scarlet upon a white background. The floor is of brownish-red brick. The awning flaunts gay stripes of scarlet and white.

Flowered cretonne in salmon-pink, sage-green, golden brown, and ivory is used with decorative effect in cushioning the furniture of light-brown willow chosen for the large square porch to the left. The rug is of woven rush in its natural coloring.

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THE QUEST OF SARAH

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want to keep it all to myself! Go ahead! If she's willing, I am."

Oscar wriggled, embarrassed, then cleared his throat.

"And if you're willing, is she?" he asked timidly.

Mendel stared at him blankly.

"Now listen here, Oscar, to whom are you proposing? Nowadays you can't marry the father. You got to go straight to the girl."

"Who's got to go? Me?" Oscar faltered, aghast.

"Who then? Me?" Mendel exclaimed. "All I can give you is the blessing. You got to get the bride."

Oscar crossed his legs, then uncrossed them. They seemed to be in his way.

"Like that I can face anybody," he said reassuringly. "But when it comes to a woman—!" And he shook his head gloomily.

"What is bashfulness? Measles. You're too old for it."

"Who? Me?" Oscar queried skeptically. "Not me! I got it for years. Like that I'm healthy. I feel good. I look good. I talk good. But I don't know what's the matter with me something. When it comes to a woman—!" And he stopped speechless with despair. Mendel nodded sympathetically.

"Did you ever make love before?" he asked.

"Who? Me?" said Oscar, a little flattered at the question. "Not me! But," he added hopefully, "I know all the motions, and what to say, I know too. I practised lots of times before the mirror. Well! There it's easy! But when it comes—"

"Never mind 'when it comes'—" Mendel broke in impatiently. "You didn't practise right. You should have practised with a prize-fighter, not with a mirror. A woman likes a man with a punch, see with a powder-puff. Do you think I had to practise in a looking-glass before I made love to Zelde? I went straight up to her and I said, 'Zelde, what is a wife? A toothache. Sooner or later you got to have it!' And she said, 'What are you talking about?' And I said, 'About you!' And that settled me!"

Oscar looked bewildered.

"And you didn't have to bend down and hold her hand and say, 'I love you'?"

"Bend down only when you got to pick up something, and hold her hand only if she wants to slap you, and say 'I love you' only in the mirror. What do you think is love? 'Ring around Rosy?' There you got to bend down and hold hands! But here you got to stand up and talk without them. When I eloped with Zelde she was standing in the kitchen making dinner for her father. So I took her with the dinner and put them in a wagon and rode away. An hour later she caught her breath, so she said, 'Mendel, you're crazy. What are you doing?' I said, 'Zelde, don't be afraid. What is marriage? War. The bravest survive!' 'But,' she said, 'I left my father sitting there. He'll be hungry.' 'Well,' I said, 'it's better he should go without dinner than I without you!' That's what women like. Romance! If I would look her after dinner it wouldn't be an elopement any more; it would be a carriage-ride! What is a woman? Santa Claus. She likes to come in through the chimney even if the door is open!"

"So what shall I do?" Oscar whimpered, even more at a loss than before. "Elope?" And he trembled at the thought.

"That's the only way," said Mendel decisively. "If you can't say, 'I love you,' say, 'Let's run away!' It's easier and she'll like it better!"

With grit, white lips Oscar repeated the words, "Let's run away!" and turned pale. "Like that it sounds easy," he sighed, "but when it comes—" He checked himself at a look from Mendel, and then murmured, "Eh—maybe Mr. Shnaps should say it for me? He's the match-maker!"

Mendel frowned. "If Mr. Shnaps talks for you, she may marry you yet," he thought to himself. But he said aloud, "Oscar, a man is got three dimensions—thought, speech, and action. But a woman likes the fourth dimension—nerve! What'll Sarah think of you if she won't see you till after you're married to her? Go straight up to her and say, 'Sarah, what is marriage? A telephone. If you get the right connection you're lucky. Here you got it!' And point to yourself."

OSCAR sat dazed and fascinated at Mendel's facility.

"What," he said feverishly, taking out a pencil and paper. "Let me write it down. Oh! If I could only say it! 'What is a telephone?'—" And he wrote with shivering speed.

"What are you doing?" cried Mendel, astonished. "You can learn how to live, but not how to love. That must come natural! Stop writing and stand up!" Oscar rose as at a command. Mendel rose too, and put his hand on the young man's shoulder. "Make believe I'm Sarah," he said. "Now look at my face, not at my feet. Shake hands. Don't tickle me, give me a real grip! If you squeeze right a woman's hand you reach her heart. And look mad. A woman don't like you to grin and show her your teeth, because you got to let her do that. Now talk. Say, 'Sarah, what is a father? A preacher. You hear him, but you don't obey him. And since your father objects to the match we got to marry at once. Take your hat and let's elope!' So she'll say, 'But it's so sudden!' They all say that. So you say, 'What is opportunity? Death. It comes unexpected.' And she'll laugh, and you're finished."

And Mendel promptly called for the butler to announce Oscar's presence to Sarah. Then he shook up the young man with a sound thump on the back and left him to face the unknown—the great, feminine unknown. A few moments of solitude like leaden ages rolled heavily over Oscar Gassenheim and left him standing, riveted, crushed, condemned. The soft whine of a hinge as the door floated open cut his heart like the cry of his own sudden pain. Then Sarah, flushed and flustered, appeared in the room, and Oscar, unable to die or vanish, did the next best thing—he stood still. Sarah came dauntlessly toward him, her hand extended in welcome. Oscar hesitated, alarmed. Then he took the hand with a frightened resolve and pressed. Till he grew red and Sarah grew pale.

"Oh—oh! How strong you are!" she said, almost tearfully.

Oscar smiled, modest, embarrassed.

"H'm!" he said, groping wildly for words. "I—eh—what is strength? A telephone!—eh—it makes good connections!"

Sarah looked up, startled.

"What do you mean?"

"God knows!" thought Oscar, mopping his face.

"I mean," he stammered, "ha! ha!—a strong hand-shake is—like a good —connection, ain't it?"

"Oh, I see," said Sarah slowly, as the hidden significance of the witticism dawned upon her. "How clever you are!"

"What, I? Me?" cried Oscar. But he clung desperately to memory. "Eh—what is cleverness? Death. It comes unexpected!"

Sarah laughed. She was highly amused.

"You're even brighter than my father," she exclaimed. "I can understand him right off, but you're much deeper!"

AT THE word "father" Oscar dimly perceived his opportunity.

"What is a father?" he glowered. "Measles. You're too old for it!"

"Oh! don't say that!" said Sarah, shocked.

Oscar was staggered. He wondered what he had said.

"I mean," he floundered, "You're too old for him—but not—for me!"

Sarah drew back, stunned—and pleased. Oscar was always saying the unexpected!

There was a breathless pause. She felt that the next moment would be the deciding one. What would he say? How would he say it? It seemed as if everything were spinning about her, Oscar, the room, the street, the world. She was trying hard to keep her balance and hear, and Oscar was trying hard to keep his and talk.

"Sarah," he said in a low, grave voice, and she trembled at her name on his lips. "Sarah -I—I can't say it!—" he groaned, and threw out his arms in despair! But when he brought them back Sarah was huddled between them, her eyes shut and breathing hard. She had swooned!

Silence and a thousand dazzling suns, and then Sarah gently wedged out of his petrified embrace and looked brightly up into his eyes; and both blinked as if they had awakened out of a sun-bath, and then they smiled and sat down and sighed. And held hands. But Oscar with a sudden flash of memory quickly withdrew his hand as if it were cored. Sarah looked hurt.

"I never hold a woman's hand," he fumbled uneasily, "unless—unless I play 'Ring around Rosy' with her!"

"You're so awfully funny," Sarah could not help confessing. "I never know what you're going to say next."

"Neither do I," thought Oscar, wondering how he would ever tell her about the elopement. "Sarah," he began at random, leaving it to fate, "what is—a toothache? An opportunity! When you get it don't lose it. Run away with it!"

"Run away with it!" gasped Sarah. "With a toothache!"

"No!—with the opportunity!" Oscar blurted, pointing to himself, and Sarah, bewildered, sank her head on his shoulder.

"Oh! Oscar!" was all that she could murmur, for words were useless in the subtleties of speech. And Oscar heaved a groan, stunned by the suddenness with which he had achieved success. What a magic there was in words, he thought. And marveled. From "measles" to a proposal and from a "toothache" to an elopement! The verbal leaps and somersaults had made him giddy. But through his feverish frame coursed the glow of virgin triumph. He, Oscar, the timid one, who "when it comes to a woman!"—shuddered and despaired, now held a woman in his arms—a woman he had wooed and won!

And in the next room, through the thin slit between the mulberry velvet curtains, Mendel, seated comfortably on a stool, had watched the entire proceeding. And as he beheld Sarah in Oscar's arms his brow knitted together and he shook his head. A muffled laugh beside him made him turn. It was Zelde. She too had been watching, unobserved, behind the curtains. Behind Mendel.

"You trained Oscar not bad," she whispered to Mendel with a gibe. "But how do

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52

They Fight Film—

They who have pretty teeth

Note how many pretty teeth are seen everywhere today. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. They remove the dingy film. The same results will come to you if you make this ten-day test.

Why teeth are cloudy

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Film absorbs stains, then it often forms the basis of thin, dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Old brushing methods do not effectively combat it. So most teeth are discolored more or less.

Thus film destroys tooth beauty. It also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea, now so alarmingly common.

Now a daily remover

Dental science, after long research, has found two ways to combat film. Authorities have proved their efficiency. Now leading dentists, nearly all the world over, are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with modern requirements. These two film combatants are embodied in it. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Its unique effects

Pepsodent, with every use, attacks the film on teeth.

It also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest the starch deposits which may cling to teeth and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for the acids which cause decay.

In these three ways it fights the enemies of teeth as nothing else has done.

One week will show

Watch these effects for a few days. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Enjoy the refreshing after-effects.

Do this to learn what millions know—the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Endorsed by modern authorities and now advised by leading dentists almost the world over. Used by careful people of some forty races. All druggists supply the large tubes.

10-Day Tube Free 858

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 96, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-day tube of Pepsodent to

.....

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ONLY ONE TUBE TO A FAMILY

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New Fall Designs

On Sale July 1st

No. 182—$1.00 *No.* 166—65c *No.* 158—$1.65

Above prices obtain except in Canada and Foreign Countries.

WHAT WOMEN OF GOOD TASTE REALLY WANT IS QUALITY

ROYAL SOCIETY

ART NEEDLEWORK MATERIALS
EMBROIDERY PACKAGE OUTFITS

By their unchanging high quality, have won and retained the favor of women to whom Quality means most. The Fall Line, which is displayed at first-class stores, on and after July 1st, surpasses all previous showings.

The established quality reputation of Royal Society Embroidery Package Outfits and their many advantages over all others, in no way decreases our efforts to constantly improve and in every way possible increase our service to needlewomen.

In the Fall Line this is especially noticeable. The added variety of useful articles and gift items; newness of designs and materials; finest workmanship; completeness; characteristic embroidery, Patchwork, Hand Tinting, Pastel and Celesta Embroidery, Applique, Cross Stitch, etc., in addition to the usual simple kinds of Stitchery; AND A REDUCTION IN PRICES still maintaining the Royal Society high standard of quality throughout.

"Everything is in the Package," thus requiring only the embroidery for which floss is also included, and if you have never embroidered before, the simple directions tell you how. Fall line prices range from 35c. to $2.00.

Stylish Dresses for Children, Baby Articles, Ladies' Dainty Undergarments, Negligees, Boudoir Caps, Tea and Fudge Aprons, Luncheon and Vanity Sets, Napkins, Card Table Covers, Towels, Pillow Tubing, Novelty Handkerchiefs, Dresser Scarfs, Centerpieces, Laundry Bags, Tie Racks.

THE NEW "TUMBLEDUMS"—Kitty and Jumbo have joined the "Tumbledum" family and are the cutest, most delightful articles for children. They cost 50c. each, but will give a wealth of happiness to the kiddies.

Send for Complete Illustrated Circular.

For many years the Royal Society trademark has been recognized as a symbol of perfection on Art Needlework Materials.

Through the care and quality which have gone into their development their reputation for superiority has been justly merited.

From the Royal Society lines of embroidery and crochet materials you may choose a thread particularly suited to the kind of work you have in mind, feeling assured of utmost durability and a quality that never changes.

There is an especially made Royal Society thread for every kind of hand embroidery or crochet in white and complete lines of fast colors. Also Boiling Dye colors in short skeins that will withstand the most severe and frequent laundering.

Royal Society Products are available at all first-class shops.

H. E. VERRAN CO., Inc.

Union Sq. West New York City

THE QUEST OF SARAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

you like the way I trained Sarah? Ah? When you was teaching Oscar how to lose her I was teaching Sarah how to win him!" And she broke into spasms of stifled laughter until her eyes overflowed with tears.

"Mendel, you know maybe how to invent machinery, but by matchmaking I'm the inventer!"

"What is a wife?" said Mendel grumpily, "A chnaman. She laughs by a funerall" And he got up and walked away.

SARAH waited. Fifteen minutes more and he would come. And then! She sat too overwrought to move, her muscles limp with the vibration of her nerves. She sat and thought. It seemed to her that many girls, countless numbers of them, girls in all the houses in all the land, were sitting like herself, each beside the window in her home, each with her elbow resting on the sill, each with her head reclining on her hand, thinking, wondering, gazing into the stretches of the night, seeking beyond the limits of the sky the answer to that mystery of feeling that surged within her soul. And it seemed to Sarah that with one accord they all arose and gathered there upon the plains among the hills at cloud, and then they scattered through the fields of space, wandering, searching, looking for that indefinable something which would unlock the golden secret prisoned in their hearts.

"I have found it!" one cried, then another and another, as they snatched at little butterflies that fluttered and circled about them. But as they closed their hands to hold them they found these flitting things to be but unsubstantial, tinted shadows cast by their dreams. And then each girl would exclaim, "I thought I found it, but I have not." And the quest began anew. The quest of love.

All her life Sarah had sought it and wondered, "What can it be?" As a child she had asked, "What is love?" and her mother said, "A plaything," and gave her a doll to play with. "What is love?" she had asked when a girl, and Zelde told her, "A friend," and Sarah befriended a girl named Ida and thought that was love. Later, when Sarah grew to womanhood, she asked her mother again, "What is love?" and Zelde said, "A husband," and Sarah wondered, "Has the doll grown to be a man? And after marriage will it be a child again? And after that? Must it always change? Must she ever be pursuing it, and must it ever elude her?" And she asked her father, and he told her, "What is love? Aladdin's lamp. It's plenty imitations, but only one original. And that nobody ever saw." But she felt that she would see it. She would find it. And her quest began anew.

She wove about her dream of love a thousand silken threads of fancy until it became a vague, ethereal ideal. And out of this ideal as out of a chrysalis, emerged her man—the man of her love. The man who would be able to answer the question that all her life had been upon her lips, within her soul. And that answer would have to be long enduring, like the ideal, as eternal in its fulness and finality.

But in the exaltation of her vision she did not see men, only knew the man that every woman dreams of and never meets. The man of such consummate propotions that, like a suit of armor, can envelope any individual and conceal all his imperfections. The cloak of the ideal that romance wraps about reality, that Sarah wrapped about Oscar.

And Oscar, clad in the martial habits of her fancy, was to her the incarnation, the fulfilment of her lifelong dream.

Did she care that her father maligned him and called him slow, dense and awkward and foolish and useless? What malice and envy! As if she could not see that he was tall and well formed and graceful and clever and aristocratic! And that he was sacrificing wealth, social position, career, everything to elope with her! To save her from a cruel and bigoted parent who groundlessly opposed her happiness and oppressed and persecuted her! With what superior clarity love made her see all this! How blind everybody else was!

BUT Oscar, less positive than Sarah of his indomitable qualities, was grooming himself with much trepidation and slipping of heart-beats for the final, heroic act of his love romance. He consulted his mother.

"If she wants it, he have it," Mrs. Gassenheim said gruffly. "You call it a honeymoon. She calls it a elopement, it's different words, but the same price."

Oscar hesitated.

"Maybe it's a trick to it!" His fear had made him shrewd. "Maybe her father *really* objects!"

Mrs. Gassenheim dropped her knitting. "What!" she thundered, her dignity ruffled! "He should object yet! He should be lucky we don't!" But her doubts were aroused. "Call up quick Mr. Shnaps; call up!"

They called up Mr. Shnaps. Mrs. Gassenheim, with startling politeness, wanted to know, "What's all this talking about elopements, what?" But Bernard laughed it off, "A joke, a joke!" while he wondered to himself, "What's the joke?"

"And if they run away just for fun," Mrs. Gassenheim insisted, "it don't mean for fair? Does it? Hello! Do you hear me? Does it?"

"It don't mean nothing!" Bernard shouted emphatically over the wire. "Mrs. Gassenheim, I want you to know I'm a man like this—Hello! I say, I'm a man like this——"

"I hear you good," Mrs. Gassenheim interrupted. "But tell me, please, does Sarah's father object for real? Ah?"

"You mean the dowry?" Bernard inquired significantly. "Don't worry, it's like by you in the bank! Hello! Did you hear me?"

"It's a bad connection," Mrs. Gassenheim complained; "it whistles." Bernard flashed the operator. "Don't bother, Mr. Shnaps; we'll talk some other time," she said sweetly. "Good-by."

"I told you it's a joke!" She turned triumphantly to Oscar.

Oscar felt relieved.

"So—so what shall I do?"

"Elope!" said his mother, and burst into laughter at his sheepish look. "Nowadays girls got funny ideas. The father gives dowry you should run away with his daughter! Go ahead! The quicker the sooner!"

And that night Mrs. Gassenheim escorted the vacillating Oscar to his elopement. Once more, as on the eventful day of his proposal, the large Gassenheim limousine drove up to the Marantz door-step, and Deborah kissed her son as he stepped irresolutely out of the car.

"Be careful, Oscar, how you elope," she admonished him. "I'll send the car back for you right away." And she added, "Take care of it," as she rode off, leaving Oscar alone, shivering in the night air, staggering under the burden of his own importance. It seemed that he had been destined, with a little help from everybody, from his mother, his father, Mendel, Bernard, Zelde, and Sarah, to evolve into the ideal lover, the dashing Lothario, who conquered maidens with a sparkling repartee and abducted them in the dead of night from their homes. What a rôle for Oscar!

He trembled. It was the hour. And Sarah, in her room, trembled too. It was the end of her long and anxious suspense and the beginning of his. He took out his watch and put it back, but failed to note the time, and took it out again. Then he walked rapidly around the block instead of going up the stairs. Then he swung his arms in circles to drive out the chill, and said, "B—r—r—r!" and went in.

THE meeting was swift, silent, and sudden. Sarah gasped an inaudible "Oh!!", and Oscar spoke in nervous whispers. Hurry up! Car is waiting. Got to be off before they get back. Sarah's heart beat till her head resounded. Where are we going? Far away? Never come back? Don't be afraid. Take your hat. Hurry up! Where is it? I can't see. Make a light. Never mind. What's that? A cat? No, it's little Jakie. Let him cry! He'll wake up the house! Get him! We mustn't! Jakie, dear! Wow! What shall we do? Wow! He'll drive me crazy! Wow! Your tummy hurts to, darling? Wah—ow! Aw, shut up or I'll spank you! G—r—r—r—r! See that? He's quiet! Oh, Oscar, you're so wonderful! What? Me? Let's go before he—what's that? Jakie again? No, this time it's the cat! Come on! Hurry up! Don't cry, Jakie dear! And they clattered down the stairs, stumbling, tumbling, rushing, pushing, into the car and away!

Twenty minutes later, in a whirl of motion, they arrived at the home of the Reverend Baruch Danowitz. Within the half-hour they would be man and wife! And then? She would follow him anywhere, to the far ends of the earth. Perhaps she would never see her parents again. She was dying out of her old life, being born into the new. She stood upon the threshold of revelation. Her quest would soon be ended.

The white-haired, mellow-featured, old rabbi led them into his sitting-room and smiled amiably. But Sarah was too excited, too unnerved to see or hear with plainness. She stood as in a fog of senses, her vision blurred with humming and her hearing dimmed with starlight. She seemed to hear familiar voices, to see familiar faces. Her father, her mother, Uncle Bernard, and others. A queer illusion, she thought, and shuddered.

But it was no illusion. They were actually coming toward her. They had doubtless pursued her to prevent the elopement, to stop the marriage, to take her home. She would never submit. She would defy them, leave the place at once, go anywhere. With Oscar! They could never stand between her and him! But what were they saying? What was happening? Her head was reeling; she could not understand!

Sliding doors rolled back, revealing a sumptuous feast board. A wedding-dinner! And strains of sprightly symphony played a wedding march! Laughter, rejoicing, toasting, and drinking! "Mazel-tov! Mazeltov!" voices cried. They seemed to be celebrating the wedding in advance! And the Gassenheims, Bernard, Zelde, and even Mendel, gathered about Sarah and Oscar, heaping them with congratulations and stifling them with affection.

"Well, Sarah!" cried Bernard, exultant, triumphant. "You wanted a elopement; you got a elopement! You got to thank me for it! And now you'll have a wedding! Mazel-tov! Ha—ha! You're surprized!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71

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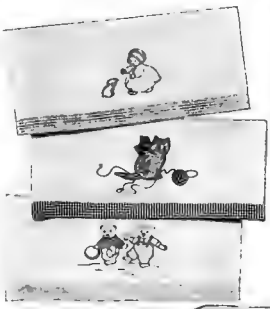
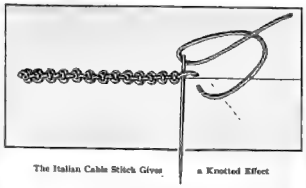
The Italian Cable Stitch for Smart Household Linens

Decorative Crocheted Bags and Original Appliqué Designs for Many Uses



Nos. 12685 and 12682 Are Delightful Appliqués

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12682, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), contains two each of ten animal designs. Extra patch pieces for the cutting are also included. The motifs are suitable for appliqué, and may also be worked in the plain embroidery stitches. Illustrated above in the center.



The Italian Cable Stitch Gives a Knotted Effect

THE Italian cable stitch, in knotted effect shown above, is one of the simplest and quickest of the stitches for outlines, and is extremely good-looking as well. Knot the thread and bring the needle up from underneath. Work from left to right. Insert the needle about ¼ inch down and 1/16 inch to the right of the line of stamping, and bring out 1/16 inch to the left of the line. Now run the needle and thread underneath the stitch formed, keeping the needle above the thread. In the same way run the needle under the original stitch again, and then make another stitch ¼ inch down, and continue as before.

No. 12721—Flower Appliqués for Summer Linens

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12721, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), illustrated above, furnishes a number of motifs suitable for towels, pillowcases, etc., which may be used in simple fashion. A combination of appliqué and embroidery stitches is used, worked with 6-strand cotton. French knots, raised and flat satin stitch, running, outline and lazy daisy stitches are employed, with the basket and the borders in gingham.

No. 264—Black-eyed Susans on a Crocheted Bag

The Pictorial Review Company's Knitting Directions for Bag No. 264 (above) and Bag No. 265 (right), 20 cents (English Price 1/–). Bag No. 264 requires 4 balls of Calcutta cord, 1 skein each of dark brown and yellow chenille, 12 skeins of four-fold Germantown wool in shades of yellow and green. This is worked with steel crochet hooks, one No. 1 and one No. 5. Bag No. 265 is smart in gray with pansies.

No. 12726—A Stunning Bedspread Design

No. 12727—For the Informal Tea-Table

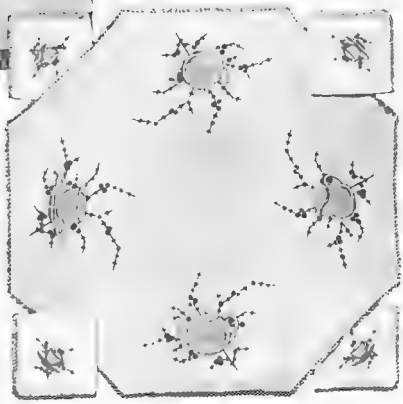
No. 265—This Handy Bag Has a Spray of Pansies

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12727, blue, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), as illustrated below, supplies a design for a luncheon or tea-table set, which may be carried out in appliqué and embroidery or in plain embroidery stitches. The design contains one each of the large motifs for use on the cloth, and six of the small for use on six napkins.

No. 12726—Makes a Smart Design for the Correct Bedspread

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12726, blue only, 35 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes a design for a bedspread and bolster. There are six yards of 3-inch border, and the design used for the spread is 17½ by 22 inches. The bolster design is placed crosswise, and is 12 by 22 inches. **The designs are sufficiently large to be used on a spread for either a single or double bed.**

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12685, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), is illustrated at the upper left, and provides two each of eight designs, with a reverse of one, and extra patch pieces for cutting. The motifs are especially appropriate for appliqué work. Plain or checked ginghams, chambray, linen, sateen, or ratiné may be used for the appliqués.



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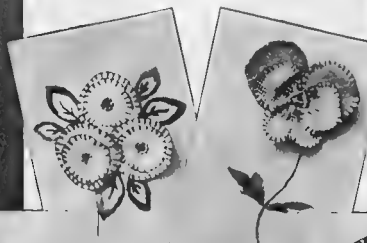
Interesting Developments in Embroideries and Cut-Outs

A REVIVAL of interest in the picturesque styles of other days is shown in the Summer mode, and the sunbonnet, quaintest of head-gear, comes into its own. And indeed, what could be prettier for the small girl than a bonnet, gaily colored to match her gingham or cretonne or chambray frock, to protect her cheeks as she plays in the sun? All the more charming, too, if cut-out flowers in design 12728 stand out naturally upon the wide brim! This design is shown on Child's Bonnet 1186, designed for 1 to 6 years, 30 cents (English Price 1/6). The bonnet (at the right) has a shirred section with a wide, plain brim, underfaced with a gathered section which rolls over the outside. The bonnet at the left is gathered to the brim.



Cut-Out Flowers (No. 12728), Make Delightful Decoration for a Little Girl's Sunbonnet 1186

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12725, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), is shown below. It furnishes two yards of the border 3¼ inches wide, two motifs 6¾ by 14 inches, and two with reverses of each of the motifs 6¾ by 7½ inches and 3¾ by 6 inches. The large circles are worked in eyelets with over-casting stitch, the small circles in French knots, leaves in satin stitch, and lines in running stitches.

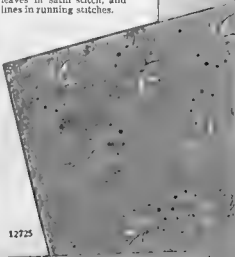
No. 12728—A New Departure in Appliqués

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12728, blue or yellow, 20 cents (English Price 1/-), contains four flowers and two reverses of each. All four are illustrated, and are very charming as decoration for Summer hats, dresses, bags, etc.

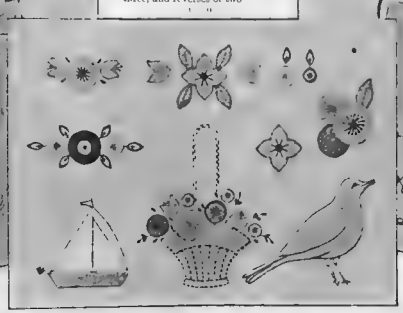
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12720, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), shown below contains 11 motifs, with duplicates of three, and reverses of two

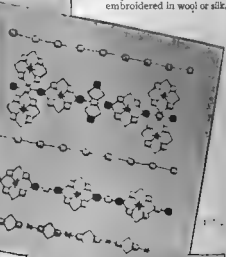
Fascinating on Hat 1185, with Shirred Crown and Edge

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12722, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3) supplies the designs illustrated below, two yards of the 7-inch border and four yards each of the 1-inch and 2¼-inch borders. They show the simple block outlines of the peasant designs, and are smart on gowns, blouses, and children's frocks. Sports skirts too, may have colorful borders embroidered in wool or silk.



12725





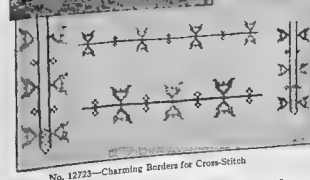
Nos. 12725, 12720, 12722.—A Fresh Array of Designs for Embroidery and Appliqué

No. 12724 on the Child's Frock 1083

The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12723, blue or yellow, 25 cents (English Price 1/3), contains 2½ yards of each of the two cross-stitch borders, and three of each of the fronts

No. 12724—A Peasant Design Is Gay on Dress 1091

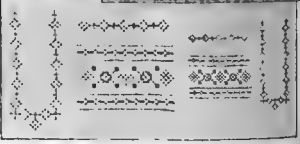
The Pictorial Review Company's Transfer Design 12724, blue or yellow, 30 cents (English Price 1/6), furnishes cross-stitch designs for four different borders and two front motifs



No. 12723—Charming Borders for Cross-Stitch

The design 12724 is shown above on Child's Dress 1083, designed for 2, 4, and 6 years, 30 cents (English Price 1/6). These borders are most attractive in bla[illegible]

No. 12723 Smartly Decorates the Frock 1075

No. 12723 is shown above as applied to Girls' Dress 1075, designed for 6 to 14 years, 30 cents (English Price 1/6).

No. 12724—A Variety of Cross-Stitch Designs

The cross-stitch design No. 12724 is shown above on Child's Bloomer Dress 1091 designed for 2, 4, and 6 years, 30 cents (English Price 1/6).

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A delicious change of flavor will be found in a Ginger Ale Lemonade. Send for recipe.

Not Only Cold—*but Cooling*

That's the Charm of Lemonade

You are warm and thirsty—a mere *cold* drink won't do.

No doubt you're seeking lemonade, for that is both cold and cooling—the *ideal* in a drink. That's why millions drink it and prefer it to any other kind of beverage.

Lemon juice has age-old fame for its *cooling* properties. So no other drink has ever displaced real lemonade, or ever will—for no other tastes or *is* exactly like it.

Its individuality makes it the drink to serve to family, guest or friends—the drink of *good taste* in more ways than one.

Everyone appreciates good flavor. Add *effect* to flavor and you add the touch of art.

Add lemon juice to any cold drink that you serve and you'll improve it in the way described above.

Also you'll obtain the benefits of vitamines—that vital element in food, without which meals are deficient and health is endangered. Lemon juice is rich in vitamines. All scientists agree in that.

Grape Juice Lemonade offers another attractive flavor to give variety in lemonades. Recipe in the book we offer free.

Lemons and oranges, although known as "acid fruits," have an alkaline reaction when taken into the system and are, therefore, valuable in offsetting excess acidity due to acid producing foods.

—buy them by the dozen.

CALIFORNIA Sunkist

Uniformly Good Lemons

You'll find California Sunkist Lemons ideal for lemonade—juicy, tart and practically seedless, with clean, bright, waxy skins that make the slices an adornment to be desired. At all stores in tissue wrappers stamped "Sunkist." Buy them by the dozen.

California Fruit Growers Exchange

A Non-Profit, Co-operative Organization of 10,500 Growers

Section 468, Los Angeles, California

Mail this for "New-Day Drinks"

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Please send me a FREE copy of "New-Day Drinks" by Alice Bradley, Principal of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, Boston, a book of tested recipes for many charming drinks and cocktails that I can make at home.

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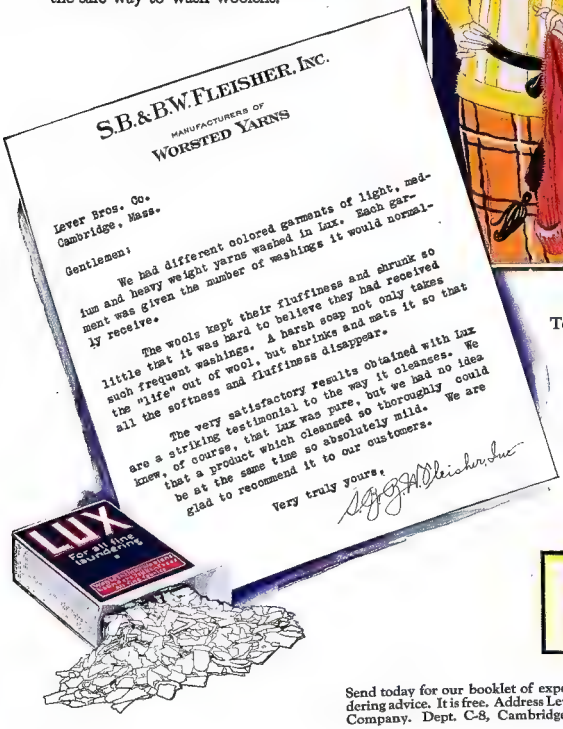
Washing tests made by nation's biggest manufacturer of yarns

Show safe way to wash knitted things

Wool is more easily harmed by poor laundering than any other fabric. A strong [or alkaline] soap, for example, will harden, yellow and shrink wool. Rubbing takes away the fluffiness and gives a board-like appearance.

It is as important to the manufacturer as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash woolens. For this reason the makers of the Fleisher Yarns had careful laundering tests made. The letter from this company tells the interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, it is recommending Lux as the safe way to wash woolens.



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Cambridge, Mass.

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These Coats, Suits, and Blouses Hint at an Early Fall

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Porch and Tub Frocks Follow the Trend of the Afternoon Mode

1194—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—⅜ yard 36-inch check crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs—2 yards edging. The back extends over the shoulders and is joined to the gathered front giving a shallow yoke effect. The rounded collar and turn-back cuffs are attractively edged with chalk beads while the front is blocked off into three oblongs with hemstitching, each oblong being trimmed with buttons. As to the sleeves they are long and are gathered into cuffs.

1188—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch check gingham—1⅜ yard 36-inch linen. A morning frock of check gingham if made like this will prove serviceable and look smart besides. The trimming-band at each side of the skirt and the crossed vestee are both made of plain linen and trimmed with flat pearl buttons. The front of the dress is dart-fitted at the shoulders and has three-quarter length flare sleeves.

1205—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch organdy—1¾ yard 32-inch check gingham—2 yards edging for collar, cuffs and pocket. The apron effect of this frock is responsible for its unusual charm. The foundation is made of organdy. The overdress or apron buttons at each side of the front to the underdress. Sash ends are stitched to the sides and tied in a huge bow at the back. The short sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs of the gingham. Val lace edges the collar, cuffs, and pocket.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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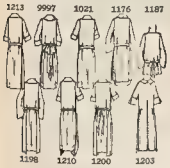
Various Types of Daytime Frocks and a Becoming Overblouse

1213—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge with plaits drawn out, about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool Jersey —½ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs—2½ yards edging. Just the thing for street wear are these simple straight-line one-piece Jersey dresses. A touch of contrast is given by the linen collar and cuffs and by the buttons which are applied to the sides of the dress.

9997—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch check gingham —½ yard 40-inch organdy—2 yards frilling —2¼ yards ribbon for sash. The front gore of the dress is gathered and attached to the lower edge of waist while the back of dress is in one piece.



1187—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch figured foulard—2½ yards ribbon for binding

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

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Clever Handling of Drapery Is Easily Half One's Costume

Blouse 1058

1058—Ladies' Slip-on Long-waisted Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 54-inch silk Jersey—2½ yards paisley velvet ribbon for sleeve and neck binding. The three distinctive features of this new blouse are the low waist-line, bateau neck, and deep hip-band which ties in a bow at the side.

Dress 1126

Dress 1120

Dress 1220

Blouse 9989

9989—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—1 yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine to trim. The new type of overblouse is gathered into a deep hip-band which ties at the side like a sash.

Dress 9941

Dress 1218

1126—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch taffeta—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¼ yard narrow lace—3½ yards picot-edged ribbon. This season, the straight-line silhouette is achieved in many ways but one of the simplest and smartest is exhibited in this model through the use of narrow panels on the skirt and a long Tuxedo collar on the waist. The elbow length sleeves are lengthened with cuffs of Georgette.

1120—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch brocaded satin for vestee and cuffs. A full-length loose panel at each side of the front gives this frock an overdress effect and makes it especially suitable for street wear. Beads are used to outline the narrow shawl collar and panels. An attractive note is furnished by the vestee and turn-back cuffs of brocaded satin.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

Dress 1216
Beading 12704

Blouse 1197
Skirt 9782
Beading 12614

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The Straight Silhouette Is Easily As Smart As the Draped

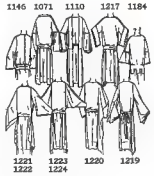
1071—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 6 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch contrasting Canton crêpe for vestee and sleeve facings—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The dress has an oval-shaped neck finished with a bias standing collar.

1217—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1⅝ yard 8-inch ribbon for applied front. The panels which are stitched to the sides of the dress extend in points below the lower edge.

1110—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch Moroccan crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch allover lace for sleeves—2¼ yards ribbon for sash. A novel touch is given to this frock by the sleeves, trimmed with flaring sections which are slashed up from lower edges. The lower sections of the sleeves are of allover lace and are gathered to narrow bands.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 69

1146 1071 1110 1217 1184



1221 1223 1220 1219
1222 1224

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Simplicity and Youthful Charm Are Expressed in These

9966—Ladies' Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch poplin—⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham for collar and cuffs. A youthful and very popular model is this frock of poplin which is softly shirred across the front at the waist-line. To add a note of contrast, collar and cuffs of checked gingham are used with bindings of the poplin. Long, wide sash ends are joined at the side seams and tied at back. Slot pockets above and below the waist-line are neatly bound.

9976—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch pongee—¼ yard 32-inch contrasting pongee for vestee—2 yards braid. Comfortable because it is a straight one-piece style and cool because it is made of pongee is this youthful frock. The front has a deeply slashed V which is filled in with a vestee. The front is laid in plaits at the shoulders where the back extends over in yoke effect. The neck-line is collarless.

1213—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch organdy—2¼ yards plaiting—5⅛ yards insertion. A delightfully cool and dainty Summer frock is shown made of sheer imported organdy. Altho the style being in one piece is very simple, the trimming of lace insertion gives it just the right amount of decoration. The neck-line in V shape and the front is slashed for a closing. The collar and cuffs are edged with plaiting. Narrow satin, grosgrain or moiré ribbon may be used for the belt.

1021—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch rat-iné—¼ yard 36-inch linen for vestee. For business or street wear one may don this frock of ratiné and feel smartly and appropriately attired. It is cut on simple, straight lines and is in one piece. The sleeves are elbow length and have cuffs.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

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Seasonable Frocks and Blouses for Every Occasion

1174—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch striped handkerchief linen—⅜ yard 36-inch plain handkerchief linen—4⅛ yards trimming. This style makes a simple and practical little Summer frock. The waist is made with short kimono sleeves, set-in vestee, and a neat roll collar of plain white handkerchief linen. The two-piece gathered skirt is attached under the wide sash and has a patch pocket stitched to each side of the front. The buttons trimming the waist are covered with the white linen.

1203—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch dotted voile—2⅝ yards 36-inch satin for slip—⅛ yard 36-inch white voile for collar and piping—1½ yard lace edging. Made with short kimono sleeves and open all the way down the front is this attractive Summer frock. The side seams of the skirt are left open part way and bound with white as are the front edges and cuffs. A dainty hemstitched collar of white voile is edged with lace. A narrow string belt of the ribbon marks the low waist-line.

1209—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch voile—3¼ yards 6-inch ribbon for sash. An apron tunic at front and back of this frock achieves an unusually attractive and graceful drapery at the sides which falls below the skirt in points. The waist has a long roll collar and a set-in vestee. The back extends over the shoulders in yoke effect and joins the fronts which are laid in tiny plaits. Embroidery, in design 12509 traces the outline of the tunics, collar, and cuffs. Flat satin stitch is used to carry out the motifs.

Dress 1174

Dress 1192
Beading 12574

Dress 1203

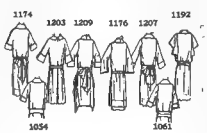
Dress 1209
Embroidery 12509

Dress 1176
Beading 12601

Dress 1207

1054—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar and cuffs. The blouse is slashed and closed at each side of the front. The neck is finished with a round collar. The sleeves are elbow length and have neat turn-back cuffs of the white linen to match the collar. The lower edge of the blouse is gathered into a hip band. Elastic is inserted in a casing underneath the band. The pockets are embroidered with design 12564 in raised satin stitch with white mercerized cotton.

1061—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch printed crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine for collar and cuffs. This youthful blouse has a box-plait at each side of the front and is gathered into deep hip-bands which button at the sides. The dainty collar and cuffs are hemstitched and are made of plain white crêpe de Chine, thus adding contrast.



1176—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 8⅝ yards 40-inch satin—⅞ yard 36-inch lining. Long, straight lines so popular this season are presented in this model with the aid of the tunic blouse which extends nearly to the bottom of the skirt and opens in panel effect at the front. The neck is in rounded outline and the three-quarter length sleeves flare. A very attractive beading design with which to adorn this frock is given in 12601 to be carried out on the panels and sleeves with steel beads.

1207—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch ratiné—¼ yard 36-inch white linen—2½ yards velvet ribbon. This is a conservative model suitable for street wear. It is made of ratiné with a set-in vest forming a square neck. White linen is used for the trimming-bands which trim the vestee of ratiné

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Blouse 1054
Embroidery 12564

Blouse 1061

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Warm Days Need Cool Frocks and Light Wraps for Motoring

1230—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 9904—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch tweed—1⅛ yard 54-inch plaid tweed—2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining jacket. Plaid and plain tweed form a very attractive combination for sports suits of this type. The jacket is bloused at a lowered waist-line and a narrow belt of self-material or leather holds in the fulness.

Jacket 1230
Skirt 9904

Dress 1202
Braiding 12669

Dress 1189

Jacket 1196
Skirt 9904

Dress 1214
Appliqué 12564

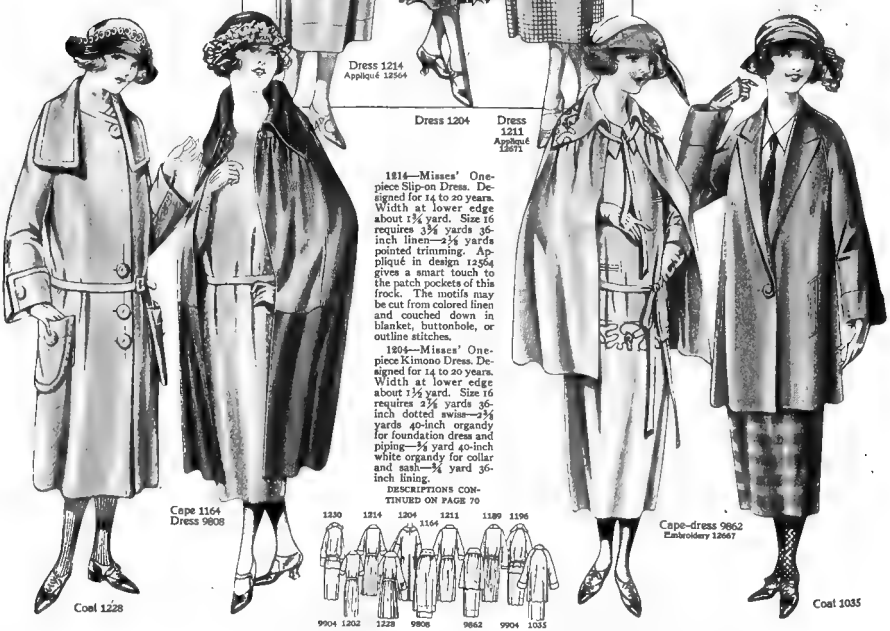
Dress 1204

Dress 1211
Appliqué 12671

1814—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch linen—2¼ yards pointed trimming. Appliqué in design 12564 gives a smart touch to the patch pockets of this frock. The motifs may be cut from colored linen and couched down in blanket, buttonhole, or outline stitches.

1204—Misses' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—2¾ yards 40-inch organdy for foundation dress and piping—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and sash—¾ yard 36-inch lining.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



Cape 1164
Dress 9808

Coat 1228

Cape-dress 9862
Embroidery 12667

Coat 1035

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Frocks of Dainty Fabrics Fill the Summer Girl's Wardrobe

1211—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch sports silk—2½ yards edging for collar and cuffs—8¾ yards insertion for trimming. The feature which lends the most distinction to this model is the long pointed panel at each side forming a pocket. The front of the dress is slashed at the V neck and the edges held together with ribbon. The turn-back cuffs and roll collar are daintily trimmed with lace.

1145—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅞ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy for collar, vest, and sleeve sections—8¾ yards narrow ribbon to trim.

Dress 1211

Dress 1145

Dress 1183

Dress 1231

Dress 1191
Beading 12601

Dress 1156

Dress 1185
Beading 12574

1191—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch lining. The beading in design 12601 may be carried out in iridescent beads.

1156—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Soft and dressy enough for afternoons or an informal dance is this airy frock of Georgette. The waist has picot-edged bands over the shoulders and panels at each side of the skirt. The latter are cut in points and hang below the skirt in uneven effect. The skirt is simply gathered and a wide crushed girdle of self-material is worn.

1185—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A party or dance frock that is made like this and beaded in design 12574 will prove very charming using opalescent, glass, or steel beads.

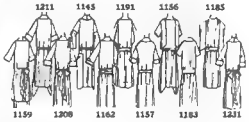
DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Dress 1159

Dress 1208

Dress 1162
Appliqué 12672

Dress 1157
Appliqué 12673



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Attractive Coats, Suits, and Dresses for Little People

1085—Child's Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 54-inch serge—1¾ yard 36-inch printed silk to line. The coat is made with two-piece raglan sleeves which are finished with turn-back cuffs. The fronts of the coat are rolled with the collar to form revers. The patch pockets may be omitted. In place of serge, tweed, Poiret twill, or velveteen could be used.

8677—Boys' Double-breasted Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 54-inch tweed—1⅞ yard 36-inch satin to line. The coat closes to the neck in front and is finished with a round collar. The fulness at the back is laid in plaits and is finished with a pointed strap. The one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

9820—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch plain linen—⅛ yard 36-inch striped linen to trim. The suit consists of a slip-on blouse and side-closing knee trousers. The blouse is slashed at the center-front, underfaced, and rolled with a convertible collar showing a removable shield. The sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

Coat 1085 Coat 8677

1080—Misses' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 14 requires 1½ yard 40-inch check crêpe de Chine—¾ yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine. The blouse is slashed and closed at the center-front. One-piece short sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. The front and back of the blouse are gathered to straight bands closed at the sides.

Blouse 1080 Suit 9820 Dress 1172 Suit 1007 Appliqué 12683

1172—Child's Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—1¼ yard ribbon for bows. The dress is made with oval-shaped neck and the front is tucked on the shoulders. The front and back are gathered at the neck edge, the edges bound or piped. The side-front and side-back sections are gathered in tightly at the waist across the underarm seams.

1007—Boys' Suit. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch linen. The suit consists of a blouse and side-closing knee trousers. The slip-on blouse is closed at the center-front under a plait. Appliqué motifs, couched down with either outline or blanket stitch, trim the front of the blouse in design 12683.

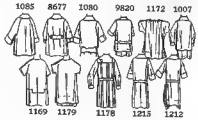
Dress 1169 Appliqué 12671 Bloomer Dress 1179

1160—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch white linen—1 yard 36-inch contrasting linen. Attractive appliqué motifs in design 12671 trim the front of the dress in contrasting shades of linen, blanket stitched in black mercerized floss.

1179—Girls' Bloomer Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch chambray to trim. The dress is slipped on over the head and the shoulder seams are left open part way to show the arms. The bottom of the dress, the sleeves, and neck are trimmed with the plain chambray.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70

Dress 1178 Dress 1215 Dress 1212



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Simple Clothes the Keynote of Good Taste for Childhood

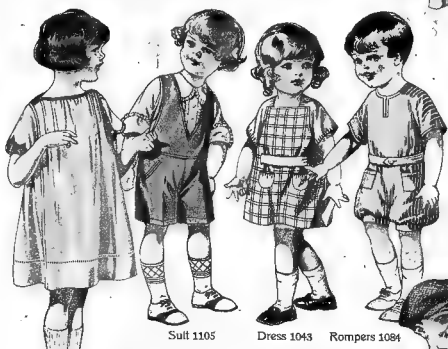
1178—Girls' Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dotted swiss—1 yard 36-inch voile—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting voile for piping. This dainty frock would be very cool for warm Summer afternoons as it hangs perfectly free from the oval-shaped neck and has short sleeves. The dress is tucked at the shoulder while the front and back are gathered at neck edge and the edges bound or piped.

1105—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch linen for waist and trousers—1 yard 36-inch white linen for blouse—2½ yards narrow plaiting. The step-in knee trousers are attached to a waist having a deep V-shaped neck and large armholes. A blouse that is finished with a box-plait at center-front is worn.

1043—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅜ yard 32-inch gingham—⅓ yard 27-inch chambray. A dainty little frock for the little miss fashioned of gingham and chambray. The neck, sleeves, and pockets are outlined in blanket-stitching. Any number of other combinations of materials would be just as effective, such as dotted swiss and organdy, figured and plain voile, two shades of linen, two shades of chambray, or it could also be fashioned all of one material.

Dress 1042 Suit 9401

1084—Child's Rompers. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 27-inch striped chambray. Just the thing for the small child's play-time wear are these little rompers which may be fashioned of chambray, gingham, percale, linen or denim. The rompers close at the back and the neck is slashed at the center-front and bound. Short kimono sleeves are also slashed at lower edge and bound.



Suit 1105 Dress 1043 Rompers 1084

Dress 1173

1042—Child's Slip-on Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss—7⅜ yards lace insertion—1 yard ribbon. This makes a very cool dress for the small child fashioned of dotted swiss, organdy, voile, Georgette crêpe, or crêpe de Chine. The dress has an oval-shaped neck and it is slashed in front and finished for a closing.

9401—Boys' Suit. Designed for 3 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 54-inch tricotine for Eton and trousers—⅛ yard 36-inch washable satin for blouse—2¼ yards plaiting. The blouse is finished with an applied plait in front and the short sleeves finished with turn-back cuffs. Plaiting trims the collar, applied plait, and cuffs.

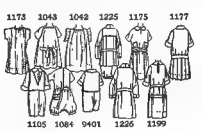
Suit 1225 Coat 1226

Dress 1175 Dress 1199 Dress 1177

1175—Girls' Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 14 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅞ yard 36-inch linen—2½ yards pointed trimming. Trimming-bands of linen are applied to the front and back of this gingham frock. The collar, cuffs, and sash are also of linen.

1199—Juniors' Long-waisted Slip-on Dress. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch check gingham—1¾ yard 36-inch linen. The combination of linen and check gingham forms a very attractive frock using gingham for the skirt, trimming-bands, and collar, and linen for the waist.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 70



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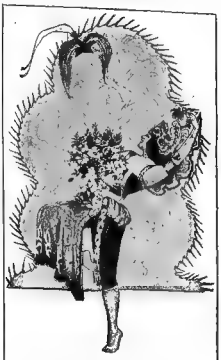

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FASHIONS

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 57

1227—Ladies' Coat. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Length at center-back 48 inches. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 54-inch Bolivia cloth—4¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. The stitching on the collar is finished with arrowheads in design 12624, and may either be worked in running stitches or it may be carried out in solid satin stitch.

1019—Ladies' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Canton crêpe. An elaborate touch is given to this blouse by beading in design 12574. Colored glass, crystal, chalk, or opalescent beads may be used in carrying out the design.

1067—Ladies' and Misses' Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 14 to 20 years. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. An individual touch is given by embroidering one's initial on the blouse. The initial in design 543 may be worked in raised satin stitch.

1080—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for piping—2⅝ yards ribbon for stash. Beading, in design 12630, outlines the slash in front of blouse and also the slashes in the sleeves. Iridescent, jet, crystal, or colored glass beads may be used.

1054—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 39 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar, cuffs, and piping. Appliqué in design 12672 is copied for the inserted pockets. It may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in chain, buttonhole, or blanket stitching.

1222—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 28 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 36-inch striped satin for collar—2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin.

1082—Ladies' Smock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. The patch pockets are appliquéd in design 12562. The motifs may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in blanket, or chain stitching.

1060—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch voile—2¾ yards lace banding—2¼ yards lace edging. No. 1081—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine.

1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9993—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The suit in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch taffeta for collar and sleeve facing—2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. Arrowheads in design 12624 trim the collar of the jacket and may be worked in flat satin stitch with rope silk.

1110—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. 1068—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

9848—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 1066—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch homespun. Beading, in design 12320, outlines the neck, inset vestee, and short sleeves. Opalescent, crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads may be used in working out the design.

9947—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. A smart touch is given by the appliqué, in design 12672, which may be cut from colored scraps of silk and couched down in blanket, buttonhole, or outline stitches.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 58

1174—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch check tissue gingham —⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—3 yards trimming.

1138—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1¼ yard 15-inch banding for bodice—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1201—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅜ yard 40-inch organdy—4⅝ yards insertion—2¾ yards ribbon.

1182—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 38-inch plain ratiné—1⅜ yard 38-inch checked ratiné—1¼ yard ribbon to trim.

1207—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch silk gingham—1 yard 40-inch plain crêpe de Chine—2 yards lace edging—2½ yards ribbon for sash.

1200—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 38-inch checked French voile—¾ yard 40-inch plain organdy.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59

1021—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust, and 16 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen—⅛ yard 36-inch paisley voile.

1170—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch French voile—⅝ yard 40-inch plaid voile—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1196—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch ratiné—⅝ yard 40-inch voile for binding.

1210—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch linen—⅛ yard 32-inch check gingham for collar, cuffs, and pockets.

1200—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch linen—⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting linen to trim.

1203—Ladies' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¼ yard. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—⅞ yard 40-inch organdy—2 yards organdy pointa—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

1230—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch printed crêpe for girdle, collar, cuffs, and vestee. Lining in this crêpe frock with a long classic drapery falling from one shoulder to below the lower edge of the frock.

9941—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Kimono Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅜ yard 40-inch printed silk for vestee and lining of cuffs—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. An interesting adaptation of the fashion in panel frocks is this model of Canton crêpe.

1218—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch brocaded satin—⅞ yard satin ribbon for cuffs—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1216—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 40-inch crêpe satin—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The drapery in this case is hung from a yoke at the top of the skirt. The waist is bloused and has cuffs made over the elbow sleeves. The embroidery at the neck and on the turn-back cuffs is in design 12704 and may be carried out entirely in beads or French knots.

1197—Ladies' Slip-on Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 1078—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch satin—1¼ yard 40-inch printed Georgette for panels. The panels, collar, cuffs, and trimming-straps on the waist as well as the shoulder seams and side panels of the skirt. The beading at the front of the waist is carried out in design 12614 with tiny steel nailheads.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61

1217—If the sleeve sections are faced with contrasting material, size 36 requires ⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette.

1140—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—3¾ yards ribbon for piping.

1184—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¼ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine—¼ yard 40-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine for cuffs.

1221—Ladies' Long-waisted Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 1222—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1¼ yard 36-inch allover lace for sleeve sections—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1220—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch satin crêpe—1¼ yard brocade ribbon—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1212—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅜ yards 40-inch Roshanara crêpe—2¼ yards ribbon for sash.

1202—Ladies' Slightly Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—⅝ yard 40-inch organdy—3 yards trimming.

1208—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for piping—2⅝ yards ribbon for stash. Beading, in design 12630, outlines the slash in front of blouse and also the slashes in the sleeves. Iridescent, jet, crystal, or colored glass beads may be used.

1054—Ladies' Long-waisted Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 39 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar, cuffs, and piping. Appliqué in design 12672 is copied for the inserted pockets. It may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in chain, buttonhole, or blanket stitching.

1222—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 28 inches. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin—⅜ yard 36-inch striped satin for collar—2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. No. 9974—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch satin.

1082—Ladies' Smock. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen. The patch pockets are appliquéd in design 12562. The motifs may be cut from contrasting linen and couched down in blanket, or chain stitching.

1060—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch voile—2¾ yards lace banding—2¼ yards lace edging. No. 1081—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yard 54-inch tricotine.

1136—Ladies' Long-waisted Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 9993—Ladies' Four-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. The suit in medium size requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch serge—¾ yard 36-inch taffeta for collar and sleeve facing—2 yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining. Arrowheads in design 12624 trim the collar of the jacket and may be worked in flat satin stitch with rope silk.

1110—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 28½ inches. No. 1068—Ladies' Three-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch tricotine—2¼ yards 36-inch silk for lining.

9848—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yard 40-inch crêpe de Chine. No. 1066—Ladies' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 26 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch homespun. Beading, in design 12320, outlines the neck, inset vestee, and short sleeves. Opalescent, crystal, chalk, or colored glass beads may be used in working out the design.

9947—Ladies' Slip-on Overblouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe. A smart touch is given by the appliqué, in design 12672, which may be cut from colored scraps of silk and couched down in blanket, buttonhole, or outline stitches.

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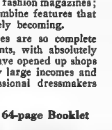

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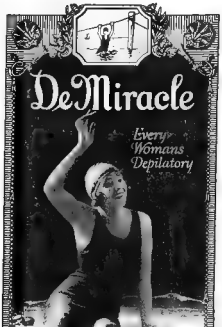

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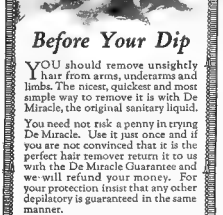

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 62

9966—If the collar and cuffs are bound with plain contrasting material, size 36 requires 1¼ yard 32-inch gingham.

9976—To trim the skirt, pockets, and cuffs, size 36 requires 18 yards braid as illustrated.

10211—If the collar, cuffs, and pocket trimming are of contrasting material as illustrated, size 36 requires ¾ yard 36-inch ratiné.

1176—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 32-inch check gingham—1½ yard 40-inch plain organdy—½ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This model is suitable for both slender and stout figures.

1017—Ladies' Slip-on Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch handkerchief linen—¾ yard 36-inch white handkerchief linen for collar and vestee—2⅝ yards ribbon for sash. 4 row of double hemstitching above the tucks and on the three-quarter sleeves enhances the smartness of this unique little frock.

1210—Ladies' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch linen—5¾ yards 9-inch filet lace. Wide filet lace insertion adds much to the attractiveness of this Summer frock while panels at the side pronounce it as being the smartest of styles.

1200—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4 yards 44-inch French flannel—1 yard 36-inch contrasting crêpe de Chine to face panels—8½ yards silk braid for binding—2¾ yards wide ribbon for sash.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 63

1102—Ladies' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 40-inch Canton crêpe—1 yard 40-inch lining for underbody. The beading design 12574 trims the dress attractively and may be carried out in steel, opalescent or seed beads.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

1202—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yard. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch contrasting linen for collar and piping. Below the inserted pockets, braiding in design 12669 is applied. It may be worked in soutache braid or if preferred embroidery may be substituted.

1911—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 36-inch linen for collar and cuffs. Appliqué, in design 12671, forms an attractive trimming note on this simple gingham frock. The design may be cut from colored linen, chambray, or organdy, and couched down in blanket or buttonhole stitches.

1180—Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch filet net—¼ yard 36-inch white linen—¼ yard 36-inch vesting.

1196—Misses' Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The suit in size 16 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch flannel—2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine for lining jacket.

1228—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch polo cloth—3¾ yards 36-inch satin for lining.

1104—Ladies' and Misses' Three-piece Cape. Designed for 16 years, 36 and 42 bust. Size 16 requires 1 yard 54-inch plaid wool Jersey—1¾ yard 54-inch contrasting wool Jersey. No. 9808—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Slip-on Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years, and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dotted swiss.

9802—Ladies' and Misses' Cape-dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years and 34 to 46 bust. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 5¼ yards 36-inch éponge. A border of embroidery in design 12667 trims the cape and the collar of the cape. Darning or single-stitch embroidery may be used in working out the design, or if desired beads may be used.

1035—Misses' Coat. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch Scotch tweed—3¾ yards 36-inch printed silk for lining.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65

1183—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 4 yards 36-inch plain linen—⅜ yard 40-inch dotted crêpe for collar and sleeve bindings.

1231—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch dotted swiss—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for cuffs and belt binding—4¾ yards edging.

1150—Misses' Long-waisted Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 40-inch French voile—¼ yard vesting—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

1208—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 16 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plain gingham—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and cuffs—1½ yard plaiting—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. A quaint motif in appliqué is carried out in contrasting color gingham on each pocket with design 12672.

1187—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch check handkerchief linen and 2⅝ yards ribbon for dress—7⅝ yard 36-inch batiste for blouse. Appliqué motifs are worked on the pockets in design 12672 with pieces of colored gingham and blanket-stitched in place.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66

1178—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch plaid.

1215—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 2½ yards 36-inch voile—3 yards plaiting to trim—7⅛ yard narrow ribbon for sash. The dress is made without lining, is slashed and closed at the center-front. The one-piece sleeves are finished with turn-back cuffs.

1212—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 17 years. Size 14 requires 3¾ yards 32-inch plain gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch check gingham to trim.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

1177—Girls' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch organdy for blouse—2⅝ yards 36-inch linen for skirt, band, collar, and cuffs—⅝ yards trilling—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underwaist.

1225—Boys' Suit. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2½ yards 54-inch tweed—3¼ yards 36-inch silk serge to line.

1226—Boys' Coat. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch cheviot—⅞ yard 36-inch sateen for lining.

DESCRIPTIONS OF MODELS ON PAGE 68

1046—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch contrasting taffeta—2⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. This is the new type of bathing suit that is making its appearance this season.

1049—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch taffeta and ⅝ yard 36-inch checked silk gingham for collar and trimming—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The slip-on dress is closed at the back.

1044—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch surf satin—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The suit consists of a one-piece kimono dress, and bloomers which are gathered to knee-bands and attached to an underbody.

1168—Ladies' Slip-on Apron. Designed for 36, 40, 44, 48 and 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch plain chambray—¼ yard 32-inch gingham for pocket trimming-pieces and ties. The apron is made with large armholes and deep rounded neck-line. The pocket laps and belt are made of bright gingham.

1171—Ladies' Slip-on Apron. Designed for 36, 40, 44, 48 and 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 36-inch chambray—⅝ yard 32-inch contrasting to trim. The neck is cut square and finished with an applied trimming-band. The short kimono sleeves have neat turn-back cuffs. Tiny covered buttons trim the front and patch pockets.

1181—Ladies' Apron. Designed for 36, 40, 44, 48 and 52 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅜ yards 32-inch plain gingham—⅝ yard 32-inch dotted percale. This apron has a becoming square neck-line and short kimono sleeves with applied cuffs. Tie-strings are attached to the side-fronts and are tied at the side

1167—Ladies' Slip-on Nightgown. Designed for 36, 40 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch batiste. Joined to a shallow band in yoke effect is this nightgown de batiste. The shoulder straps and band are daintily trimmed with rows of double hemstitching.

1176—Ladies' Dressalee. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅜ yard 27-inch crêpe—2¼ yards insertion. The dressalee closes at the back and has shoulder straps. The waist-band has an inserted section in front with a hook attached to tie at pleasure.

1190—Maternity Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Size 36 requires 5⅝ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard 36-inch allover lace for vestee—4⅝ yards rick-rack braid—2¾ yards ribbon for sash—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The long tunic blouse is tucked on the shoulders and gives a straight panel effect all the way down the front.

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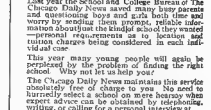

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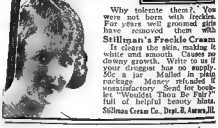

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THE QUEST OF SARAH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

Ah? That's the way I am! I always got something on my sleeve!"

Sarah, stunned, bewildered, could scarcely speak.

"What—what does this mean? I thought—how did you know we—eloped? I thought—my father—objected!"

"It's the whole thing a joke!" Bernard assured her. "Your father gave the idea! He said, 'What is a girl? Romance. She likes to run away a little!' So Oscar asked my advice. 'Should I run or not?' Bernard added, his pride as a match-maker overwhelming him. "So I told him, 'Don't worry about the dowry! Elope! The girl likes it; let her have it! Before marriage give in to her!' And he did. Sarah, I'm a man like this—I like to make you happy! And I don't overcharge you for it, neither!"

"We all told him to elope," Mrs. Gassenheim put in, feeling that Bernard was taking full title to the success.

"Me too," said Zelde in a spirit of rivalry.

Sarah looked from one to the other, stupefied. "You all approved!"

"Sure! Why not? Why not?" came many voices.

Sarah turned to Oscar.

"And you consulted them all?"

"Who? Me?" he stammered, but Bernard assisted him.

"Sure! Why not? He didn't want to elope without permission!"

"And without dowry," Zelde added innocently.

SARAH turned once more to Oscar. He shrivelled beneath her gaze.

"How cruel you are!" she said.

"Who? Me?" All other words had left him. Bernard coached him.

"Sure, you!" he whispered, then expostulated with Sarah. "Why not? Oscar is just like me! And I'm a man like this—I like to trust you. But when it comes to dowry you got to be careful!"

"But now it's my turn to be careful," said Sarah, and despite the cold, metallic click of her voice a liquid sadness throbbed in her throat. "You all approved of the match," she said steadily, quietly, "but I don't!" She was ready to fall. A wave of weakness submerged her, gagged her, strangled her breath, her heart, her soul. The cloak of the ideal—the suit of armor had fallen with a fatal thud from the stoop shoulders she found—just as it had fallen on his gawky, naked imperfection. The Oscar she had eloped with, who for a moment had clasped her in his manly arms, whom for a moment she had held in her embrace—he was gone, a flitting, insubstantial shadow cast by her dream. The shadow of that vague, ethereal ideal of love which all her life she had sought; and for an instant thought she found—"but I lost it," she murmured, "and the quest begins anew!"

"WHAT is she talking about!" Zelde groaned, and wrung her hands. "A craziness got in her! Such a nice young man! Bernard, talk to her!

Bernard tried to be persuasive.

"Sarah, I'm a man like this—" but it was too much for him. "What the devil!" he roared, "I don't like to be made always the damn fool! That's plain talk!"

"I told you, never start with the Pitt-Streeters!" snarled Abrahm, with a haughty glare at the Marantzes. "Come, Oscar! It's plenty girls without her! Such a stuck-up! Pooh!" And she closed to her full volume of blazing indignation, but inwardly she sobbed, "Oh! Poor Oscar! The one time in his life he wanted—he had to fail! Such a luck! Now he'll have to be a bachelor forever!

"But he'll have to get a job!" mumbled his father, while he coughed disdainfully at Zelde.

"Such a crazy girl!" Zelde moaned, still incredulous, still clinging to her dream of "water." "She don't know what she's doing!"

"She knows too well," said Mendel, speaking for the first time. "The trouble is, what is truth? A mother-in-law. Nobody likes it!"

"So you're talking yet! You!"

At the sudden sight of a common enemy, the Gassenheims, Bernard, and Zelde forgot their mutual feud and formed in a menacing group about him.

"Bungler! Clumsy! Trouble-maker!" the voices rang, one above the other. "If not for you with your crazy elopements! It would be such a nice wedding! And such a nice dinner! With wine and with music! And a canjor! Oil!" The enumeration of the pleasures they had lost tantalized them to a greater frenzy.

"Inventor!" Bernard cried, poking his finger against his brow in mimicry. "If you're so smart, why did you tell us to come here before the wedding? Ah? Like that, they eloped, they would get married, and after—!"

"After, it would be too late. What is a bad marriage? Consumption. It's good to prevent it, because later you can't cure it! Sarah was in love with romance, not with Oscar, but she couldn't tell the difference! What is romance? Cauliflower. When you boil it down it smells like cabbage! What is life? A ship. What is love? A fog. What is marriage? A rock. You got to look out how you steer! And you all looked in the wrong direction! Bernard looked for match-making, Zelde for society, Gassenheim for a depositor, Oscar for a future. Sarah for romance, and everybody thought they were looking for love! What is love? A sheriff. You don't have to look for him! And what is love? Hay-fever. Everybody knows the symptoms! And what is love? A sneeze. When it comes you can't control it! And it's bad enough to marry for love," said Mendel, pointing a himself and Zelde, "but it would be worse to marry without it!" He pointed to Sarah and Oscar.

LATE that night, unable to sleep, Sarah sat beside her father, crouched upon a pillow, resting her head against his knee.

"Tell me, Father," she said, "will I ever know what true love is?"

Mendel blew light curls of cloud from his cigaret.

"What is true love? A bird. Make your heart a nest and it will come!"

"And when it comes can she marry already?" Zelde broke in, still determined to commit Mendel to a definite policy.

"What is a wife? Heart-disease. You can never cure it!"

WHO IS TO BLAME?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

yours, and I take just as much pride in doing my job well as you do yours."

"Who's disputing that?" Dick replied. "No one has complained of the way you run your house. My complaint is against the way you run yourself."

"What do you mean by that?" asked Helen.

"I mean just this," said Dick. "You have allowed your domestic cares to play an altogether too important part in your daily life. You don't realize it yourself, but you're never bright or cheerful any more. Time and again I've come home just as happy and happy as I can be and almost as soon as I put my nose inside the door you've come along with one of your sob stories and taken the pep right out of me.

"And another thing. You don't know how many times I've asked you to go out with me to a show or a movie or dance somewhere, and you've said you couldn't go. There's always something you've got to do. And it isn't as if you didn't have any servants. No, you've allowed yourself to get obsessed with your troubles, and every time I ask you to go anywhere with me you can't do it, and I either have to give up the idea or go alone."

Helen's way was to burst into a cataract of tears, and Dick, in a frenzy of impatience and irritability, picked up his hat and told her he'd be at the club. Possibly he shouldn't have done this. No doubt he should have controlled himself, folded her once more in his arms, and kissed her tears away. But Dick was just a man, not a superhuman plaster-saint. Well, he went to the club, and just as soon as he reached the reading-room was greeted by four of his closest friends. Until Bruce Rogers asked him, "Why the gloomy countenance?" Dick hadn't been aware that he was carrying his troubles in his face.

"YOU'RE just the man we want," said Rogers. "We're giving a dinner at the St. James to-night, and Ed Harcourt has just rung up to say he can't come, so you're elected."

"Who's going?" said Dick.

"Oh, it's a harmless enough party, Mrs. Dick won't object. There's Fred Goss, Len Deering, Tommy French, you and myself, and the ladies—"

"Oh, there are ladies!" said Dick in surprize.

"Sure, we're giving it for Fanny Egbert before she blows off for Richmond. You'll be the only married man present. There's Fan, Louise Ballantine, Jessie Debenham, Sally Hunter, and a Miss Conklin—she's the only one I don't know."

"Who's she?"

"Oh! Len Deering met her somewhere—says she's a peach. Come on, Dick, and we'll stick you next to her."

"By gosh, I'll go you! What about dressing?"

"We're not going to bother about that, as Fan's going to leave on the midnight train anyhow."

Well, Dick went to the party and had the time of his life. Vera Conklin was everything Len Deering had said. She had soft brown eyes, and she let him talk about himself without interruption. She never once interjected a remark about domestic troubles. She soothed him. She made him feel at peace with the world. She thoroughly convinced him that he was a wit by the way she laughed at his jokes. It was a pleasant, gay party, perfectly innocent and harmless in every way. All the men and women belonged to the same set as the Frayleys, and Dick had to stand some good-natured banter about being allowed to attend alone.

IT WAS the first affair of its kind he had ever been to without Helen, and a curious sense of freedom came over him after the first ten minutes, and he began to ask himself why he had never done it before. By the time the salad course had made answers had been utterly forgotten. To cut a long story short, when Dick arrived home at 1:30 in the morning he was cognizant of a highly exhilarated sense of happiness and he commenced reflecting, with some regret, how irritable he had been with Helen the previous evening, and resolved to make up for his hastiness by extra attentions and gentleness as soon as the opportunity offered.

The broad morning at breakfast he kissed Helen tenderly and said:

"I'm sorry I got impatient with you last night, old girl. I didn't mean to. I've had a rotten day myself yesterday and I guess it got me."

"Where did you have dinner? I phoned the club at 9:30, and they said you'd been there at 7, but had left with several men," Helen quietly remarked, utterly ignoring his attempt at reconciliation.

"Oh, I went to a party. Gee! I wish you'd been with us. We were at the St. James. There was Fanny Egbert, Louise Ballantine, Jessie Debenham, Sally Hunter, and a Miss Conklin, a friend of Len Deering. She's a great girl. You must meet her. I'm sure you'd like her."

"Do you mean to tell me you left this house last night to go to a party at a hotel with a lot of women?"

"Lot of women, nothing! I told you who were there—every one of them friends of both of us except one. Where's the harm in that?"

"You seem to see absolutely nothing wrong in leaving me here alone in the house while you go off on a party without giving me one thought. How dare you go out with other women alone? How do I know what——?"

"How dare you insinuate that anything at that party was not what you or any one else could have seen or listened to? It was no different from dozens of dinners we've had right here in our own home."

"Except that I wasn't permitted to be present," she wailed.

"For Heaven's sake! How did I know I was going when I left the house? I just happened to meet the boys at the club——"

"Just happened, yes—but if you had had any consideration for me you wouldn't have gone to the club at all."

"And if you had had any consideration for me you wouldn't have made it necessary for me to go outside the house."

"I—made it necessary! How?"

"By your whining about the terrible troubles you had to put up with during the day, and, by Heavens! it was enough to make any man leave his home and take refuge in a club."

"Richard Frayley! That's the unkindest thing you've ever said to me in your life."

And on this speech she began to cry afresh. Dick, feeling the utter hopelessness of attempting to explain matters satisfactorily while Helen was in this state of mind, banged his hat on his head and left for the office.

THE next evening he again visited the club, and told "the boys" how his wife "performed" on receipt of the news of his perfectly harmless party. Len Deering dryly remarked:

"Dick, I don't want to interfere in any man's domestic affairs, but as a disreputable bachelor with no more sense of responsibility than an alley cat, I have frequently observed that a henpecked married man who tells his wife everything gets the devil, while the guy that keeps his business to himself can get away with murder——"

And so the next party Dick Frayley went to was not discussed in his home for the good and sufficient reason that Helen didn't know anything about it. And she was just as ignorant of the one after that and the one after that. Rather than have another outburst in his home Dick decided that it might be better if he did not bother her with complete and detailed information. In reply to her questions about his absences he gave vague answers or else evasive explanations and, I am sorry to say, sometimes told downright lies.

Like all men, Dick hated scenes, and salved his conscience for his petty deceptions with the realization that the parties he attended were harmless affairs anyhow. Frequently rather than face a gloomy evening at home he played poker with a crowd of his friends at the club. Other times he dined where the wives and women friends of his associates were present, and he often danced with them.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

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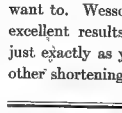

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WHO IS TO BLAME?

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Helen didn't care for dancing, and Dick argued that her dislike of it was surely no reason why he shouldn't enjoy it. (Heaven knows, he had asked her often enough, he said to himself.) He readily persuaded himself that when the occasion for a good time presented itself he was going to reach right out and grasp it; and in justice to him it can be said that but for Helen's attitude he would never have dreamed of going out without her.

But, as Dick must have foreseen if he had given the matter any thought, it was inevitable that some kind friend would see him at one of his parties and inform Helen. And lo! it came to pass, as the Good Book says. In the most casual way in the world, one morning at breakfast Helen remarked:

"Why didn't you mention to me that you were dining at the Clarendon on Tuesday night? Madge Bingham saw you there, so spare yourself the trouble of denying it. Doesn't it strike you as a little humiliating to have others tell me of my own husband's movements? Why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, if you want to know," said Dick defiantly, "I didn't tell you I was going because I didn't want to make a scene."

"A scene!" cried Helen. "I like that! You go out and dine with a crowd of women; you tell me nothing about it, and when I find out about it from some one else, you say you didn't tell me because you didn't want a scene. I like that!"

"Well, it's the truth," Dick retorted.

"Oh, is it, indeed?" said Helen with more than a touch of sarcasm. "Suppose we say it's a part of the truth?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I mean," she replied, "that the reason why men do not tell their wives where they have been and whom they have been with is generally because they have some very good cause for not telling them. If you keep this from me how do I know what else you conceal? How do I know who these women are you are seen with? How do I know what they're like? For all I know they may be——"

FROM this time on the conversation of Dick and Helen Fraley became more acrimonious than ever. Her suspicions grew more and more outspoken, while his ill temper and impatience increased perceptibly. Feeling now more than ever that he could not tell his wife about the parties he attended where women of low repute set were present, it was a very easy step from that to going to the kind of parties where women who were decidedly not of his wife's set played an important part.

"As I already have the name," said Dick to himself, "I may as well have the game."

We need not pursue the descent any further. Quarrels, accusations, denials, tears, and constant bickering ensued. Then at last the inevitable happened. One night came when Dick did not come home at all. That was the beginning of the end. When Dick refused to make a satisfactory explanation of his absence Helen took the children and left for Baltimore to stay with her mother. Pretty soon the news was all over town that the Fraleys had separated.

Now, please don't misunderstand me. I am not one of those who believe that Dick Fraley is as pure and blameless as the lily or that his conduct was justifiable. Not at all; but without attempting in any way to excuse his share of the mess, I would like to know whether or not you think that his wife was entirely without responsibility for the final disaster that overtook them.

HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

own individual education must include a comprehension of education in general. Why? When he has dealt with his own case, why must the individual consider the general principles? It was Herbert Spencer, a bachelor, who answered that as the chances are in favor of every individual becoming a parent every individual should understand the subject of education in order that he may do justice to his children. The majority of parents are agreed that parenthood, tho admittedly it satisfies a profound instinct and gives intense joy, is a terrible responsibility, cause of friction and worry, and source of disappointment.

The black side of parenthood could naturally never be abolished, but assuredly its blackness would be mitigated if parents knew a little better what they were about. As a fact they too often start out on the tremendously difficult enterprise of bringing up children without the slightest idea of what they are about. They blunder; they suffer; the unfortunate children suffer; and the hope of complete living vanishes. A man may indeed live completely until he becomes a parent and then find himself faced with complications which he had utterly forgotten to prepare himself for, and from a success he deteriorates into a failure.

He has not looked ahead far enough. At twenty it did not occur to him to think of what is involved in the vast affair of producing the next generations, and quite possibly if anybody had suggested to him that he should arm himself for fatherhood he would have laughed at the young fool's attempt at mere priggishness. And he would have been wrong. When you are a parent it is already too late to begin to try to begin training yourself to be a parent.

Finally no man can claim to be living completely or can be living completely at the standards of right and wrong, and therefore say sound scheme of education must have a department of ethics. More pointedness, some will say. Well, they must say it.

I do not pretend to have mentioned all of even the essentials to living completely, or have said nothing, for example, about the subject of social deportment. Nor of the subject of the employment of leisure hours—nobody can amuse and distract himself satisfactorily by merely wishing to do so, and many a man otherwise well-living men have fallen short of completeness in this very respect. Both these subjects are essentials.

Education for Women

I HAVE been employing the word "man," but it should be taken in the generic sense, to include women also, and my remarks are addressed impartially to both sexes. Altho I do not hold that women should receive a different kind of education, I do uncompromisingly hold that a woman's education should comprise everything that I have mentioned above. I can conceive no reason why, for example, a woman should not be acquainted with the structure of the society in which she has to live, the manner in which it is developing—from what past state into what future state, and the machinery in accordance with which it functions. Nor do I see how she can live completely without this knowledge. Nor do I think that the acquirement of such knowledge is incompatible with charm, sentiments, a good complexion, agreeable frocks, and the right to change her mind. And especially I do not think that a woman, who in the most important years has far more to do with children than a man, can properly neglect the study of the general principles of the science of education.

As for earning her living, every adult who is not physically or mentally incapable of doing so, should pay by work for his or her place in society. The work of course may not be remunerated in money, but it will always be remunerated by something that money represents. The main activity of a very large proportion of women is and always will be housekeeping. Most women, I regret to say, keep house amateurishly, because they have never been taught, or have never taken the trouble to learn, the craft of housekeeping in a common-sense and thoroughly way. The majority of them "pick it up" from other amateurs, and the grand result is that they themselves and the persons for whom they keep house are prevented by friction and inefficiency from living completely—complete living being a highly delicate affair that is only too easily disorganized by trifling mishaps.

This attitude and this judgment concerning women will be resented, perhaps violently; but then nothing on earth arouses more violent resentment than the ruthless, unchangeable course of evolution. Excellent and well-meaning nice pretty nice persons call it all sorts of bad names. It just calmly proceeds. And evolution is undoubtedly in the directions which I have indicated.

Fitting the Means to the End

EVEN males may be rather agitated by my presentation of the essentials of a sound curriculum. And well they may be. I am disturbed myself. We are so accustomed to the fashion of the day in education, and so obsessed by them, that anything which cuts right across them is bound to upset us. True, education has improved. We are no longer in the period when a knowledge of Greek and Latin was arbitrarily considered the best outfit for a man intending to rule his fellows, and when the skill to talk French, sing, play, and embroider were all that public opinion demanded from the mothers of the flower of the race.

But the said period is not yet very far behind us. Even to-day there are men who arbitrarily will say of another man who does not know the difference between Charlotte Brontë and Emily Brontë, "The fellow is uneducated." And there are men who will arbitrarily say of another man who is not aware that the resistance of water to a body moving through it varies as the square of the speed of the body, "The fellow is uneducated." Similarly there are women who will arbitrarily say of a woman who hasn't seen the Russian ballet or is unfamiliar with the history of the suffrage movement, "Poor thing! She is frightfully ignorant."

We have an insufficient sense of proportion in our view of education. We permit ourselves to be astonished and scornful at the absence of certain items in the scraps of knowledge, while accepting with equanimity the absence of whole bunches of knowledge that are of real consequency. And we are thus because we do not put any curriculum to a proper test. In fact we have no proper test. The question that we generally forget to ask ourselves what is the aim of education. At the best we seize on some single thing in a given curriculum and strike it fiercely out, or we stick some missing detail in and think we have arrived at perfection.

The way of approach is wrong. We begin by examining the means to the end instead of first ascertaining what the end is. If we first defined and clearly envisaged the end, we should be in a better position to pass a verdict on the means. I am inclined to think that no existing curriculum of any well-known educational institution has been framed exclusively in the light of the notion that the object of education is to attain complete living. And in the great historical institutions, such as the older universities, this obviously would be impossible; for they are and must be ruled by tradition and can only be modified by very slow degrees. That they are being modified is much.

And here the basis should be warned against an unreflecting, wholesale condemnation of existing curricula. The tendency of all boys and of nearly all young men is to proclaim that each and such a subject is perfectly futile in the practise of after-life. It may or it may not be, but to decide definitely whether it is or is not might be difficult. We should have no bathrooms, railway-bridges, flying-machines, cure for diphtheria, antiseptic operations, if certain obstinate students had not insisted on studying subjects which the great wise world, with cheerful disdain, held to be perfectly futile.

My complaint against existing curricula is not that they are full of futilities—they are not—but that they show a lack of proportion and ignore essentials. I wonder whether a single educational institution could be found in the British Isles where it is obligatory for young men and women over twenty to study the principles of the science of education. Which is equivalent to wondering whether there is a single educational expert who has effectively remembered that the chief purposes of young men and women is to become parents of well brought up and satisfactory children.

When Self-education Starts

THE best education is self-education. Indeed all education is tending more and more towards self-education. The child is encouraged to find knowledge for himself instead of having knowledge forced into him under a kind of automatic pressure. Learning by rote is being abandoned. General principles and natural laws are taking the place of rules-of-thumb. In short, school bear a far less striking resemblance to purgatory than they used to do. Even the best schools, however, have one characteristic—they do not allow boys and girls to be their own masters and mistresses. It is after leaving school that real education starts—or should start. So that those earnest young persons who consider that their school-days have been wasted need not repine or weep over the years that are gone beyond recall. Ninety-nine excuses out of a hundred made by the uneducated for their lack of education will not bear serious examination.

There are two classes of pupils leaving school—a very small class, those who proceed to a university, and a very large class, those who proceed direct into the world. I will take the small class first. In former days only a tiny percentage of this small class had any genuine interest in their own education. The majority attended a university with the avowed intention to learn as little as possible and to have as great a lark as possible. This is now changed, even in the ancient and highly conservative universities. The majority of undergraduates are as earnest as a dog with a bone. And the curious fact is that the more earnest they are the more apt they are to call their university bad names, and to insist that it is nearly everything a university ought not to be and that the authorities show extraordinary ingenuity in rendering education difficult or impossible. Which attitude is pardonable (because of its earnestness), but absurd and egotistic.

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HOW TO MAKE THE BEST OF LIFE

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The earnest undergraduate seems to have one grand leading idea, namely, that his university ought to be planned, established, and specially arranged to meet the requirements of his own particular case. Now, the university does not regard the affair in quite this light. The earnest undergraduate is important; he may be as important as a whole town, but, compared to the university, he is somewhat like a town built by a river. The river was there centuries before the town, and it will be there centuries after the town has vanished. The town is a mere incident in the life of the river. The individual undergraduate is a mere incident in the life of the university. The university caters, and must cater, for the average undergraduate. There is no average undergraduate, really. Hence every undergraduate must adapt himself more or less—and usually rather more than less—to the university.

The more strenuous the student the more adaptation has to be performed. But the most singular, peculiar, and purposeful student can, if he is modest enough, discover somewhere in the university the material necessary for his education. Idle for him to inveigh against old-fashioned, fixed courses of study. He must be clever enough to use them usefully. Idle for him to cry out upon the lack of apparatus. The finest work has always been done with the most primitive apparatus.

Idle for him to criticize dons, tutors, and professors. He is his own chief don, tutor, professor. The university will never educate him; it will merely provide a field where he can educate himself. And it will leave him free to exploit the vast organization as he chooses. There are certain physical things that the university will not permit to him, but he is essentially free, and herein is one of the greatest advantages of a university. If it genuinely teaches anything, it teaches the student to manage himself, and places but small obstacles in the way of him making a perfect fool of himself is he so chooses. This is a high virtue in a university. Not that I am indiscriminately praising universities. Far from it!

Universities are not more perfect than undergraduates—and not less. Universities are terribly deficient. And I hate to hear reactionary fathers saying that the deficiencies don't really matter, and that what goes to a university to meet his fellows and lead the communal life and accustom himself to self-reliance and the give and take. If the universities had no educational deficiencies the youth would still meet his fellows and live the communal life and acquire self-reliance, and so on. But, on the other hand, I do hate to hear earnest undergraduates discoursing upon their unique difficulties. University education can not be handed out complete like a cake on a tray. It has to be fought for, intrigued for, conspired for, lied for, and sometimes simply stolen. If it had not it would scarcely be education.

Free Students in the World

I COME now to the immensely larger class of students leaving school, those who do not proceed to a university. Many among them of course sell their schoolbooks and thank Heaven they have done with education for the rest of their lives. But many, having perceived that school is merely the portico of the vast mansion of knowledge, seriously determine to get inside. These will either attend evening classes or pursue private study, or do both. In any case the disadvantages are considerable—and not the least disadvantage is the lack of time. But the advantage of untrammeled freedom within such leisure as they have is tremendous and inspiring. They can follow their own ideas in the execution of the gigantic affair of learning to understand, sympathize with, and enjoy the world, and of fulfilling themselves so that they shall live completely. They have everything to choose from. They are at liberty to make their own mistakes and to correct them in their own way. They are genuinely entitled to say that they are engaged in *self*-education.

I can imagine few spectacles more exhilarating than the spectacle of the young man or girl sitting down eagerly to the great business. The idea of the first evening, or the first early morning, positively palpitates with drama. The only thing that might reconcile me to growing young again would be the marvelous opportunity of starting quite afresh to educate myself!

Naturally and rightly all young students are extremely ingenuous. Simple-minded creatures with hopes as absurd as their methods! But they are fine. And their mistakes would be reduced to a minimum if they would bear in mind a few obvious considerations. There are, for instance, two preliminary considerations. The first is that in the young a feeling of indolence and a disinclination for effort are almost always a sign that the whole organism is out of gear. Healthy young people are never indolent. They can not be. Energy doesn't trickle out of them; it bursts out of them. The feeling of indolence therefore should be treated physically rather than mentally.

Don't Specialize Too Early

THE second consideration is that boredom in study proves either that the subject is distasteful or that the essential subjects could be distasteful to a representative mind) or that the method of study is wrong. All study, all education, should be interesting. If it is not, then it was altering. Of course a small percentage of individuals are insusceptible of education under even the most favorable circumstances; and they must reconcile themselves to incomplete living. They have been born moribund. Dullness is their appointed portion, and there is nothing more to be said.

These two preliminary considerations having been dealt with, we can pass on. The most important advice to be offered to the fortunate band of enthusiasts for self-education is not to begin to specialize too early. Moreover, many people, while conscious of a keen desire for knowledge, do not at first feel a definite call to special knowledge, tho in the end they are bound to specialize for the mere matter-of-fact reason that nobody will be able enough to try to know everything in the same degree. These undecided persons are apt to fall into the error of deciding prematurely, for the mere sake of deciding, and to decide wrongly, which means wasted energy and a new start. They would do well, in the long run, in a period of wide miscellaneous browsing over the limitless fields of knowledge, till the interior voice indicates the true direction.

It is probable that the most successful self-educators have begun with an orgy of indiscriminate reading and study. But even when the true direction is never in doubt specialization should not be hurried. General education must precede special education, or the consequences will be lopsidedness, lack of proportion, and incomplete living in an intensified form. Specialization must have a firm basis enormously broader than itself. No special branch of knowledge can be fully understood alone. It must be put into relation with the whole sum of knowledge. And whether the specialization has to do with one's livelihood or whether it is an end in itself, the rule holds. Further, if the fullest possible amount of vital happiness is to be achieved, the entire process of self-education must be conducted with that object in view.

It would be untrue to say that life is too short for both general and special education. Life is neither too long nor too short; it has the right length. And the more sagaciously it is employed the longer it will appear to be. General and special education can undoubtedly be fitted with the span of existence, and in any case it is better to learn to live well generally than to learn to live well in one particular, neglecting all the other particulars. A man who slips into this error is like the athlete who develops his muscles and dies early from heart-disease. The plan of education must be carefully and well laid. And the execution of the plan must be constantly checked by its action upon the life lived.

In the ardor of self-education the aim of education is frequently forgotten out of sight of, and without knowing it the devotee veers further and further away from the goal. In fact autodidacts are notoriously dont-know how to live, and are strangers in the world—in which every man should be ashamed to be a stranger. Self-education does not teach you to like life, does not create a wish to get closer to life and to various sorts of life, does not show you that no sort of life is unworthy to be understood or devoid of interest, does not inspire you to plunge deeply into the great stream of existence instead of standing in priggish repudiation on the banks—if it does not do all this, then it is futile. It is indeed a waste of time, and a man might as well be employed in counting sheep as they pass through a gate.

Knowledge Is Never Lost

LASTLY, it is to be remembered, in all solemnity, that the education has a beginning, there is no end to it. The more you know the more you find you don't know. Only the weakest fools think they are, and this realizing of unwisdom is the supreme sensation, for it puts one in one's place and displays the wonder of life as nothing else can. As education widens, so does the marvelous vision of the universe widen and the glory of God take a more noble and mighty shape.

Men who have learned to live completely in the every-day sense will not be at the attempt to live still more completely. The sight of a man striving after knowledge in his late years, strenuously using the remnant of existence to add treasure to treasure, has excited the laughter of the thoughtless. Asking, "What will he be able to do with it?" Nobody knows what he will be able to do with it. But unless all signs are upon a total fallacity, nothing is or can be lost either on this side the grave or the other. It is asserted that we know and can know with certainty nothing about the other side of the grave. We ought to know this, anyhow, that ultimate waste will not occur.

Next month a splendid talk in this great series, addressed to young people, on "Getting a Start in Life."

HOUSEKEEPING FOR THE COMMUNITY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

Community buildings may include dining-service, audience-, dance-, dormitory-, and sewing-rooms, rest-, smoking-, and billiard-rooms, gymnasia, swimming-pools, playrooms, nurseries, and reception-rooms. Or they may be only simpler meeting-places for community gatherings.

For a community house recently opened in a Long Island village everybody made some contribution, so that this house was literally built by all the people for all the people. For instance, a local man gave the land, the local architect drew the plans, the local lawyer took care of the incorporation. Each local builder, contractor, and workman contributed at least one day of time and work. The women collected the necessary money, made the curtains and linens, and are responsible for a continuous program of hospitality. These the little house stands, witness to the right kind of community spirit.

ESPECIALLY outside the great cities, community recreation gets too little attention. Everybody knows that children need play as much as they need food; and to only a lesser degree is this true of adults, altho few will admit it.

In the cities there may be the problems of a choice from a distracting array of offerings and the need of more open outdoor spaces. It is refreshing to contemplate the essential idealism of great cities like Cleveland, Chicago, and New York. Their municipal playgrounds and parks against the encroachments of buildings, and even raze blocks for more play-spaces.

In the smaller towns, villages, and farm-community centers the great need is for more organized play. Farm and home bureaus, granges, women's clubs, business men, teachers, and preachers, are now recognize the country's lack of the recreation that makes the city so alluring to boys and girls.

Plays and pageants, community-sings, picnics, community parties, song festivals, the introduction of wholesome movies and dancing and of athletic games and sports with awards, are now being offered.

SCHOOL is the center for both work and play, since the children spend about half of their waking hours at school. Therefore the school or home-keeping at school must be of deep concern.

Is the school clean? Has it sanitary conveniences? Do its desks and seats fit the children, or do the children have to fit them? Is the schoolroom aired? Is it adequately heated? Does it convey a true picture for children who can not go home at noon? Are its influences good? Is recess a time to fight or gossip, or is there organized play? Are we skimping expenses on schools, where our most important crop is growing, and thus hazarding the harvest?

Such questions can be answered only by the fullest of association and understanding among parents, teachers, and school boards.

Organized work for better schools is a rich field for good citizenship. Hot lunches are being introduced; they improve grades in arithmetic as well as promote child health. Grass, trees, shrubs, and flowers are being planted in school grounds to cultivate the children's love of the neat and the beautiful and to make the school grounds contrast less sharply with near-by and highly decorative cemeteries—tho in some communities even the cemetery indicates no belief in a resurrection.

Playground equipment pays high interest in terms of fun on a relatively small investment.

As fundamental to making these and other improvements as money is created a public opinion that will lead even the most complaining taxpayer to a realization that no matter what it may cost to get better schools, it will be worth every cent of it because it represents an investment in America's future.

THE foregoing represent only a few of the many activities that lend themselves to the fostering care of women organized for the newer type of community housekeeping. The church, the local stores, and the newspaper are other vital factors in the need organized support. Progressive women will not want to escape the privileges and responsibilities of this larger housekeeping; all women will find, sooner or later, that the call of the community is irresistible.

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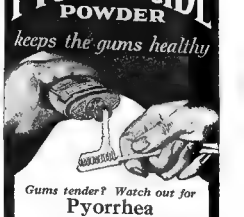

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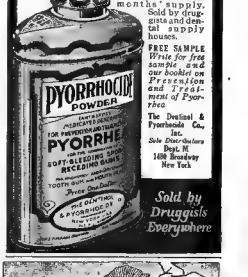

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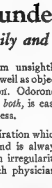

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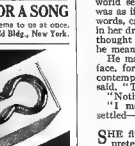

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BARS: *By James Boyd*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

when it was cloudy. But he could not leave that door. He could just make out its whiteness in the dark.

Against this whiteness, infinitely slowly a shadow appeared. It seemed to grow there imperceptibly; it seemed a lean, blunt-muzzled head. It went up with a sharp flourish. He felt himself shiver. He looked again; the door was blank. Then a shadow passed him, galloping.

The house itself trembled to the burst of the jungle chant. He stood up, waving frantically. The roundsman's heavy boots came trotting and stopped at the open door. The chorus died away.

With a twisted grin he threw forward his head and sounded the long, fierce, mocking prison cry.

Then he started to run.

He heard a shout, "Stop, there!" and a shot. Another—a hammer-blow hit him between the shoulders. He was running, running, but his face was craning forward, nearer and nearer the ground. His hands shot out; he dove into the wet earth and lay there numb.

He felt the chill tide creeping up him. No more bars for him—nor the cat. He gave a coughing laugh and rolled over, staring at the stars.

GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

"Here—with the Fulmer children?" She roused herself, trying to catch his easier note. "Oh, I've simply been governessing them for a few weeks, while Nat and Grace are in Sicily." She did not say, "It's because I've parted with Strefford." Somehow it helped her wounded pride a little to keep from him the secret of her precarious independence.

He looked his wonder. "All alone with that bewildered *bonne*? But how many of them are there? Five? Good Lord!" He contemplated the clock with unseeing eyes, and then turned them again on her face.

"I should have thought a lot of children would rather get on your nerves."

"Oh, not *these* children. They're so good to me."

"Ah, well, I suppose it won't be for long," he said.

He sent his eyes again about the room, which his absent-minded gaze seemed to reduce to its dismal constituent elements, and added, with an obvious effort at small talk, "I hear the Fulmers are not hitting it off very well since his success. Is it true that he's going to marry Violet Melrose?"

The blood rose to Susy's face. "No, never, never! He and Grace are traveling together now."

"Oh, I didn't know. People say things—" He was visibly embarrassed with the subject, and sorry that he had broached it.

"Some of the things that people say are true. But Grace doesn't mind. She says she and Nat belong to each other. They can't help it, she thinks, after having been through such a lot together."

"Dear old Grace!"

HE HAD risen from his chair, and this time she made no effort to detain him. He seemed to have recovered his self-composure, and it struck him painfully, humiliatingly almost, that he should have spoken in that light way of the expedition to Fontainebleau on the morrow. Well, men were different, she supposed; she remembered having felt that once before about Nick.

It was on the tip of her tongue to cry out, "But wait—wait! I'm not going to marry Strefford after all!"—but to do so would seem like an appeal to his compassion, to his indulgence; and that was not what she wanted. She could never forget that he had left her because he had not been able to forgive her for "managing"—and not for the world should she have him think that this meeting had been planned for such a purpose.

"If he doesn't see that I *am* different, in spite of appearances—and that I never was what he said I was that day—if in all these months it hasn't come over him, what's the use of trying to make him see it now?" she mused. And then, her thoughts hurrying on, "Perhaps he's suffering too—I believe he *is* suffering—at any rate, he's suffering for me. If not, why should he stay away? But if he's pledged to Coral, what can he do? What would he think of me if I tried to make him break his word to her?"

There he stood—the man who was "going to Fontainebleau to-morrow"; who called it "taking the necessary steps"! Who could smile as he made the careless statement! A world seemed to divide them already; it was as if their parting were over. All the words, cries, arguments beating loud wings in her dropped back into silence. The only thought left was, "How much longer does he mean to go on standing there?"

He may have read the question in her face, for, turning back from an absorbed contemplation of the window-curtains, he said, "There's nothing else——?"

"Nothing else?"

"I mean, you spoke of things to be settled——"

SHE flushed, suddenly remembering the pretext she had used to summon him. "Oh," she faltered, "I didn't know—I thought there might be— But the lawyers, I suppose——"

She saw the relief on his contracted face. "Exactly. I've always thought it was best to leave it to them. I assure you—" again for a moment she arched her strained lips—"I shall do nothing to interfere with a quick settlement."

She stood motionless, feeling herself turn to stone. He appeared already a long way off, like a figure vanishing down a remote perspective.

"Then—good-by," she heard him say from its farther end.

"Oh—good-by," she stammered, as if she had not had the word ready, and was relieved to have him supply it.

He stopped again on the threshold, looked back at her, began to speak. "I've—" he said; then he repeated, "Good-by," as tho to make sure he had not forgotten to say it; and the door closed on him.

IT WAS over; she had had her last chance —and closed it. Now, whatever happened, the one thing she had lived and longed for would never be. He had come, and she had let him go again.

How had it come about? Would she ever be able to explain it to herself? How was it that she, so fertile in strategy, so practised in feminine arts, had stood there before him, helpless, inarticulate, like a schoolgirl schoke with her first love longing? If he was gone, and gone never to return, it was her own fault, and none but hers. What had she done to move him, detain him, make his heart beat and his head swim as hers were beating and swimming? She stood aghast at her own inadequacy, her stony inexpressiveness.

And suddenly she lifted her hands to her throbbing forehead and cried out, "But this is love! This must be love!"

She had loved him before, she supposed; for what else was she to call the impulse that had drawn her to him, taught her how to overcome his scruples, and whirled him away with her on their mad adventure? Well, if that was love, this was something so much larger and deeper that the other feeling seemed the mere dancing of her blood in tune with his.

But, no! Real love, great love, the love that poets sang, and privileged and tortured beings lived and died of, that love had its own superior expressiveness and the sure command of its means. The petty arts of coquetry were no farther from it than the numbness of the untaught girl. Great love was wise, strong, powerful, like genius, like any other dominant form of human power. It knew itself, and what it wanted, and how to attain its ends.

His generosity, then—but just the common, humble average of human love was hers. And it had come to her so newly, so overwhelmingly, with a face so grave, a touch so startling, that she had stood there petrified, humbled at the first look of its eyes, recognizing that what she had once taken for love was merely pleasure and Springtime and the flavor of youth.

"But how was I to know? And now it's too late!" she wailed.

THE inhabitants of the little house in Passy were of necessity early risers; but when Susy jumped out of bed the next morning no one else under the roof was astir, and it lacked nearly an hour of the call of the *bonne's* alarm-clock.

For a moment Susy leaned out of her dark room into the darker night. A slow candle fell on her face, and she shivered and drew the shutters close. Then, lighting a candle, and shading it, as her habit was, from the sleeping child in the crib, she slipped on her dressing-gown and opened the door. On the threshold she paused, and turned back to look at her watch. Only half past five! She thought with compunction of the cruelty of breaking in on June Fulmer's slumbers; but such scruples no longer weighed an ounce in the balance of the purpose now possessing her. Poor Junie—well, she'd have to oversleep on Sunday morning, that was all.

Susy stole out into the passage, opened the door that faced her own, and cast her light ruthlessly on the girl's unconscious face.

"Junie! Dearest Junie, you must wake up!"

Junie lay in the abandonment of youthful sleep; but at the sound of her name she sat up with the promptness of a grown person on whom domestic responsibilities have long weighed.

"Which of them is it?" she asked, one foot already out of bed.

"Oh, Junie, dear, no—it's nothing wrong with the children—or with anybody," Susy stammered, on her knees by the bed.

In the candlelight she saw Junie's anxious brow darken reproachfully.

"Oh, Susy, then why—? I was just

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

dreaming we were all driving about Rome in a big motor with father and mother!"

"I'm so sorry, dear. What a lovely dream! I'm a brute to have interrupted it."

She felt Junie's awakening scrutiny. "If there's nothing wrong with anybody, why are you crying, Susy? Is it you there's something wrong with? What has happened?"

"Am I crying?" Susy rose from her knees and sat down on the bed. "Yes, it *is* me. And I had to disturb you."

"Oh, Susy, darling, what is it?" Junie's arms were about her neck in a flash, and Susy grasped them in burning fingers.

"Junie, listen! I've got to go away at once—to leave you all for the whole day. I may not be back till late this evening; late to-night; I can't tell. I promised your mother I'd never leave you; but I've got to—I've got to."

Junie considered her agitated face with fully awakened eyes. "Oh, I won't tell, you know, you old brick," she said with simplicity.

SUSY hugged her convulsively. "Junie, Junie, you darling! But that wasn't what I meant. Of course you may tell—you *must* tell. I shall write to your mother myself. But what worries me is the idea of having to go away—away from Paris—for the whole day, with Geordie still coughing a little, and no one but that silly Angèle to stay with him while you're away—and no one but you to take yourself and the others to school. But Junie, Junie, I've *got* to do it!" she sobbed out, clutching the child tighter.

Junie Fulmer, with her strangely mature perception of the case, and seemingly of every case that the juggling of fate might call on her to deal with, sat for a moment motionless in Susy's hold. Then she freed her wrists with an adroit twist, and, leaning back against the pillows, said judiciously, "You'll never bring up a family of your own if you take on like this over other people's children."

Through all the turmoil of her grief and anxiety the observation drew a laugh from Susy. "Oh, a family of my own—I don't deserve one, the way I'm behaving to *you!*"

Junie still considered her. "My dear, a change will do you good; you need it," she pronounced maternally.

Susy rose to her feet with a laughing sigh. "I'm not at all sure it will! But I've got to have it, all the same. Only I do feel anxious—and I can't even leave you my address!"

Junie still seemed to examine the case. "Can't you even tell me where you're going?" she ventured, as if not quite sure of the delicacy of inquiring.

"Well—I don't think I can; not till I get back. Besides, even if I could, it wouldn't be much use, because I couldn't give you my address there. I don't know what it will be."

"But what does it matter, if you're coming back to-night?"

"Of course I'm coming back to-night! How could you imagine I should think of leaving you for more than a day?"

"Oh, I shouldn't be afraid—not much, that is, with the poker, and Nat's water-pistol," amended Junie, still judicious.

Susy enfolded her in another vehement embrace, and then turned to more practical matters. She explained that she wished, if possible, to catch an eight-thirty train from the Gare de Lyon, and that there was not a moment to lose if the children were to be dressed and fed, and full instructions written out for Junie and Angèle, before she rushed for the underground.

While she bathed Geordie, and then hurried into her own clothes, she wondered at her extreme solicitude for the welfare of her charges. She remembered, with a pang of remorse, how often she had deserted Clarissa Vanderlyn for the whole day, and even for two or three days in succession—poor little Clarissa, whom she knew to be so unprotected, so exposed to evil influences. She had been too much absorbed in her own greedy bliss to be more than intermittently aware of the child; but now, she felt, no sorrow however ravaging, no happiness however absorbing, would ever again isolate her from her kind.

And then these children were so different! The exquisite Clarissa was already the predestined victim of her surroundings; her budding soul was stifled from Susy's by the same barrier of incomprehension that separated the latter from Mrs. Vanderlyn. Clarissa had nothing to teach Susy but the horror of her own hard little appetites; whereas the company of the noisy, argumentative Fulmers had been a school of wisdom and abnegation.

As she applied the brush to Geordie's shining head and the handkerchief to his snuffling nose, this sense of what she owed him so overwhelmed Susy that she caught him impetuously to her bosom.

"I'll have *such* a story to tell you when I get back to-night, if you'll promise me to be good all day," she bargained with him; and Geordie, always astute, bargained back. "Before I promise I'd like to know *what* story."

AT LENGTH all was in order. Junie had been enlightened, and Angèle stunned, by the minuteness of the instructions drawn up for them; and Susy, water-proofed and stoutly shod, descended the door-step, and turned to wave back at the group of heads yearning at her from an upper window.

It was hardly light, and still sullenly raining, when she pushed the gate and turned into the street. As usual, it was empty; but at the corner she perceived a hesitating taxi, with luggage piled beside the driver. Perhaps it was some early traveler, just arriving, who would release the taxi in time for her to catch it, and thus avoid the walk to the *métro*, and the subsequent strap-hanging; for it was the workpeople's hour. Animated by this hope,

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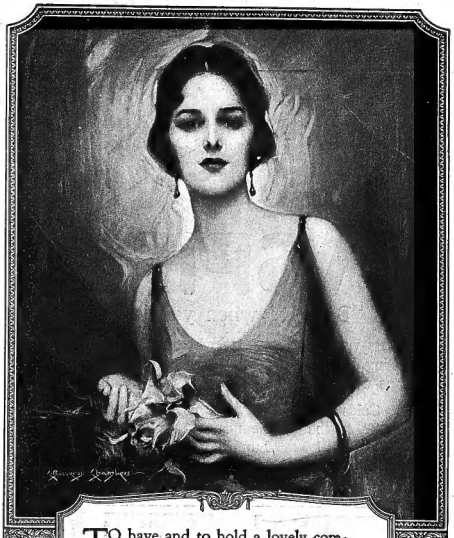

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75

Suzy began to race toward the vehicle, which, overcoming its hesitations, began, at the same moment, to advance in her direction. Observing this, she stopped to see where it would discharge its load. Thereupon the taxi stopped also, and the load discharged itself in front of her in the shape of Nick Lansing.

The two stood staring at each other through the rain till Nick broke out, "Where are you going? I came to get you."

"To get me? To get me?" she repeated. Beside the driver she had suddenly seen the old suitcase from which her husband had obliged her to extract Strefford's cigars as they were leaving Como; and everything that had happened to her since seemed to fall away and vanish in the pang and rapture of that recovered moment.

"To get you; yes. Of course." He spoke the words severely, almost as if they were an order. "Where were you going?" he repeated.

Without answering, she turned back toward the house. He followed her, and the laden taxi closed the procession.

"Why, what's all this in such weather without an umbrella?" he continued irritably, drawing her under the shelter of his.

"Oh, because Imelda's umbrella is in tatters, and I had to leave her mine, as I was going away for the whole day," she heard herself answering him like a person in a trance.

"For the whole day? At this hour? Where?"

They were on the door-step now, and she fumbled automatically for her key, let herself in, and led the way to the sitting-room. It had not been tidied up since the night before. The children's schoolbooks lay scattered on the table and sofa, and the empty fireplace was gray with ashes. She turned to Nick in the pallid light.

"I was going to see you," she stammered; "I was going to follow you to Fontainebleau, if necessary, to tell you—to prevent you."

He repeated in the same aggressive tone, "Tell me what? Prevent what?"

"Tell you that there must be some other way—some decent way—of separating—without that horror—that horror of your going off with a woman—"

He stared, and then burst into a laugh. The blood rushed to her face. She had caught a familiar ring in his laugh, and it wounded her. What business had he to laugh in the old way?

"I'm sorry, my dear; but there *is* no other way, I'm afraid. No other way but one," he corrected himself.

She raised her head sharply. "Well?"

"That you should be the woman— Oh, my dear!" He had dropped his mocking smile, and was at her side, her hands in his. "Oh, my dear, don't you see that we've both felt the same thing, and at the same hour? You lay awake thinking of it all night, didn't you? So did I. Whenever the clock struck, I said to myself, 'She's hearing it.' And I was up before daylight, and packed up my traps—for I never want to set foot again in that awful hotel where I've lived in hell for the last three days. And I swore to myself that I'd go off with a woman by the first train I could catch—and that you should be the woman."

SHE stood motionless, numb. Yes, numb; that was the worst of it! The violence of the reaction had been too great, and she could hardly understand what he was saying. Instead she noticed that the tassel of the window-blind was torn off again (oh, those children!), and vaguely wondered if his luggage were safe on the waiting taxi. One heard such stories—

"Suzy! Listen!" he was entreating her. "You must see yourself that it can't be. We're married—isn't that all that matters? Oh, I know what's behind it—the brute; a priggish, arrogant ass! You couldn't wish that as a worse kicking than I've given him! But that's not the point, you see. The point is that we're *married*, Suzy! Married—Doesn't it mean something to you, something—inexorable? It does to me. I didn't know it would—in just this way. But all I can say is that I suppose the people who don't feel it aren't married—and they'd better separate as much better. As for us—

Through her tears she gasped out, "That's what I felt—what I said to Streff—"

He was upon her with a great embrace. "My thing! My darling! You *have* told him?"

"Yes." She paused. "That's why I'm living here."

He, too, paused again. "And you've told Coral?"

She felt his embrace relax. He drew away a little, still holding her, but with lowered head.

"No—I haven't."

"Oh, Nick! Oh, Nick! But then——?"

He caught her to him again, resentfully. "Well—then what? What earthly difference does it make?"

"But if you've told her you were going to marry her—" (Try as she would, her voice was full of silver chimes.)

"Marry her? Marry her?" he echoed. "But how could I? What does marriage mean, anyhow? It means anything at all it means—you! And I can't ask Coral Hicks just to come and live with me, can I?"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 77

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and I will tell you an easy way to have more money to spend

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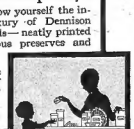

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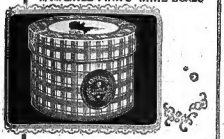

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

Between crying and laughing she lay on his breast, and his hand passed humbly over her hair.

They were silent for a while; then he began again, "You said it yourself yesterday, you know."

She strayed back from sunlit distances. "Yesterday?"

"Yes; that Grace Fulmer says you can't separate two people who've been through a lot of things—"

"Ah, been through them together—it's not the things, it's the togetherness," she interrupted.

"The togetherness—that's it." He seized on the word as if it had just been coined to express their case, and his mind could rest in it without further labor.

The door-bell rang, and they started up. Through the window they saw the taxi-driver gesticulating inquiries as to the fate of the luggage.

"He wants to know if he's to leave it here," Susy laughed.

"No—no! You're to come with me," her husband declared.

"Come with you? Now?" She laughed again at the absurdity of the suggestion.

"Of course this very instant. What did you suppose? That I was going away again without you? Run up and pack your things," he commanded her.

"My things? My things? But I can't leave the children!"

He stared, between indignation and amusement. "Can't leave the children? Nonsense! Why, you said yourself you were going to follow me to Fontainebleau—"

She reddened again, this time a little painfully. "I didn't know what I was doing— I had to find you—but I should have come back this evening, no matter what happened."

"No matter what?"

She nodded, and met his gaze resolutely. "No; but really——"

"Really, I can't leave them till Nat and Grace come back. I promised I wouldn't."

"Yes; but you didn't know then— Why on earth can't their nurse look after them?"

"There isn't any nurse but me."

"Good Lord!"

"But it's only for two weeks more," she pleaded.

"Two weeks! Do you know how long I've been without you?" He seized her by both wrists, and drew them against his breast. "Come with me at least for two days."

She continued to move her head negatively.

"Susy, listen; be reasonable. Come!"

"Reasonable—oh, reasonable!" she sobbed through laughter.

"Unreasonable, then! That's even better."

She freed herself, and drew back gently. "Nick, I swore I wouldn't leave them; and I can't. It's not only my promise to their mother—it's what they've been to me themselves. You don't know—you can't imagine the things they've taught me. They're awfully naughty at times, because they're so clever; but when they're good they're the wisest people I know. She paused, and a sudden inspiration illuminated her. "But why shouldn't we take them with us?" she exclaimed.

HER husband's arms fell away from her, and he stood dumfounded. "Take them with us?"

"Why not?"

"All five of them?"

"Of course—I couldn't possibly separate them. And Junie and Nap will help us to look after the young ones."

"Help *us*?" he groaned.

"Oh, you'll see; they won't bother you. Just leave it to me; I'll manage—" The word stopped her short, and an agony of crimson suffused her from throat to temples. Their eyes met; and without a word he stooped and laid his lips gently on the stain of red on her neck. The movement seemed more penitential than passionate.

"Nick," she breathed, her hands in his. "But those children—"

Instead of answering, she questioned, "Where are we going?"

"Anywhere, dearest, that you choose."

"Well—I choose Fontainebleau!" she exulted.

"So do I! But we can't take all those children to a hotel at Fontainebleau, can we?" he questioned weakly. "You see, dear, there's the mere expense of it——"

Her eyes were already traveling far ahead of him. "The expense won't amount to much. I've just remembered that Angèle, the *bonne*, has a sister who is cook in a nice old-fashioned *pension* that must be almost empty at this season. I'm sure I can manage easily," she hurried on, nearly tripping again over the fatal word. "And just think of the treat it will be to them! This is Friday, and I can get them off from their afternoon classes, and keep them there till Monday. Poor darlings, they haven't been out of Paris for months! And I dare say the change will cure Geordie's cough—Geordie's the youngest," she explained, surprised to find herself, even in the rapture of reunion, so absorbed in the welfare of the Fulmer children.

She was conscious that her husband was surprised also; but instead of prolonging the argument he simply questioned, "Was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 78

Rice-Nuts

Just your morning Puffed Rice doused with melted butter

Children eat Puffed Rice like a confection if you crisp and lightly butter. For the grains are like nuts puffed to bubbles.

They are used in candy making—as garnish on ice cream. Millions mix them with their berries, to give a nutty blend.

Yet these enticing tidbits are just whole-grain foods, with every food cell blasted.

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Puffed Wheat
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Puffed Wheat in milk forms the utmost in a food. Yet children count it a luxury dish. You cannot serve too often.

Puffed Rice
The morning dainty

Bubble grains, as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts.

They crush at a touch and melt away into fascinating granules.

No other process ever created a grain food anywhere near so delightful. Mix them also with your berries.

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GLIMPSES OF THE MOON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77

Geordie the chap you had in your arms when you opened the front door the night before last?"

She echoed. "I opened the front door the night before last?"

"To a boy with a parcel."

"Oh," she sobbed, "you were there? You were watching?"

He held her to him, and the currents flowed between them as on the night of their moon over Como.

IN a trice she had the matter in hand and her forces marshaled. The taxi was paid, Nick's luggage deposited in the vestibule, and the children, just piling down to breakfast, were summoned in to hear the news.

It was apparent that, seasoned to surprizes as they were, Nick's presence took them aback. But when, between laughter and embraces, his identity, and his right to be where he was, had been made clear to them, Junie dismissed the matter with the practical conclusion, "Then I suppose we may talk about you to Susy now?"—and thereafter all five were able to address themselves to the vision of their imminent holiday.

From that moment the little sitting-room became the center of a whirlwind. Treats so unforeseen, and of such magnitude, were rare in the young Fulmers' experience, and had it been for Junie's steadying influence Susy's charges would have got out of hand. But young Nat, appealed to by Nick on the ground of their common manhood, was induced to forego celebrating the event on his motor-horn (the very same which had tortured the New Hampshire echoes), and to assert his authority over his juniors; and finally a plan began to emerge from the chaos, and each child to fit into it like a fragment of a picture-puzzle.

Susy, riding the whirlwind with her usual firmness, nevertheless felt an undercurrent of anxiety. There had been no time as yet, between her and Nick, to revert to money matters; and where there was so little money it could not, obviously, much matter. But that was the more reason for being especially aghast at her dead-still resolve not to separate herself from her charges. A three-days' honeymoon with five children in the party—and children with the Fulmer appetite—could not but be a costly business; and while she settled details, packed them off to their morning classes, and routed out such nondescript receptacles as the household could furnish in the way of luggage, her thoughts were inwardly fixed on the familiar financial problem.

Yes—it was cruel to have it rear its hated head even through the bursting boughs of her new Spring; but there it was, the perpetual serpent in her Eden, to be bribed, set to sleep with such scraps as she could beg, borrow, or steal for it. And she supposed it was the price that fate meant her to pay for her blessedness, and was surer than ever that the blessedness was worth it. Only, how was she to compound the business with her new principles?

With the children's things to pack, luncheon to be got ready, and the Fontainebleau *pension* to be telephoned to, there was little time to waste on moral casuistry; and Susy asked herself, with a certain irony, if the chronic lack of time to deal with money difficulties was not the chief cause of her previous lapses. There was no time to deal with this question either; no time, in short, to do anything but rush forward on a great gale of plans and preparations, in the course of which she whirled Nick forth to buy some *charcuterie* for luncheon and telephone to Fontainebleau.

Once was quite enough; and after watching him safely round the corner—she too put on her hat and mackintosh, and after transferring a small packet from her dressing-case to her pocket, hastened forth in a different direction.

IT TOOK two brimming taxicabs to carry the Nicholas Lanslngs to the station on their second honeymoon. In the first were Nick, Susy, and the luggage of the whole party (little Nat's motor-horn included, as a last concession, and because he had hitherto forborne to play on it); and in the second, the five Fulmers, the *bonne*, who at the eleventh hour had refused to be left at home alone; a cageful of canaries, and a foundling kitten who had murderous designs upon them: all of which latter had to be taken because, if the *bonne* came, there would be nobody left to look after them.

At the corner of the station Susy tore herself from Nick's arms and held up the procession while she ran back to make sure that the *bonne* had brought the house-key. It was found, of course, that she hadn't, but that Junie had; whereupon the caravan got under way again, and reached the station just as the train was starting; and there, by some miracle of amenity on the part of the guard, they were all packed together into an empty compartment—no doubt, as Susy remarked, because train officials never failed to spot a newly married couple, and treat them kindly.

The children, sentineled by Junie, at first gave promise of superhuman goodness; but presently their feelings overflowed, and they were not to be quieted till it had been agreed that Nat should blow his motor-horn at each halt, while the twins called out the names of the stations, and Geordie, with the canaries and kitten, affected to change trains.

Luckily the halts were few; but the excitement of travel, combined with overindulgence in the chocolates imprudently provided by Nick, overwhelmed Geordie with a sudden melancholy that could be appeased only by Susy's telling him stories till they arrived at Fontainebleau.

The day was soft, with tender gleams of sunlight on decaying foliage; and after the luggage and live stock had been dropped at the *pension* Susy confessed that she had promised the children a scamper in the forest, and buns in a tea-shop afterward. Nick placidly agreed to this plan, and darkness had long fallen, and a great many buns been consumed, when at length the procession turned down the street toward the *pension* headed by Nick with the sleeping Geordie on his shoulder, while the others, speechless with fatigue and food, hung heavily on Susy.

It had been decided that, as the *bonne* was of the party, the children might be entrusted to her for the night, and Nick and Susy establish themselves in an adjacent hotel. Nick had flattered himself that they might remove their possessions there when they returned from the tea-room; but Susy, manifestly surprized at his cherishing such a hope, remarked that the charges must first be given their supper and put to bed. She suggested that he should meanwhile take the bags to the hotel, and promised to join him as soon as Geordie was asleep.

SHE was a long time coming, but waiting for her was sweet, in the deserted hotel reading-room. Insufficiently heated by a sulky stove; and after he had glanced through his morning's mail, hurriedly thrust into his pocket as he left Paris, he sank into a state of drowsy beatitude. It was all the maddest business in the world, yet it did not give him the sense of unreality that had made their first adventure a mere golden dream; and he sat and waited with the security of one in whom old habits have struck deep roots. In this mood of acquiescence even the presence of the five Fulmers seemed a natural and necessary consequence of all the rest; and when Susy at length appeared, a little pale and tired, with the brooding inward look that busy mothers bring from the nursery, that too seemed natural and necessary, and part of the new order of things.

THEY had wandered out to a cheap restaurant for dinner; and now, in the damp December night, they were walking back to their hotel under a sky full of raincloud. They seemed to have said everything to each other, and yet barely to have begun what they had to tell; and at each step they took, their heavy feet dragged a great load of silence.

In the hotel almost all the lights were already out; and they groped their way to the third-floor room which was the only one that Susy had found inexpensive enough. A light from the street struck up through the unshuttered windows; and after Nick had revived the fire they drew their chairs close to it, and sat for a while quietly in the dark.

Their silence was so sweet that Nick could not make up his mind to break it; but at length he said, with a half-embarrassed laugh, "It's queer how things coincide. I've had a little bit of good news in one of the letters I got before we left Paris."

Susy took the announcement serenely. "Well, you would, you know," she commented, as if the day had been too obviously designed for bliss to escape the notice of the dispensers of good fortune.

"Yes," he continued, with a thrill of pardonable pride. "During the cruise I did a couple of articles on Crete—oh, just travel-impressions, of course; they couldn't be more. But the editor of the *Argosy* has accepted them, and wants something else. And here's his check. So you see you might have let me take the jolly room down-stairs with the pink curtains. And it makes me awfully hopeful about my book."

He had expected a rapturous outburst, and perhaps some reassertion of wifely faith in the glorious future that awaited "The Pageant of Alexander"; and deep down under the lover's well-being the author felt a faint twinge of mortified vanity when Susy, leaping to her feet, cried out, ravenously and without preamble, "Oh, Nick, Nick—how much did they give you?"

He flourished the check before her in the firelight. "A couple of hundred, you mercenary wretch!"

"Oh, oh—" she gasped, as if the good news had been almost too much for her tense nerves; and then surprized him by sinking to the ground, and burying her face against his knees.

"Susy, my Susy," he whispered, his hand on her shaking shoulder. "Why, dear, what is it?"

"Oh, Nick, Nick—two hundred? Two hundred dollars? Then I've got to tell you—now, at once!"

A faint chill ran over him, and involuntarily his hand drew back from her bowed figure.

"Now? Oh, why now?" he said. "What does it matter now—whatever it is?"

"But it does matter—it matters more than you can think!"

She straightened herself, still kneeling before him, and lifted her head so that the firelight behind her turned her tumbled hair into a ruddy halo.

"Oh, Nick, the bracelet—Ellie's bracelet— I never returned it to her," she stammered.

He felt himself stiffening under the hands with which she clutched his knees. For an instant he did not remember what she alluded to; then the mere mention of Ellie Vanderlyn's name fell between them like an icy shadow. What a fool he had been to think they could ever shake off such memories, or cease to be the slaves of their old memories!

"The bracelet? Oh, yes," he said, suddenly understanding, and feeling the stiffness slowly mount to his lips.

"Yes, the bracelet—I had it with me, meant to give it back at once; I did—I did; but the day you went away I forgot everything else. And of course I found it in the bottom of my bag, weeks afterward, I thought everything was over between us, and I had begun to see Ellie again, and she was kind to me—and how could I?" He made no answer, and she pressed on, "And so, this morning, when I was feeling so frightened by the expense of bringing all the children with us, and when I felt I couldn't leave them, and couldn't leave you either, I suddenly remembered the bracelet, and I sent you off to telephone while I rushed round the corner to a little jeweler's where I'd been before, and pawned it so that you shouldn't have to pay for the children. But now, darling, you see, if you've got all that money, I can get it out of pawn at once, can't I, and send it back to her?"

She flung her arms about him, and he held her fast, wondering if the tears he felt were hers or his.

He said nothing, but as he clasped her close she added, with an irrepressible flash of her old irony, "Not that Ellie will understand why I've done it. She's never yet been able to make out why in the world you returned her scarf-pin."

FOR a long time she continued to lean against him, her head on his knees, as she had done on the terrace at Cuimo, on the last night of their honeymoon. She had ceased to talk, and he sat silent also, passing his hand quietly over her hair. The first rapture had been succeeded by soberer feelings. Her confession had broken up the frozen pride about his heart, and humbled him to the earth; but it had also caused forgotten things, memories and scruples swept aside in the first rush of reunion. He and she belonged to each other for always; the impulse that had once again drawn them together, in spite of reason, in spite of themselves almost, that deep-seated, instinctive need they had of each other, would never again wholly let them go. Yet as he sat there he thought of Strefford, he thought of Coral Hicks. He had been a coward in regard to Coral, and Susy had been sincere and courageous in regard to Strefford. Yet his mind dwelt on Coral with tenderness, with compunction, with remorse; and he was almost sure that Susy had put Strefford utterly out of her mind.

It was the old contrast between the two ways of loving, the man's way and the woman's; and after a moment it seemed to him natural enough that Susy, from the very moment of finding him again, should feel neither pity nor regret, and that Strefford should already be to her as if he had never been.

After all, there was something providential in such arrangements.

He stooped, pressed her dreaming head between his hands, and whispered, "Wake up: it's bedtime."

She rose; but as she moved toward the dressing-table to turn on the light he caught her hand and drew her to the window. They leaned on the sill in the darkness, and through the clouds, from which a few drops were already falling, the moon, laboring upward, swam into a space of sky, cast her troubled glory on them, and was again enshrouded.

THE END

Leaving Susy and Nick happy, turn to page 5—Henry Kitchell Webster's powerful new novel, "The Greens." A story of big business, social intrigue, fascinating characters—lots going on!

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